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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE
1/-



Experts discuss
YOUR OLD BOOKS
RE THEY OF VALUE?

HOW TO MAKE
TEEN DOLL DRESSES
FROM HANDKERCHIEFS

Francesco Waldner reads
YOUR STARS FOR
1966 and 1967

This month in Reader's Digest, well known American author and columnist Ann Landers has a frank talk with teenagers about the

Dangers of going steady...

GOING STEADY—WHO NEEDS IT?

Ann Landers reveals that teenagers themselves are largely opposed to going steady. So why do they do it? And what are the hidden dangers in this 'easy' approach to dating? Here are the answers... plus a description of the *one* type of teenager who *should* go steady.

In the same issue read what Ardis Whitman has to say on:

THE POWER OF THE OPEN HEART

We long to speak! We long to be heard and understood. Someone must see, someone must marvel as you marvel! Why is it so hard for us to communicate?

In this article Ardis Whitman explains the pressing need for deeper communication between people, and says, "We need... the gift of speaking to one another in trust and understanding."

The improbable success of Ettie Lee

The heartwarming story of a school-teacher's dream, and of the almost incredible sagacity with which she earned the millions to make it come true.

In this very human article, Samuel W. Taylor traces Ettie Lee's fulfilment of her ambition of rehabilitating 'incorrigible' boys.

An unfinished Diary

From the scrap-book of motion picture and TV star Loretta Young comes this story of an unborn child.

"I'm going to be a girl. I shall have blonde hair and azure eyes, and I know I'll love flowers."

"I want to be called Catherine, like Mother."

Originally written in German by H. Schwab this story is eloquent in any language.

Two's Company

"I know that my husband and I will never get a divorce — we'd never be able to explain to anybody what we argue about."

Joyce Kisko Lubold tells with humour and wit the reasons many couples argue.

How often do marriage partners end an argument by asking: "Where did we start?"

IN THIS MONTH'S READER'S DIGEST YOU'LL FIND READING AT ITS BEST!

Reader's Digest

JANUARY ISSUE 2/6 at your Newsagent NOW!

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WORTH REPORTING

IT won't matter what sort of clothes you wear to the H. V. McKay Melbourne Planetarium at the Institute of Applied Science, but don't, oh, don't, wear a hat.

If you do, in your enthusiasm to gaze up at the marvellous heavens, you'll either lose it or get a stiff neck trying to hold it on.

Australia's first authentic planetarium, built at a cost of £42,000, seats 117 people and provides a new concept in educational entertainment.

You enter a circular, darkened chamber with a dome ceiling—32ft. in diameter—made of fibreglass.

A giant optical projector sits on a platform in the centre of the chamber and is controlled by signals from the operator-commentator. He operates 83 individual controls during showings.

The chamber darkens and the instrument projects the images of 5000 stars and the milky way as seen in northern

OUR COVER

● Three smart girls—teenage dolls, each wearing a dress made from ONE handkerchief. How-to-make instructions, with diagrams, begin on page 23. Pictures by staff photographer Bill Payne.

and southern hemispheres.

You watch a meteorite streak across the night sky, a comet flash by, the moon eclipse the sun...

Schoolchildren have flocked to the planetarium since opening day and public sessions, of 30, 60, and 90 minutes, have been sold out.

Students from the Air Force Navigation School at Sale, Vic., were impressed with their trial run. As well as showing all the stars, the projector produces those visible on earth after dawn.

As one navigation student said, "In nature, to see these stars, we would have to go in a plane. If the atmospheric conditions weren't right, it could take us two weeks of daily flights to see them."

Whisky in the marmalade

THREE MILLION POUNDS' worth of British fish were served on Australian tables last year, representing a truly lion-size chunk of Britain's food exports here.

So, naturally, when the president of the newly formed British Food Export Council visited New Zealand and Australia to promote the sale of more British goods the first thing he wanted to do was — go fishing.

"In England we catch barrels and barrels of run-of-the-mill stuff, herrings and sardines," explained Mr. O. S. ("Andy") Anderson, MBE. "But once, when I was visiting Sydney, I caught a 300lb. tuna."

"We don't get very big fish in England."

"I want, one of these days, to go home (to Addington, Surrey) with a big fish."

"No, I shan't tin it! I want to put it up on the wall and say 'That's the one I caught!'"

Mr. Anderson says he's no cook, but he gave us this hint:

"When you open a new jar of marmalade (of course, it must be BRITISH marmalade) take out one tablespoon of it and replace it with a tablespoon of whisky (SCOTCH whisky). "Stir it and let it stand for a few days or weeks."

Happy birthday, dear Chippy



● Here is a picture to delight the admirers of Chippy, a big attraction at the Alexander Park Zoo, Bundaberg, Qld.

It was taken when the monkey celebrated its first birthday with a cake and one

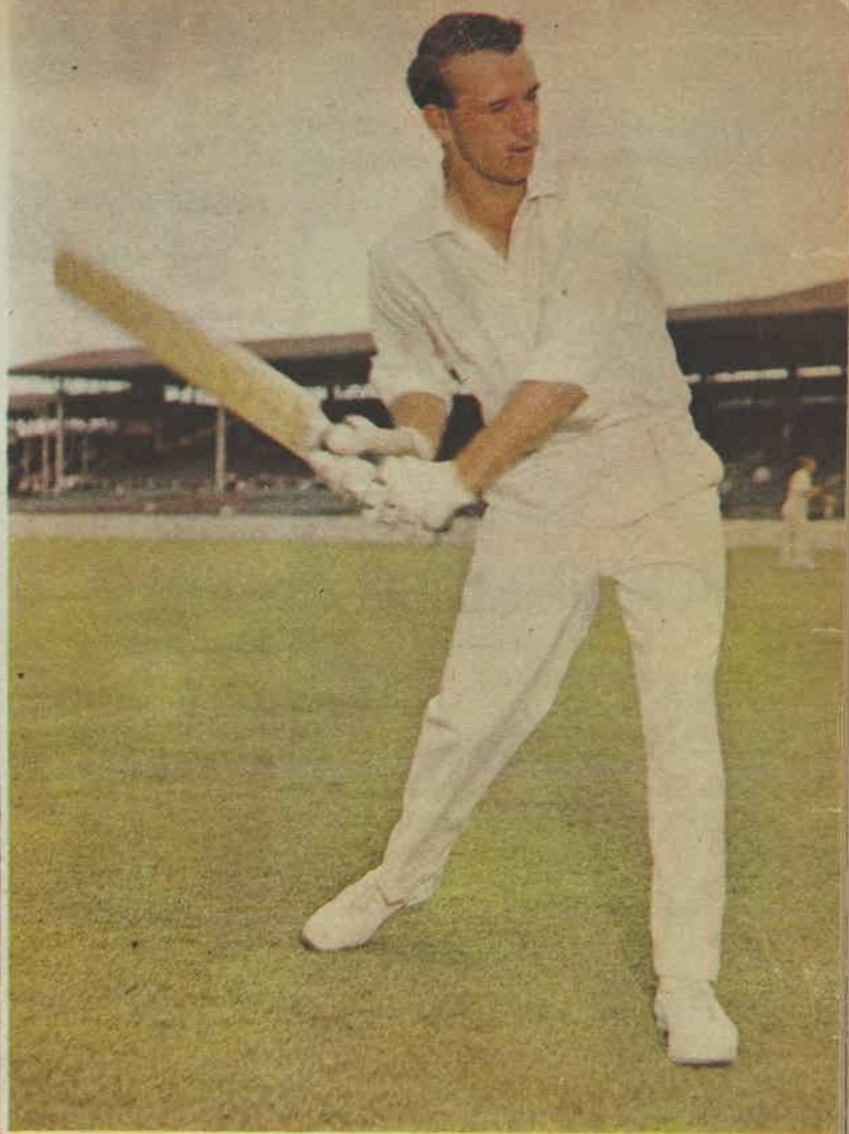
candle at a recent party attended by many fascinated young friends.

Zoo curator Mr. T. Wise, pictured here with Chippy, reared the monkey after it was deserted by its mother at birth.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 5, 1966

The triumph of young Doug Walters

BELOW: Doug Walters, 19, in a brand new Australian cricket jumper prepares to face up to the greatest ordeal in a young cricketer's life — his first Test against England. He came through as the hero of the Brisbane Cricket Ground with a score of 155. Right: Doug in characteristic stance, with a style which has been called elegant, classic, by the experts.



Pictures by Bob Millar, Brisbane

DOUG WALTERS, of Dungog, N.S.W., who made cricket history when he scored 155 in his first Test match against England at the Brisbane Cricket Ground in December, is a pleasant, unassuming, and resolute young man.

He has just turned 20, but he was still 19 when he hit his dazzling century, a feat only two other Australian batsmen have achieved in a Test against England at the age of 19.

Neil Harvey did it at Leeds in 1948, and Archie Jackson at Adelaide in 1929.

A cheering, excited crowd ushered Doug off the Brisbane ground at the end of his first day's play, with his score at 119 not out and his century passed with a flashing boundary hit for four. He had lifted a magnificent six to put his 50 up.

Yet three years ago Doug Walters was milking cows on the family farm at Dungog, playing cricket in his spare time on a makeshift pitch.

Played for Dungog High

He played for Dungog High School, and later joined the Cumberland Club in Sydney, where he now works for a sportsgoods firm when he isn't off playing cricket.

He wasn't able to get to Dungog for Christmas (he goes home for weekends as often as he can) because he was in Melbourne for a Sheffield Shield match. There were compensations.

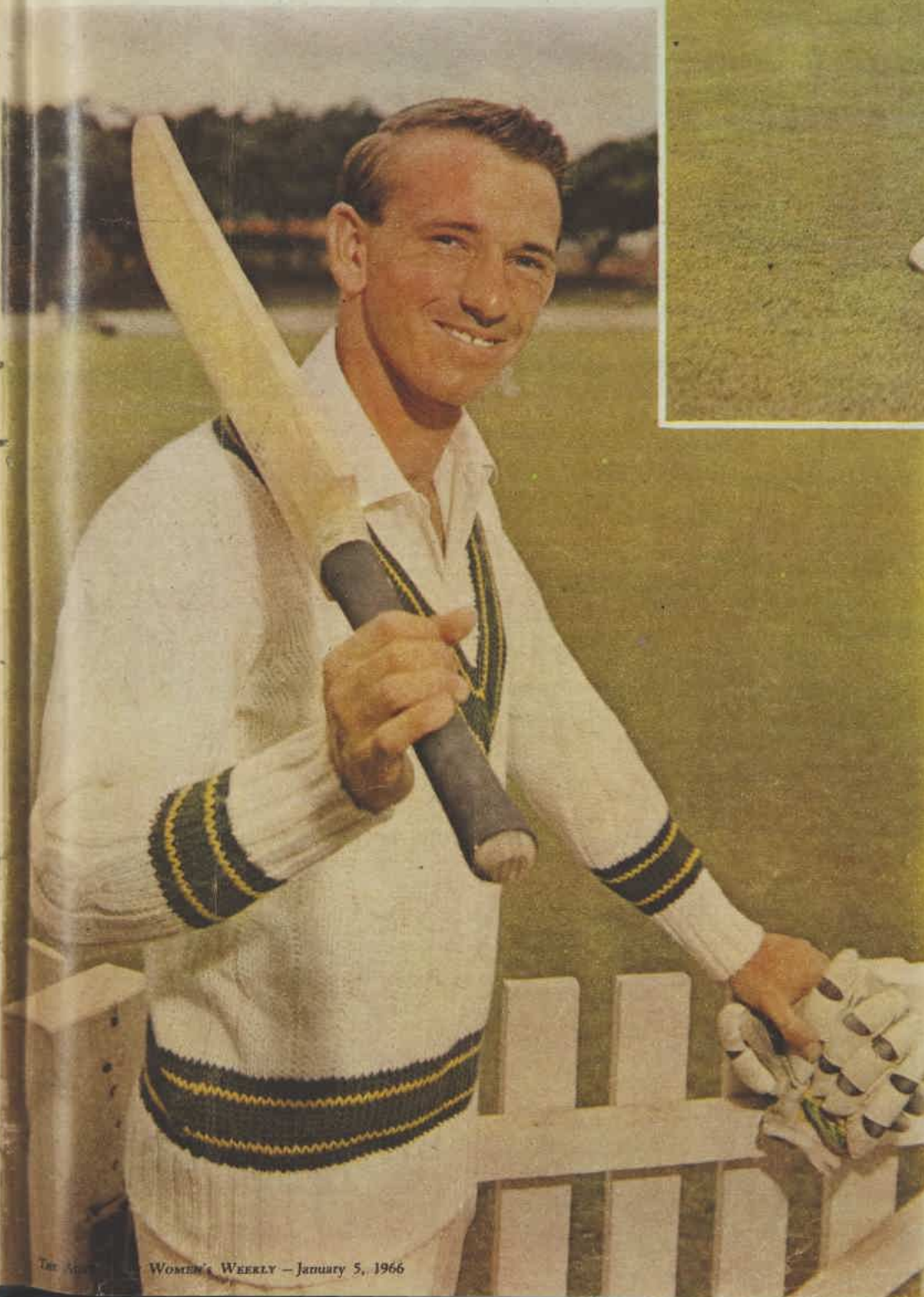
His girlfriend, Caroline Redman, also from Dungog, was on holidays down there. Caroline has just finished her training at Newcastle Teachers' College, and starts teaching soon.

While Doug was batting his way to glory in the Test, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Walters, were glued to the radio set in their farmhouse at Marshdale, near Dungog.

Mr. Walters, amidst all the excitement, said: "Doug has the calm temperament of a born cricketer."

The next day, Doug received 80 telegrams, including those from his parents, his two brothers in Dungog, and from his sister, who works in Sydney. They kept coming in.

"I suppose," said Doug with a grin, "You could say they might reach the century."



NEXT WEEK

★ In 24 colorful pages, you'll find inspirations for summer meals ... all in our big, BIG lift-out of:



SUMMER SALADS

... with cool, cool ideas to tempt hot weather appetites.

And:

● In The Weekly dated December 15, two girls told their stories — both young, unmarried, pregnant, and deserted by the men they love, they faced a difficult decision:

KEEP THE BABY — —OR GIVE HIM UP?

NOW, other unmarried mothers describe their own personal experiences; how they faced the bleak problem of adoption — or not.

And:

★ In two up-to-the-minute color reports from Paris, you'll see:

● In fashion —
What Paris has
done to rabbit!

● In beauty —
The natural look



And:

● Four more garden-book pages:
The best ways with WEEDS

And:

WE ANNOUNCE
★ A NEW ART CONTEST ★
FOR CHILDREN

And:

★ In color:
Decimal coin animals
by well-known artist



TYCOON LUCY'S

● "It's great
to work for
a boss who
knows what
he wants —
especially
when the
boss is
a woman,"
says one of
Lucille Ball's
employees.

LUCILLE BALL, says her potted biography prepared by the Desilu publicity office, is "truly one of the most remarkable women in the history of show business."

It goes on: "From the obscurity of a doubtful career as a model to top Hollywood stardom in films, radio, and television is in itself a notable achievement."

"Today, however, Lucille Ball stands alone as a refreshingly rare example of a girl who finally managed to combine such ingredients as career, motherhood, and business into a formula that has spelled success in big, bold letters ..."

I wouldn't know about all of that, having spent only one afternoon with her. I do know, however, that Lucille Ball is not a girl. She is very much a woman. In fact, she is one of the veriest women I have met.

Also, I now appreciate, she did me quite a favor: She let me watch her rehearse her weekly show — including her extraordinary masquerade as Charlie Chaplin. And she told me what she believes makes Lucy run.

It happened like this: Lucy, as everyone here calls her from the age of two upwards, had agreed to lunch with me at the commissary of one of the three Desilu studios she owns in the Los Angeles area.

(Her former husband, Desi Arnaz, last week rented space there to film the comeback he is planning. Lucy says that was one of her happiest days of 1965.)

As president of Desilu Productions Inc., Lucy is sole boss of the largest TV film production company in the world: Annual gross about 25 million dollars.

My luncheon companion, therefore, was not so much a TV star as a way of life for thousands of employees.



SECOND WEDDING for Lucy in 1961. Husband No. 2, Gary Morton, is a Desilu producer — "one of the sweetest men I know."

Is she a happy tycoon? She made a grimace at the question. "I don't think I am a tycoon at all," she said. "I let people whose ability I trust handle most of my business deals. Since I took over here eight years ago, I personally have had to sack about six people." She winced at the memory. "I hated that."

She broke off as the first of several employees who spoke to her during lunch approached her to ask advice, get a snap decision, make a request. To each, Lucy was imperative. She didn't ask them to do it, she instructed them. Later, one

ing my pass, I had signed a form at the main gates disclaiming all responsibility of the Desilu studio for what might befall me "in the normal manner," and been vetted by Lucy's young secretary.

The Boss was in her chair, a high one with pink fringes and "Lucy" written on the back. At her elbow, an ashtray with "Lucy" on the side. Both of which helped me identify her ...

The real Lucy only faintly resembles the televised version. Her small, intense face is topped by short-cut hair as blond as it is red. Her unpainted blue

on top of it. The first kills the second."

The others, seated in lower chairs, chorused agreement. "Sure it does, Lucy ... You're so right, sweetheart."

She nodded briskly. "Sure. So take out my first joke."

"Take it out?"

"Yes. Right out. The second one is better." She glanced briefly in my direction. "Okay, fellers. You got that? Get it written up. I'm going to lunch. Be back at what? One-thirty?"

The director, Maury Thompson, nodded at her. "One-thirty, Lucy? Sure, sweetheart." He turned to what? "Got that?"

Lucy came straight over to me. "Glad you could make it," she smiled over a brief handshake. "Let's go to lunch. You come with me." And she stepped it out toward the stage door which she pushed open herself.

A busy day?

"Every day," she replied, walking fast. She was wearing slacks, a sweater, and a tapestry jacket. "Working duds," she stated. "Actually I do have some pretty dresses but I don't get much chance to wear them. We don't have much time to be sociable and go out nights."

Too busy?
"Two kids."
How do they like Lucy on TV?

"Well, they like her now. And they like me being her."

From HUGH CURNOW, in Hollywood

told me he liked that, extremely.

"It's great to work for a boss who knows what he wants — especially when the boss is a woman," he said. "But don't tell Lucy I told you that. I'd hate her to think I was ingratiating myself."

I had met The Boss two hours earlier on the sound stage, where she was preparing her show with her director, writers, and actors. Among them were British actor Gale Gordon (Lucy's bank manager, Mr. Mooney, in the series) and Mickey Rooney, who, in that week's show, was playing Mickey Rooney.

To get there, after receiv-

eyes are devoid of the laughter lines you might expect, more inclined to dart than crinkle. Of the few noticeable lines she has, two of them, hair-thin, are etched vertically and permanently between her brows, whether she laughs, frowns, or just looks at you. Lines of responsibility, not worry ...

A script conference was in progress and Lucy was in command.

"No, no, we don't want that line in. It doesn't say anything for us. Do it this way. No, that's not it, either. Not by a heck of a way. Let's see, now: He says this line, then I say that one — laff, laff, laff, laff — then I've got this other joke right

ON THE BALL



THE TRAMP.
Lucy impersonates Charlie Chaplin's famous tragicomic role (at left).

C H A I N - S M O K E R Lucy (right) puffed five cigarettes during lunch with Hugh Curnow at the Desilu canteen.



was 20 minutes late for rehearsal and said we had to rush back to the stage. She invited me to watch for a while. I watched for three hours and didn't see her stop moving once.

There was nothing she didn't want to get just right—lights, props, lines, actions, laughs, slap-stick, costumes, the lot.

It was a soft-faced woman next to me who summed up the virtuoso display.

"Every time I watch Lucy work, my faith in Hollywood is restored," she said.

I asked her name.

"Oh, you wouldn't know me," she whispered. "My name is Evelyn Brent. I'm just visiting for the day." And then Evelyn Brent, the great silent screen star of classics like von Sternberg's "The Last Command," put her finger to her lips, motioning silence. Lucy was about to do her Charlie Chaplin impersonation.

It had taken her only a short time to make up and change her working duds. Now she emerged from the wings with the familiar cane as her only prop.

What followed was clowning at its best, at once as comical as it was calculated, as perfect as it was pathetic. The little tramp was alive again and not only I was enthralled. Miss Brent laughed till she cried.

When the rehearsal ended one hour later, Lucy came over to say goodbye. "Let's have one more cigarette and another question," she laughed. It was the end of a day's work and she was beginning to relax.

Was she pleased with the way things were going?

She made a face. "So, so," she said. "It'll improve. But what really bugs me is I can't sell one darn show other than 'Lucy.' 'Ben Casey' and 'My Three Sons' and 'Slattery's People' and



HUSBAND No. 1, Desi Arnaz, with Lucy and their two children, Lucy Desiree and Desi, jun. The children are now teenagers.

But when they were very young they didn't know it was Desi and me on the screen. They used to say 'Keep quiet—they're on' when we all sat on the floor watching the show. It's all filmed, you know, not videotaped, and never live."

Why filmed instead of the less expensive taping?

"You get a better product. It's worth the extra money," she said, and ran over to greet William Holden. He looked chipper in a cowboy suit, but about 30lb. lighter than the last time I saw him three years ago.

"Excuse me," Lucy said, returning quickly. "I haven't seen Bill in an age. Poor guy, he's been very sick."

Something serious?

"In our business, if you're sick—it's serious."

We walked through the jam-packed commissary tables down to the self-serve counter. At every table someone said "Hi, Lucy!" and she smiled back down at them: "Hello, Jack... Hi, Betty... Hello, Sam."

I asked her if she knew everyone's name.

"Names I know," she said. "People—they take a little longer. Now, what do you fancy? The turkey sandwich is good and so is the cottage cheese salad. The jello is okay, too, if you like jello. I don't."

"We've got Germans running this kitchen and they don't make a buck out of it, the poor devils. But the

food is real good... I'll have a small soup, please," she told the waitress behind the self-serve counter, "and a glass of tomato juice."

Her regular diet?

She shrugged. "You gotta watch it, you know. I gave up smoking, once. Ouch! I was like I—dunno—what, almost overnight—fat, fat, fat."

She's no "go-getter"

Walking ahead of me, Lucy carried her own tray to a table for two, jerked out her own chair with her foot, and sat down.

"Now," she said, "ask me anything you like."

I asked her to describe herself.

"You mean me? Not the other Lucy?" She mused. "Well, I'm never happy unless I'm in motion, unless I'm really doing something."

Anything else?

"Well, there is one thing that I reckon has helped me more than anything else..."

She put down her soup spoon and gave me a straight look. "I've never been ambitious," she said. "Can you actually believe that? It's true! No one else believes it. They all think I must have been a real go-getter."

She looked around the room. "You see, I used to be just another face around the place when this whole studio belonged to RKO."

"I used to eat in this same commissary, at this same table if it comes to that. And," she banged her fist

down on the table-top, splashing her tomato juice, "I never once sat here thinking to myself that one day the whole place would be mine. How could I? Me? A little nothing from nowhere who was happy if she got a bit part in a film directed by George Stevens or one of the greats, just so I could learn something."

How, then, did she get it all?

She resumed spooning her soup. "I inherited it when my marriage broke up. You know what a success the original 'I Love Lucy' was with Desi. No other show has ever been rated higher in America. We bought stock in the studio. After we split up I had the controlling interest."

Did she see Desi now?

She smiled. "Certainly I see him. And the kids see him more than they ever did when we were married. Now he is on his feet again we're all hoping he makes it back into television." She guided my lighter to her fifth luncheon cigarette. "Desi is what I call 'pretty people'," she said. "And I like pretty people best."

Her present husband, Gary Morton, and her brother, Ted Ball, stopped by the table to say hello.

"Two of the sweetest men I know," Lucy said. "I'd trust my kids' lives with both of them."

At 1.50 Lucy realised she

ing pilots of others, but can't sell them. What we need are writers with good ideas. Then I—all of us here—can do the rest. Trouble is, my original writ-

Writers are millionaires

all those other big shows you see advertised outside the studio are just filmed here. We don't make them, we merely rent out space and equipment for other people to make them."

Could it be she has just one show—this enormously successful Lucy show—on which to build her empire? "So far," she said, "it's the only one. We keep mak-

ers have become millionaires and gone on to bigger things. You can't blame 'em."

She sat down on a bench stamped "Ben Casey."

"But now you tell me something about yourself—and Australia," she said. "It's one of the places I have to go and film a show in before too long."

She wanted to know everything—from the size of

theatres to the price of lamb. (She already knew from fan letters that Lucy was popular with Australians.)

Four smokes later it was time for me to go. She stood up and extended her hand. "Give my regards to whatever is the local Broadway in Sydney," she said, adding with a huge wink: "Now I've got to go, too. The kids will be starving for dinner—you know these teenagers." And she skipped off to her dressing-room with a high-flung wave of that cane—not a bit like Chaplin.

I left, content to know that the world has at least one happy clown—who also happens to be a regular gal.

Now enjoy the drinks you really prefer!

perfectly mixed...ready to drink



What'll you have?

- Gin and tonic ■ Gin and bitter lemon
- Brandy and dry ■ Brandy, lime and soda
- Rum and cola ■ Vodka and orange

UDL offers you them all . . . perfectly mixed in cans. No trouble. No fuss. Just open and serve — and enjoy the freshest, friskiest mixed drink ever to quench a thirst. Convenient. Economical. And . . . mmmm . . . so deliciously refreshing. Just you try them! UDL drinks in cans.



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*Perfectly mixed
drinks in cans!*

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LARGEST, MOST EXPERIENCED DISTILLERS

HER CAREER BEGAN IN THE RAIN

—with an idea and exercise book

• Ngaio Marsh, famous throughout the world for her detective stories, reveals her own story in this interview at home in New Zealand.

IF it had not been for a wet Sunday afternoon in London, the world might never have had the twenty-five books Ngaio Marsh has written, and the internationally famous New Zealand author of detective fiction might have become an artist, an actress, a theatrical producer, or even the owner of a chain of West End stores in London.

But that Sunday afternoon really decided the future of this well-known Christchurch woman whose autobiography was published recently in the United States. It will be printed in Britain early in the New Year and Miss Marsh expects to be in London for its release.

The Sunday afternoon "incident," of course, was not the beginning of it all.

Ngaio Marsh had scribbled since the day she was old enough to hold a pencil in her chubby little hand.

She enrolled at the University of Canterbury's School of Art, but even then the creative instincts within her were setting off their own form of chain reaction.

At this stage Miss Marsh was sharing a studio in Christchurch with some other young students. She had written a cloak and dagger mystery and, as she herself put it, "dared to have the temerity to show it to the visiting English Shakespearean actor and producer, Allan Wilkie."

Mr. Wilkie both sur-



• Ngaio Marsh.

prised and pleased the young writer-cum-artist, because he gave her encouragement to extend her efforts in this direction.

But what stunned her even more was finding Mr. Wilkie, accompanied by his wife, knocking on the studio door a few days later, this time with an invitation to join his company for the rest of the New Zealand tour, as an actress.

The next year or so saw her gaining theatrical experience in New Zealand, experience that she was later to draw on for future work in this field.

Ngaio Marsh bided her time until she was eventually permitted by her parents to go overseas, and she gained her first glimpse of the London she loves so well and always finds so stimulating.

Again in England it was the story of talent igniting the reactor. A new idea, a new venture.

By DOROTHY BRAXTON

Ngaio Marsh found she had a gift for making knick-knacks that people clamored to buy. With a friend she made what she called "a lot of ghastly little lampshades." Together they took a small shop in the West End and catered for the Christmas trade.

It proved so successful that they took another shop, and another, and so it might have gone on had it all not come back to that wet Sunday afternoon.

She was cooped up in her flat, reading a detective story and caring for her sick mother, who had joined her in London.

At this time Miss Marsh had been doing quite a lot of syndicated writing, and suddenly an idea came to her.

"I wondered if I could write detective fiction," she said. "It was as much to amuse my mother as anything else."

First book

Her first whodunit was born with the aid of a fertile brain, a pencil, and a penny exercise book.

The career that was to bring her fame — if not necessarily fortune, because taxation to various governments has seen to that — was launched.

Miss Marsh submitted her book to an agent (the same one who still handles her work). It was accepted and published.



• Ngaio Marsh relaxes with a book in the study of her home in Christchurch, New Zealand, which overlooks the beautiful Canterbury Plains. In her dining-room she has a small collection of firearms.

And now twenty-four books later . . .

Today, Ngaio Marsh is recognised as one of the most brilliant and popular authors in her field. She has won that reputation in one of the hardest and most competitive worlds of writing.

Her work is not churned out, but rather is deliberately planned and executed.

"I try to keep my writing to within the range of my own experiences," she said.

"And I go to great lengths to be sure of accuracy." This involves knowing the exact effect of a poison, the precise injuries that a brick will inflict on a skull under given circumstances, the exact laws of arrest, the actual court procedure.

For research, Miss Marsh has twice been privileged to visit Scotland Yard, she has a good reference library and a circle of medical and legal friends who have no objections to her ringing them when she wants a point clarified.

"I'd like to know more about court work, though," she said. And there was a reflective look in her eyes as she added: "One day I'd like to write a book that is contained within a courtroom. But I've just never been able to spend much time there and I would need to do this for background material."

Detective writing, she said, was "a constant battle between reader and writer." This was, probably because so many professional people read whodunits.

"I've made very few mistakes, thank heavens. But I did once make a fearful blunder. I wrongly named a certain Shakespearean speech.

"It was stupid because I knew the thing by heart. But it got through. Straight away I had a letter from an Indian pointing out my 'bluc'."

And there was the time, she said, when she had a county superintendent address a London police officer as "sir." "A county man wrote

and told me this would never happen in real life."

Miss Marsh seldom departs from her own specialised field of writing. "I did once write a book called 'Spinsters in Jeopardy'."

"It was away from the traditional Marsh books and the next thing I had a letter from a woman on the Riviera who was absolutely furious with me for doing such a thing."

One of the most difficult tasks she was recently set was a children's book on New Zealand for an American publisher.

"I had to do a lot of research for that," she said. "It was just surprising how much I had taken things in my own country for granted."

Publishing in different countries is flattering and spells success, but it also requires pain killers and accountants.

"The new taxation rules mean I get staggering bills for double taxes," she said. "I get hit both in New Zealand and overseas."

"I get lovely cheques, but they're deceptive. By the time the governments — plural — get their hands on them, I'm left with 4/9 in the £."

Hard work

This taxation is keeping Miss Marsh in New Zealand. Normally she spends much more time in England, but now she has to seriously consider her residential qualifications there.

Since she came home after her last trip abroad, she has produced three major plays, has written a detective novel — "Deep Water" — the children's book, and her autobiography.

"It's hard work, but I don't mind." And then, conversely, she said in the next breath: "Mind you, I'd give anything NOT to have to work."

Most of it is done in the studio attached to her house, in the Cashmere Hills of Christchurch, which she shares with two cats.

But not for her the lonely hours. Time out from work

always means a chance to have the company of her friends and the young students she loves to meet.

"I'm very fond of young people and their company," she said.

The same young students have plenty of reason to be grateful to her. Her interest in them and the tremendous assistance she gives them with theatrical productions help to keep her in Christchurch.

At home Ngaio Marsh is a brisk business-like person who can't be bothered with subterfuge and humbug. She is tall, grey-haired, speaks with a deep throaty voice, and has a quick smile and ready laugh.

Hates gossip

She hates malicious gossip, deplores "the increasingly sloppy speech of New Zealanders, especially when I hear it in Parliament," and has a great love of things that are old and beautiful.

Her home is full of treasures she has collected in her world-wide travels and heirlooms that have been handed down to her through her family.

And, unusual perhaps for a woman to have in her dining-room, but what you could almost expect with Ngaio Marsh . . . a small collection of firearms.

One item is a small percussion pistol awarded to her after she had been voted one of the ten best active mystery writers by an international poll of experts.

There is a musket that belonged to a highwayman, one of the Marsh ancestors, and an airgun shaped like a walking-stick that was once used to deceive poachers on the Marsh estates in England.

There is so much in her home that reflects her personality. So much that has a story to tell.

So much more that you will want to know, so much more that you will have to wait for until "Black Beech and Honey Dew," her autobiography, reaches the shelves of Australian bookshops.



• Cherry trees and roses abound in the spacious gardens surrounding Miss Marsh's home. The house is high above the main part of the city.

Smart work

Television



ABOVE: Barbara Feldon is a decorative and efficient side-kick as A99. **Left:** Maxwell Smart, A86 (Don Adams), with his faithful spy dog, Fang, at his side. "Get Smart" may be seen in Sydney on ATN7, Thursdays, at 7.30 p.m.; other capital cities later.

DON ADAMS, famous as Maxwell Smart, A86, of "Get Smart," the TV series that is the spoof of all secret agent series ever made, plays a brave, intrepid, but dumb agent.

But don't let A86 fool you. He's not as dumb as he looks. Indeed, Smart is really smart. He has as his right-hand man A99 ("My friends call me 90"), the best-looking secret agent in the business, Barbara Feldon.

Barbara combines sultry looks with the wit and perspicacity Smart needs when he gets in a sticky situation. She is also an efficient wheedling device, able to extract all kinds of fantastic essential secret agents' gimmicks out of cranky scientists.

Smart's left-hand man is Fang, K13, a very shaggy, dull spy dog whose one idea is to be man's best friend, whether the man is a friend, or a foe from 'Kaos, a sinister organisation out to destroy Smart and all his friends at Control value.

"Get Smart" is a divertissement among the secret agent series. Its purpose is to make people laugh, and it certainly does.

—NAN MUSGROVE

Dancing round the world

Classic from Australia

... bare-top type from
Africa ... the limbo
from the Caribbean

Television

By NAN MUSGROVE

THE Australian Ballet's performance in Britain's Festival of the Commonwealth has been talked about by critics all over the world. Viewers will now have the chance of being critics themselves when TCN9 telecasts "The Commonwealth Entertains" on Saturday, January 1, at 8.30 p.m.

The Australian Ballet is started with "The Display" and "The Melbourne Cup," both of which were acclaimed in Britain.

"The Commonwealth Entertains" was made by ITV, Britain's commercial channel during the Festival and is a dream of ballet, music, and national dancing.

If you are not as high-brow as all that, don't just cancel out "The Commonwealth Entertains." You'll enjoy it, and probably see things you never would otherwise.

There are, for instance, Caribbean limbo dancers who wriggle under a blaz-

ing bar only nine inches from the ground; a West African who cartwheels round the stage with a plate of rice in one hand and doesn't spill a single grain.

The Caribbean dancers come from Trinidad and are accompanied by a steel band famous in the night-clubs of the Caribbean.

From Ceylon there are masked Kandyan dancers who do ritualistic dances to the tense rhythms of drums and tambourines.

I cannot imagine why Australia didn't send aborigines to dance a festival corroboree, but perhaps the formality of the Australian ballet is an antidote to the wild native dancing.

And the answer to that 64,000-dollar question is: Yes: There is a bare-topped ballet, in which vivacious African belles, wearing only short grass skirts, dance madly.

New-again "miracle"

REMEMBER when the world used to wait with bated breath for news of space flights, when newspapers splashed their daily or hourly progress all over the front pages?

I can remember sitting up into the early hours of the morning with my ear to the radio listening to the broadcast of Lieut.-Colonel John Glenn's blast-off on that first-ever orbit of the earth. But today, little more than three years later, I, like most other people, tend to take space travel for granted.

In the past fortnight, three or four days have gone by without my giving thought to astronauts Borman and Lovell ceaselessly orbiting the earth in America's Gemini VII capsule, the giant step that, with Gemini VI's help, makes moon landings closer.

It took TV to wake me up to my own shortcomings—in the Sunday newscasts—when I saw the picture of Gemini VII taken in space from Gemini VI.

Gemini VII is such a weird container. It looked like a great distorted bottle whirling round in nothingness, a too-fitting-looking home for the astronauts, two weeks away from it all.



The splashdown of Gemini VI that followed was TV at its best.

It was in the highest suspense tradition to watch the bobbing capsule, to hear of the astronauts' decision to stay with their craft, see the clambering, hovering frogmen protect them till the warship came alongside, and finally to see the happy faces of Schirra and Stafford when they were safely on board.

This surely is TV in one of its greatest roles—taking viewers right alongside in such tremendous out-of-this-world enterprises.

AS a climax to a TV day highlighted with the doings in space came ABC-TV's new Sunday night serial, a four-parter of H. G. Wells' novel "Ann Veronica."

It is hard to imagine today that such an age as the Edwardian ever existed, it seems so utterly earth-bound, so full of false values and stuffy pretensions. But it makes absorbing TV.

The serial is the story of Ann Veronica, a girl who bitterly resents the Edwardian belief that women should be economically dependent on marriage to a man chosen for them.

In the first episode, Ann Veronica Stanley, a high-spirited biology student, is introduced, living at home with her widowed father and his unmarried sister.

Various things happen and Ann Veronica, fed up with her father's ideas of a woman's place, runs away to London.

Although the suffragette movement was in swing when "Ann Veronica" was

first published in London in 1902, the book caused uproar.

An attempt was made to ostracise Wells, but the Press defended him, and so, too, did such eminent men as G. B. Shaw and Chesterton.

It is both frightening and funny to hear the "radical" ideas that were considered so shocking then, and are so taken for granted today. I wonder will our ideas be so outmoded in 60 years?

"I don't think even getting the vote is the crux of the matter," Ann Veronica says. "I believe it is that women should earn their own living."

How right she was!

"Ann Veronica" is made with the loving attention to detail for which the BBC is rightly famous, but I did think the designer went too far when he dressed her for a ball in a gauzy harem costume with a bare midriff.

Smart talk from stars

"THE CELEBRITY GAME," a famous American TV panel show, replaces TCN9's "Tonight" show, Tuesdays and Thursdays, from December 30, at 9.30 p.m., while Don Lane and the rest of the workers have a month's holiday.

I am looking forward to "The Celebrity Game" because it was devised and is presented and compered by Carl Reiner, producer and chief writer of TV's funniest show, "The Dick Van Dyke Show."

Members of the panel are all Hollywood movie and TV

● The National Dance Theatre Company of Jamaica, one of the spectacular teams which feature in "The Commonwealth Entertains," to be shown on TCN9, January 1, at 8.30 p.m.

stars. There are nine of them.

They are all asked three questions of a mildly provocative type.

The contestant has to guess how each individual star will answer, and the stars are confined to a "yes" or "no" answer, with an explanation later of why they answered what they did.

Pretty or witty

Doesn't sound much, does it? But listen to the first night's panel: Zsa Zsa Gabor, Nick Adams, Eartha Kitt, Morey Amsterdam, Gloria Swanson, George Hamilton, Miyoshi Umeki, Cornel Wilde, and Broderick Crawford.

It would be hard to find two wittier men than Reiner and Morey Amsterdam, and each seems to spark off the other.

Reiner you may know as Alan Brady. Alan Brady is the usually unseen employer Dick Van Dyke and his team work for—the one who, when he does make a rare appearance, is always saying, "Shut up, Mel," to bald Richard Deacon, who plays Mel, his irascible producer-brother-in-law.

Morey Amsterdam is, of course, Buddy, of the Dick Van Dyke team.

Morey reckons Reiner is a genius. "He's the only ad-lib comedy writer I know," he said. "He can write funny on his feet."

(Reiner, incidentally, first wrote "The Dick Van Dyke

Show," then called "Head of the Family," with himself as hero. He sold the show to executive producer Sheldon Leonard, who told him he wasn't right for it, that Dick Van Dyke was. Leonard says, "I never saw anybody take that kind of blow to his ego and roll with the punch so gracefully.")

Maybe a remark of Reiner's gives his secret. "Whenever I start to get annoyed, I try to look at the situation from another angle. Usually, there is something funny about it."

It all promises well for "The Celebrity Game."

"BP PICK-A-BOX" introduced its most uninhibited contestant to date when schoolteacher John Morris, of Sydney's Barker College, appeared.

Offered a small bid for his box by Bob Dyer, Mr. Morris, looking surprised, said: "Oh, pooh to you."

Bob reacted as if he had got an unexpected jab from an electrified cattle prod, but rallied and came back with some smart repartee, "And pooh to you, too."

After this frank exchange Mr. Morris found that he had won a monster TV set and radio stereogram combined, and went on to bigger and better things.

Mr. Morris will be back next week, and I hope he stays with "Pick-a-Box" a while. He is a tonic. He has the same quality of engaging cheekiness that characterised Bruce Webster, lamentably now an ex-ABC-TV presentation officer. I like it.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said after reading a newspaper which seemed to be filled with the wrongdoing of teenagers—stealing cars, holding up petrol stations, gang fights, smashing store windows: "I think the trouble with teenagers today is the lack of closeness between father and son, mother and daughter, and the lack of fun in the house. Everyone seems to be too busy to spend time with each other. Remember the fun the whole family used to have gathered around the piano, singing? Now after dinner everyone seems to go his own way, kids hanging around street corners, no guidance. No wonder we're having so much trouble with the young ones today."

Mamma's moral: Nothing draws a father and his teenage son closer than having only one set of car keys.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



SENORA GUALTERRA VOLTERRA, daughter of the late Mrs. T. H. Kelly, a well-known Sydney hostess, sent her flower painting home with a friend from Florence, where she lives with her family in a picturesque villa, "La Limoniau," on a hill overlooking the city. Most of her paintings are done either for friends or for charity.

Unusual art exhibition **Paintings by VIPs, socialites, celebrities**

By MOLLIE LYONS

● The 100 paintings on show in the Blaxland Gallery at Farmer's, Sydney, from February 25 won't have to be great works of art to bring high prices when they're auctioned.

FOR bidders at what is possibly Sydney's most unusual art show — The International Amateurs in Art Exhibition — will probably be more interested in the signatures at the bottom of the paintings than in the actual pictures.

Among the artists are such famous people as Joyce Grenfell, Joern Utzon, Noel Coward, and even a maharajah. But they all have one thing in common — they're all "Sunday painters."

For two years the Art Gallery Society in Sydney has been sending and receiving letters, and for the

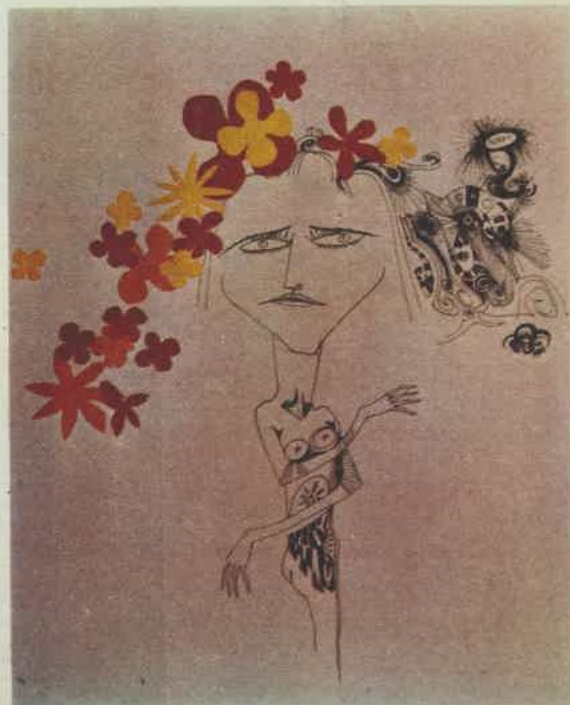
past two months paintings have been arriving by air, sea, and land.

At the gala opening of the exhibition on February 25 auctioneer Max Lawson will offer the pictures to the 600 people expected that evening. After the auction they will hang for a further two weeks so that the public can view them.

Proceeds from the auction, the gala opening, and the two weeks' viewing will go toward the purchase of a work of art to be presented to the Art Gallery of New South Wales by the Art Gallery Ball Committee.



MRS. BRUCE MACFARLAN, wife of Mr. Justice Macfarlan, of Sydney, painted her "Newmarket Luncheon 1965" at the annual charity luncheon arranged each year by the women's auxiliary of the Sydney University Post-Graduate Medical Foundation on the Sunday preceding the yearling sales. Mrs. Macfarlan has studied art techniques with Andrew Sibley and Charles Bannon.



NIKE ARRIGHI, former Sydney girl and top international model, has given up her modelling career and is studying at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London. She called her amusing ink drawing (pictured above) "The Doubtful Virgin."



THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER painted "Lagoon - Near Darwin" in 1946 when the Duke of Gloucester was Governor-General of Australia, and they lived in Canberra. She has lent two water colors for show in the exhibition.



MRS. DAVID PRATTEN, of Pymble, N.S.W., a keen amateur, has contributed this clown (above). She has been interested in art since she was a small girl, but it is only during the past two or three years that she has taken it up again. She studies with well-known Australian artist Francis Lyburner.



MR. PETER THORNYCROFT, a member of the House of Commons, called his colorful painting "Woman Plucking a Chicken." Among portfolios he has held in Britain are those of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Minister of Aviation, and Minister for Defence.

JOYCE GRENFELL, English author - actress, sketched the head of Nurseyev, pictured below, while she was watching him being interviewed on television. She toured Australia in 1960 and is due back again in 1966.



BELOW: Popular author **PAT FLOWER**, wife of artist Cedric Flower, called her colorful piece "Boys' Club." The Flowers have just renovated an interesting old three-storey house in Paddington, Sydney.



SIR ALAN MANN, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Papua and New Guinea, sent his painting called "Scene at Port Moresby." Sir Alan and Lady Mann were in Sydney last August for the Third Commonwealth and Empire Law Conference, attended by many lawyers.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 5, 1966



Birth defects expert

A DETECTIVE DOCTOR

By LESLIE WILSON in New York

● Harvard-educated Dr. Sydney Gellis, of the impeccable suits, thoughtful manner, and humor-spiced speech, doesn't look like the popular image of a detective. But he is one—medically speaking.

IN his years of sleuthing, the arch criminals Dr. Gellis has sought out are a group of birth defects with clues bearing intriguing labels.

Clues like: The Missing Blood Vessel; The Green Diaper; The Low Ear; The White Forelock; The Cry of the Cat.

At stake in his never-ending hunt are the lives and well-being of a quarter of a million babies born with defects every year in the U.S.

As chairman of the Department of Pediatrics at Tufts University School of Medicine and, until recently, Director of the Birth Defects Special Treatment Centre at Boston City Hospital, Dr. Gellis, with a group of young doctors he has trained, is constantly on the alert for a number of simple visible clues in a new-born baby which point to possible hidden defects in the child.

He teaches detection of these clues to young trainees, medical students, nurses, and other medical personnel, and makes appearances before lay audiences, in the hope of destroying the superstitions surrounding so many child birth defects.

To a child, the clues Dr. Gellis and his associates have uncovered may mean the difference between a normal and a handicapped life; the difference between life with a family or confinement to a mental institution; the difference between living in a hearing or a non-hearing world.

Sometimes these clues can even represent the difference between a child's life and death.

Birth defects are America's major unmet childhood medical problem. Of the 700 babies born each day with a birth defect, many can be helped by early detection and proper treatment.

"Time is of the essence to a newborn baby," said the bespectacled doctor-detective.

"The more quickly we can observe a condition that needs correction, the more quickly something can be done.

"Early detection of birth defects is absolutely vital, because some conditions can be eliminated entirely if caught in time."

Doctor Gellis is not talking about obvious conditions such as club-foot, or cleft palate, which are readily visible to attending personnel at the time of birth.

His world of detection revolves round internal defects.

Some are structural defects—abnormalities of the heart, lung, and kidneys, etc.—which are not visible to the naked eye.

Others are metabolic disturbances—involving chemical defects—which are not visible even to the X-ray machine.

Metabolism is the process by which the body transforms food into the various tissues and energises it needs to get through 24 hours a day. If there is a metabolic defect certain food is, in some way, transformed into harmful rather than beneficial substances.

"A signal"

Since this is an unseen process it usually is not detected until some damage has been done.

This is why the doctor-detective's clues are so im-

portant. They tell a physician to do further exhaustive tests, to examine the child more thoroughly.

"The clues are an obvious signal that the child needs further tests," said Dr. Gellis. "It's not feasible, practical, or necessary to do all the various special tests on every baby born. The clues point out which children need more tests."

Medical investigation has shown that almost one in ten American families has a child born damaged in mind or body. More children are hospitalised for birth defects than for all infectious diseases combined.

About 60,000 American children and adults die each year as a consequence of birth defects. And many thousands of babies die before birth, or are still-born, as a result of them.

At a recent symposium Dr. Gellis presented these clues as among the most important of the many mystery birth defects:

The Missing Blood Vessel. In the normal umbilical cord there are three blood vessels easily seen by the naked eye... two arteries and one vein.

When there are only two of these it may mean there is a major defect in the

heart, kidneys, gastro-intestinal tract, or in the central nervous system.

Not all infants born with only two blood vessels necessarily have birth defects, but when the discovery is made doctors pay special attention to a heart murmur.

They also thoroughly investigate the kidneys manually, or by X-ray and look for defects of the oesophagus, stomach, and intestines.

The Low Ear. Sometimes a child is born appearing healthy in every way except for an abnormal ear which usually is either "low-set or small and abnormally shaped."

Though there is nothing wrong with the ear, other than its appearance, it may be a signal that something is wrong elsewhere.

Dr. Gellis said: "This type of ear abnormality is often accompanied by a major defect of the kidneys—usually on the same side as the unusual ear. By investigating the baby's kidneys early, sometimes an operable lesion may be found which can be corrected."

Dr. Gellis stressed that doctors do not begin a kidney operation the minute a child is born with this type of ear—"It's entirely possible baby may just have one ear bigger than the other"—but they begin to search thoroughly for some kidney deformity.

Important

The White Forelock. The condition known as Waardenburg's Syndrome is recognised by an obvious sign—a white forelock of hair, which, when found with another symptom—different colored eyes—indicates the newborn babe may be deaf.

Some people born with a white forelock are entirely normal, but those born with the syndrome also have a prominent wide bridge of the nose and wide-set, often differently colored eyes.

Detection of this condition is particularly important because sometimes a child is thought to be mentally retarded when all that is wrong is that he cannot hear.

For the small cost of a hearing aid the child may be spared the anguish of a life in an institution.

The Green Diaper. One example of a metabolic defect is a condition known as Phenylketonuria—or PKU.

If PKU is not detected in a few weeks after birth it can cause brain damage, or mental deficiency. If caught in time, it can usually be corrected by dieting.

Babies born with PKU cannot assimilate an amino acid found in most protein foods.

Instead of being used up by the baby, the acid builds up in the blood and damages the brain.

Until last year Dr. Gellis used a simple test which, if done as a routine to every new-born child, would help detect the ones with PKU.

He added a chemical to the baby's wet diaper and if a greenish ring appeared round the edges of the urine PKU presence was indicated.

Now the medical detectives have discovered PKU shows up in blood much earlier than in urine and a test has been developed involving a drop of blood from the baby's heel. This test can be done only a few days after birth and it is faster and much more convenient than the diaper test.

The Cry of the Cat: In his probings Dr. Gellis has also recorded the cries of newborn children and he believes the only strong clue to a severely mentally retarded child at birth is its cry—"like that of a cat" in contrast with a normal child's deeper sounding cry.

Dr. Gellis, who has been studying his clues for about ten years, said there is an immense growing interest in the field of birth defects because: "This area is as unfamiliar to doctors as the Arctic."

Why? Until recently the time of the doctor was spent treating childhood diseases. Only in the past few years have vaccines nearly wiped out diseases which were childhood scourges—polio, measles, and whooping-cough among others—which took up most of a doctor's time.

Now that more and more children with birth defects are surviving, medical men feel that mere survival is not enough. There should be some way to help these people become productive members of the community.

And because some of the best minds in the country are at work on the problem, everyone has reason for hope.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

CITY and country hosts are preparing to welcome-in 1966 with what promises to be the brightest-ever marathon of parties.

The shearing shed on "Lockwood," Canowindra, the property of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Poolman, will be the setting of a "Turn of the Year" party on New Year's Eve.

Five hosts—Grant and Peter Poolman, Peter Fagan, of Cowra, Peter Brazier, of Euchareena, and Des Balcombe, of Cudal—have invited 400 guests, who'll dance until the early hours amidst a decor of green willow branches, balloons, "and anything else that's not inflammable."

Dancing will stop at dawn for a barbecue breakfast before guests make their way home.

THIRTY-FOUR hosts and hostesses are making last-minute preparations for the "Working Class" party they will hold at the Mullaley Town Hall. Three hundred guests have been asked to wear their oldest working clothes, and they'll dance well into New Year's Day in the hall, which will be "decorated" to look like the inside of a garage. Many young people from surrounding properties, including Prue and Peter Capp, of "Goran Lake," Spring Ridge, plan to have house-guests for the occasion.

THE Gordon home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eastment will be the setting for a New Year's Eve party which their son, John, together with Justin Doyle, Graham Crabbe, Chris Capell, and Robert Biven will hold for about 120 guests. The party—which will spread from the Eastments' garage into the house and out into a marquee to be erected in the garden—will begin at 8 o'clock, "and," as Mrs. Eastment says, "will last 'til all hours."

A COMBINED farewell and pre-New Year dinner dance for seventy guests will be given on December 30 for Wendy Muir by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Muir, at their Turramurra home. Wendy leaves in the Ellinis on January 2 for a twelve-month overseas trip, and while in London she plans to visit her aunt, Mrs. Charles Reid, of Eaton Mews. Before returning home, Wendy, a keen yearly skier at Perisher, plans to "try" the slopes in Austria.

NEWS from London of Sydney girl Kay Tracy, who celebrated her 21st birthday a few weeks ago. Kay and her sister, Margaret, held two parties—the first a quiet dinner party with eight guests and a few days later their tiny flat at Highgate was crammed with about seventy guests who came to celebrate Kay's 21st at an all-night party. "It had to be an all-night party," wrote Margaret. "Because of the London transport system, the last tube leaves at about 11 p.m., so many guests stayed on until the first train at 5 a.m."

SUCH a pretty wedding is planned for Robyn Liels who marries Robert Hurley on January 7 at St. Therese's Church, Dover Heights. Robyn, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John K. Liels, of Dover Heights, and Robert will make their home at Wollongong after a honeymoon at Surfers Paradise.

LOVED the diamond solitaire engagement ring that pretty Rosemary Ashton is wearing. Rosemary has just announced her engagement to Robert Jordan, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Jordan, of Canberra. Rosemary is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ashton, of Vacluse.

—JAYNE O'FLAHERTIE



JUST WED: Mr. and Mrs. Glyndwr Carpenter after their marriage at the Holy Trinity Church, Orange. The bride was formerly Miss Elizabeth Dean, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. J. Dean, of Orange. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. I. C. G. Carpenter, of Orange.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—JANUARY 5, 1966



AT LEFT: Hosts Richard Hill, Blair Hesketh, and Tim Lowe (left to right) greeted Joanna Crundall as she arrived at the party given by "Those Ten Magnificent Men," which was held at Bilgola Beach.

AT RIGHT: Gennie Taylor, who wore a spectacular silver flying suit, is pictured with "flyer" Tony Blake at the party. The ten hosts welcomed more than 200 costumed guests to the party which lasted well into the early hours of the morning.



Those Magnificent Men Theme for a bright party

● Ten young hosts based the idea of their party on the current film "Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines" at the Bilgola home of Mr. and Mrs. Max Brunninghausen.



THREESOME: Michael Bribosia goes down on his knees for two elegant ladies of the 1900s. Kim Hudspeth (left) and Mrs. David Mist. The Brunninghausens' home was decorated with clever Edwardian cartoons, multi-colored balloons, streamers, and miscellaneous pieces of aircraft.



YAMAMOTO, the Japanese contender in the Magnificent Air Race of 1910, was portrayed by Nick Allen, who is pictured with Adrienne Hughes. The party's ten hosts were Stephen Ward, Gerhardt Bienenstein, Tim Lowe, Max Brunninghausen, John Dugard, Tony Ayrton, Bob Hart, Richard Hill, Blair Hesketh, and Joe Manning.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 5, 1966



FOURSOME (from left): David Mist, Gerhardt Bienenstein, Jenny Hedge, and Max Brunninghausen pictured between dances at the party. Costumes worn by guests represented many characters from the film.

AT LEFT (from left): David Conde, Robert Vowles, Buffy Whitelaw, and Robert McCuaig. Many girls at the party wore Edwardian swimming costumes—and later surfed in them.

"BATTLER'S BOY" DEFIES THE DROUGHT

● Riverina farmer, who took over at 15, has won an award



BY official measurement, the eye of Sarina, the elephant at Taronga Park, Sydney, is nearly 7ft. high — only a little higher than last year's wheat crop on John Stanyer's model farm near Junee, in the Riverina.

If it wasn't quite as high as an elephant's eye, the 6ft. 6in. crop at least was tall enough for 50 sheep to get lost in.

Just before the harvest, 700 of his sheep strayed into 250 acres of his waving wheat.

After a day's search, Stanyer could find only 650.

He had to hire a low-flying plane to spot the other 50.

This year John Stanyer's wheat is drought-stunted. But his fat lambs!

ton and managed to get out of this with exactly £1900.

In 1946 he persuaded a bank to accept this sum as down payment on 1100 acres of dusty, unpromising land, then valued at £6000, a few miles from Old Junee.

There wasn't a fence or a shed on the place. When the Stanys moved in the roof had blown off the house.

Stanyer, sen., did an immense amount of work. He put 620 acres under wheat, using a horse team. Six months later, he harnessed up a team of young horses to strip his first crop.

He was using young horses because he couldn't afford an experienced team. The horses reared and bolted, and Stanyer's foot caught in the swingle bar. Eleven-year-old John, back in the house, was getting ready for school when he learnt his father was dead.



JOHN STANYER in his stunted, knee-high 1965 wheat crop. Last year it was 6ft. 6in. tall, well over his head. The farm still has very great reserves of hay fodder to feed its thriving flock of 3000 sheep.

AT LEFT: John and Jean with their only child, Max, aged six.

By MERTON WOODS

This spring from 650 ewes he got what sheep men call a 130 percent drop — that is, 650 mothers produced 845 babies, including one set of triplets and 193 sets of twins.

I said to him on his farm the other day, "What did you do to the ewes? Surely you didn't feed them fertility pills?"

Serious, 29-year-old John Stanyer shook his thick-thatched head.

"Nothing like that," he said earnestly. "It's just balance — good balanced farming."

I guess that answer is as good as any, because balanced farming is something John Stanyer knows a lot about, something he has learnt the hard way, man and boy, since he was ten.

Recently he proved how good he was by winning a contest conducted by Ampol and the United Farmers and Woolgrowers' Association, under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture, to find the champion farmer of New South Wales.

The prize is a Qantas flight to California for Mr. and Mrs. Stanyer, which they will make next year, plus £750 from Ampol.

And the strange thing is that champion farmer Stanyer as a boy wanted to grow up to be a motor mechanic.

A tragic accident 18 years ago changed those plans.

Stanyer's father, in John's words, was a battler, a "real battler."

He tried farming during World War II in "scrub and rabbit land" near Wellings-

Mrs. Stanyer, who now lives in Sydney, struggled on with the help of her brother and the neighbors while John finished his schooling.

He got his Intermediate Certificate at 15, then bought himself a broad-brimmed hat and moved in as "manager" for his mother. He still has the hat.

In the lean years of the early '50s the Stanys couldn't afford a car. John travelled everywhere by bicycle. Once a month his mother took a taxi the seven miles to Junee to get supplies.

Grass "miracle"

Frustrated motor mechanic John rose to the challenge.

On the farm was a derelict 32-year-old Ford, a favorite nesting spot for the Stanyer fowls, a shady camp for the kelpies.

He tinkered with it until he got it to go. When he was 16½, by special decree of Riverina farmer Eddie Graham, then Minister for Agriculture, he was given a driver's licence.

John Stanyer looks back in wonderment at the years he ran the farm for his mother. "In five years, under my control, the overdraft rose from £2000 to £5000," he says ruefully.

But around this time something momentous, agriculturally speaking, happened on the farm—a share farmer persuaded Mrs. Stanyer to plant clover. She was one of the first to try it around Junee.

No one really knew it then, but clover planted in Riverina dirt works miracles. It poured nitrogen into the poor soil of the Stanyer place, until today every paddock on the property is dressed in a thick mantle of rich grass.

In 1957 John Stanyer, then 20, married Jean Kemp, Junee schoolteacher. A year later, despite a mountain of debt, they pooled their savings and took over the farm from John's mother.

"Things were so bad," John recalls, "that if we had sold out we wouldn't have got enough for the place to pay all our debts."

And things got worse before they got better.

The years 1957, '58, and '59 were bleak for the newlyweds. It didn't rain much, and when it did it rained at the wrong time.

In 1958 the Stanys paid only £4 in income tax.

The winter and spring of 1959 were almost bone dry.

"I can remember taking sheep to Junee and selling them for 2/6 a head," Stanyer recalls.

"When a neighbor's cow, heavy in calf, got bogged in a dried-up dam, the neighbor offered her to me for ten bob."

"I didn't think the cow would live the night out, so I didn't risk my ten bob. A year or so later the cow and her calves brought £200."

Grand harvest

"That year our sheep were dirt right through to the skin."

"Normally with our shearing the shearers change the comb and cutter every hour. That year we had to change the cutter after every sheep. Just as we finished shearing it rained and half the sheep died, anyway."

But those spring rains were the silver lining in the Stanyer clouds. That year, in the clover-enriched ground,

their wheat grew higher than any elephant's eye.

The Stanys harvested 18 bags to the acre. Overnight they had money in the bank. Whereas in 1958 they paid only a few pounds income tax, they now looked like paying in hundreds.

John and Jean Stanyer used all the legal avenues open to the farmer to cut down income tax.

One of the things they did was to pour back a lot of their hard-won earnings into the ground in the form of superphosphate.

But the more super I used the more the grass grew and the more I added to my taxation problem," John says.

"Since 1960 we haven't looked back."

"We've had three extraordinary seasons and two ordinary seasons."

"We harvested so much hay last year that I was able to send a whole trainful into the drought area."

"Big semi-trailers ran a shuttle service between my place and the Junee railway yards."

"And we still have here four times the amount of hay we used in our last drought."

Through these bad and good years John Stanyer worked in the broad-brimmed hat in which he started his career at 15.

"Fathers to me"

Over the years the hat has become battered and droopy, but the know-how in the head that fits it has increased immeasurably.

"You don't learn to be a farmer overnight," he says. "Most of my neighbors were like fathers to me. And I learnt a good bit, too, from Department of Agriculture agronomists."

Today John Stanyer's farm is a monument to his father, who gave his life trying to tame it; to his mother, who fought on against sorrow and adversity; and to a frustrated mechanic, who farms with the precision of an engineer.

It is an area of nearly two square miles, lush under grass, divided into 17 paddocks into which 15 dams have been scooped.

It supports more than 3000 sheep, and grows wool that not long ago topped the Melbourne market. The wheat crop this year is a write-off, but droughts never last for ever.

The Stanys have given the Taxation Commissioner best and have reconciled themselves to this corollary of prosperity.

They have enough saved to build a new home, but for the moment their thoughts are on the Ampol-U.F.W.A. trip they will make next year.

"You know," John Stanyer says, "if I learn a lot from the Yanks I might even buy an American hat!"

***There's a fortune on these shelves
— is there one on yours?***

Treasure in old books

● Ever wonder if those old books mouldering away in the attic could be turned into good, hard cash? If you're like me, you do—about once a year, when you take the poor old things out to dust.

SOMETIMES in a fit of spring-madness, you may even weave fantasies about harboring a fortune unawares.

But daydreaming is probably as far as you ever go, partly because you haven't the slightest idea how to go further.

How DOES one check on the value of old books?

I first put the question to Sydney bookseller Mr. I. Berkelouw, fourth generation (his sons are the fifth) of a former Dutch family firm which has bought, sold, and exchanged second-hand books since 1812.

Mr. Berkelouw's advice was prompt and vehement.

"Contact a librarian or an experienced dealer. Don't be diffident if you think you have something of value."

"If you live in the country, speak to your local librarian. He may then, if he wishes, refer the query to the great public libraries in the cities, or the experienced private dealers."

Such queries come in daily, by mail, telephone, or personally, to Mr. Berkelouw's beautiful room, ceiling-high with precious books, which lies just up the stairs from the little second-hand bookshop in King Street, the haunt of browsing book lovers.

Most inquiries come to nothing, of course. But there's always the chance, if not of a world-shattering find, then, at least of something "interesting." And that gleam leads all true booksellers on, as Mr. Berkelouw said, "to spend half their lives inspecting other people's bookshelves."

I asked what book-dealers look for, apart from age, and received my first body-blow.

"Age," Mr. Berkelouw told me, "is rarely important, not by itself — unless by age you mean pre-1500!"

"Even scarcity is not always important. You may possess the world's only copy of an obscure old tract, but what use is it unless someone wants to buy it?"

"Then, its only true value is what someone will pay."

"You see, generally a collector of books has a subject, a complete and rounded subject, beyond which he will not go."

"One of the greatest private collections in Australia is of books on steamships! There are others of books on the sea, and on aeronautics, on aborigines."

By
KAY KEAVNEY

"I should not confess this, because a dealer should not become a collector, but I myself collect editions of Omar Khayyam. I have 400 copies already."

Then what about collectors?

Mr. Berkelouw smiled. "Ah, collectors. Collectors are very strange people."

"A collector would give his soul to be able to say, 'I have what nobody else has,' even if he only says it

what the buyer can be persuaded to pay."

Mr. G. R. Richardson, Principal Librarian at the N.S.W. Public Library, sounded the same warning.

"Values are tricky," said Mr. Richardson. "Yes, the real criterion is what people will pay. Of course, of late years, prices have become inflated, especially where Australian books are concerned. Libraries like ours, on a fixed income, haven't a hope of competing for genuine historical material, and priceless things are lost to this country, probably for good."

"For example, a few years back, we bid unsuccessfully



**LIBRARY (right) of
Sydney bookseller
Mr. I. Berkelouw.**



● Mr. G. R. Richardson, Principal Librarian, N.S.W. Public Library, holds a copy of Homer's "Iliad," translated into English, dated 1660.

● Mr. J. Kaplan (left), head of Special Collections, N.S.W. Public Library, holds up an antique-clasped 1561 volume that was bought for only £10. The closed book on his desk, Gower's "De Confessione Amantis," is valued at £80. The open book, a collected Shakespeare, third edition, 1664, cost £400. It is a defective copy, otherwise the price could have been £800. Many fascinating old books are currently on exhibition in Special Collections.

to himself. And what is more strange—the true collector does not like others to know what he has!

"They would not steal a million pounds if it lay to their hand, yet some will steal a book if they need it for their collection."

I asked Mr. Berkelouw what factors made a second-hand book "interesting"—in terms of cash.

"To begin with," he answered, "is the author well known? Does he fetch money? Remember, this is a business, like any other. Is the book in good condition? This is very important. What is the edition? If it is a first edition, that could be interesting. If the author, or the subject, is 'collected,' and it is a dealer's business to know that, then there may be value."

"On this question of age: Many a 200-year-old Shakespeare fetches only ten or twenty pounds, so do not hope for too much."

"Of course, if you are harboring a genuine First Folio of Shakespeare, rejoice! It will bring you many thousands."

"Australiana? Yes, of course, there is great interest, world-wide interest. But do not be over-optimistic. Remember there is only one true standard of value . . .

for a contemporary copy of Cook's log, which he'd annotated. Not the original manuscript, mind, which would be well-nigh priceless . . . just a copy."

"It sold at a London auction for £55,000 sterling!"

"One reason for the inflated prices is heavy American buying; not only by private collectors but new American universities setting up libraries, and with money to burn."

"Even in Australia, certain books can fetch extraordinary prices. Recently, Mr. F. G. Coles, of Victoria, sold his collection of Australiana. A single item, manuscripts on the Pacific area, fetched £3250."

"The entire collection? £44,000 pounds."

Expert valuers

The N.S.W. Public Library gets many inquiries from potential sellers.

"If the book is on a general subject," said Mr. Richardson, "it might interest our Special Collections Department in the General Reference Library. For Australiana, there is our Rare Book Collection in the Mitchell Library. We have expert valuers in both sections."

What do they look for? "Well, for one thing," he

said, "associations. We keep a special catalogue of associations. We have bought books which are interesting because they belonged to Robert Louis Stevenson, and carry his notes."

"A copy of Christopher Brennan, with his own annotations, would be another case in point." He grinned. "The value would depend on how many copies of his poems Christopher Brennan annotated."

"Condition is always important. Is the book clean? Is the binding intact? Are the pages, perhaps, uncut?"

"Merely being 'old' is seldom enough. Anything after 1650 isn't really worth much, unless it has some other virtue."

"Is it a first edition, for instance, of a well-known author — and there are fashions in authors . . . Is the binding by a well-known binder?"

"All these factors would be considered in judging value."

"But really it's very difficult to generalise. Certainly, though, your best procedure is to seek an expert opinion. Why not have a word with our Mr. Kaplan, head of the Special Collections? He's dealing with inquiries all the time."

Mr. Richardson rang Mr.

Kaplan, who said he would be delighted, and I asked Mr. Richardson for one final word of advice to hopeful owners of old books.

"We happen to know," he told me, "that a copy of Oliver Goldsmith's 'Geography' was brought out here with the First Fleet. We'd very much like to get our hands on that. Oh, and if anyone can turn up a copy of Burns' Kilmarnock edition of 1787—" Words seemed to fail him.

I hurried off to talk with Mr. J. Kaplan, whose lot it often is to dash the hopes of hopeful bookowners.

"Sometimes it's heart-breaking," he said, and showed me a lovely old book printed in 1561. Its owner had wept when she found out that this cherished family heirloom had a current value of a mere £10.

"In questions of age," Mr. Kaplan said, "it is customary to set an arbitrary date, December 31, 1500. A good copy of a book printed before that date will fetch a high price on age alone."

"After 1500, it must have something additional, something special, for example, fine woodcuts."

"The actual contents will probably only matter when comparing one copy with another."

"The author must be famous — or notorious — or the material of great value to scholars. By and large, books printed in the period 1500-1600 sell at between £10 and £50. After 1600, the age of the book grows less and less important."

"Certainly, the demand is constantly changing. Authors like Walpole and Maugham, for example, are now appearing in the catalogues, though they are still fairly cheap, while interest in Dickens is waning."

"There is always, of course, an interest in first editions. And in Australia, anything pre-1840 would have some value. Again, it would depend very much on other factors."

"Family Bibles, for instance, arouse little interest, because there are so many. And published sermons . . . there are thousands of them. Almost every clergyman in the 19th century seems to have burst into print."

"Yes, there must be other factors. Splendid aquatinting, a book specifically intended to be a production masterpiece, a superb binding, an interesting 'association' . . .

For decorators

"Early maps, pre-1700, create interest. There isn't much money in them, but they can always find a buyer, if only because interior decorators use them such a lot!"

Mr. Kaplan confessed a little sadly that he had never made a major discovery as a result of a random inquiry, but there was always the hope . . .

"Like the private dealers, we would never brush off an inquiry," he said. "It is better to talk to the inquirer personally, because he may tell you what to tell you, or look for, what you are looking for. A few straightforward questions will usually establish whether there is any point in pursuing the matter further."

"So my advice, too, is—seek an expert opinion. For you, as for us, there is always a chance. But please—do not hope for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. It is so hard for people like me to have to snatch it away."

His hand lingered lovingly on the beautiful old volume dated 1561.



● Princess Margaret, above, in her trend-setting pillbox hat.



● Mushroom stalk (above) is made from a strip of felt.

● Tapestry design on pillbox (above) is in cross-stitch.

Tapestry hat to embroider

● Make a hat like the one which set everyone talking when Princess Margaret wore it on her recent tour of the U.S. Directions and materials for making this dashing tapestry pillbox is our needlework offer to readers. To order, fill in the coupons below.

If you know how to do cross-stitch you can work the colorful tapestry design of this trend-setting pillbox hat.

Princess Margaret wore the pillbox with an elegant coat matching the main color of the hat.

The picture inset at the top of the page shows Princess Margaret wearing the hat on a visit to the University of California.

The tapestry design on the hat is worked in cross-stitch on buckram, in threads of nine different colors. The two pieces of buckram that form the hat are part of the needlework kit.

The pillbox will fit an average-sized head; when completed it measures approximately 22in. and 2½in. deep.

The needlework kit comes complete with the two buckram pieces, the necessary embroidery threads, an embroidery needle, a working chart, and directions.

Felt for the "mushroom stalk," interlining and lining the same color as the stalk are also included in the kit.

All you have to do to make this eye-catching accessory is to work the tapestry design and then assemble the two embroidered hat pieces and linings.

You could make the pillbox up as a gift for a friend or you could send the complete needlework kit as a gift to someone who enjoys sewing.

The price of the complete needlework kit is £1/1/-, including cost of postage.

To order the kit, fill in the order form and address label below and send in with your cheque, money order, or postal note to "Tapestry Pillbox," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

ORDER FORM

Address envelope to "Tapestry Pillbox," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Mark in number of Tapestry Pillbox kits you require. Each separate kit costs £1/1/-. This price includes postage within Australia and overseas.

Please send me Tapestry Pillbox needlework kits.

I enclose a cheque/postal note/money order to the value of £.....

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

ADDRESS LABEL

TAPESTRY PILLBOX OFFER

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

If undelivered please return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

POSTAGE
PAID
SYDNEY

Weird names for food

YES, indeed, Mrs. Thomas, our family had weird names for food, too! And not only the "worm pudding," your niece's name for macaroni custard. We had "Frog's eyes" for tapioca pudding, "frog's eggs" (sago), and "the one with fingernails in it" (stewed dried apples). Rather revolting when one thinks about it. Then, of course, there were dried apricots, "babies' ears." Ugh!

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. M. Turkington, Moura, Qld.

BECAUSE of the glug-glug sound made by the serving of a stiff lemon sago, this and accompanying boiled custard were always spoken of in our family during my childhood as "blob and slosh." Notwithstanding, it was one of our favorite summer puddings. And still is.

£1/1/- to "Old Times" (name supplied), Randwick, N.S.W.

MY family, too, has some very unattractive names for food. "Hairy grass" for rhubarb, and "greasy grass" for cabbage cole slaw. However, these names, made up by my children, do not lessen their appetite when the dishes are on the menu.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Belterby, Turnea, N.S.W.

LIVING in a boys' school I am quite used to bearing chocolate blanc mange referred to as "Yarra mud."

£1/1/- to Miss Julia Ponder, Corio, Vic.

MY sister and I were partial to fruit-mince slices when we were young. Nowadays, when I recall how faithfully we used to call them "fly cemeteries," I look upon them with horror.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. M. Gittins, Newport, Vic.

WHEN we were children Mother always made a caraway seed cake and we always called it "toenail cake." Now my children call it "toenail cake," too.

£1/1/- to "Sue" (name supplied), Sheffield, Tas.

AT school we always called any pudding with raisins in it "spotted dog."

£1/1/- to "Boarder" (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.

IMAGINE my daughter-in-law's look of surprise when, on a visit home, my son said, "Mum, will you show Beth how to make a 'body in the bag' — my husband's term for jam roly-poly. Now my three sons are married, and another generation delights when mother makes a 'body in the bag' on a cold day."

£1/1/- to J.S.L. (name supplied), Chelmer, Qld.



LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Always a snag!

IT is possible to wear a laddered stocking, but what is a girl to do in these days of short skirts when a knee pops whilst on an outing?

I think that I shall never see

A sight more ugly than a knee

With hole in stocking (run resister?)

And flesh protruding like a blister.

£1/1/- to E. Leggo, Bendigo, Vic.

Cry-baby footballer

ONE showery, windy day my husband offered to bring in the washing while I fed baby. He appeared a few minutes later wearing his overcoat and carrying my umbrella. I couldn't resist a peep outside, and there he was, trying to hold the umbrella over his head and unpeg the clothes. HE came in perfectly dry, while my once-dry washing was soaked. By the way, he is a strong, healthy 12-stoner, who thinks nothing of playing football in similar or worse conditions.

£1/1/- to "Weather Shy" (name supplied), Chiltern, Vic.

"Lifetime on hips"

NOW I don't find it so hard to resist the temptation of "just one more chocolate" or the in-between-meals snack that used to keep on the extra pounds I wished to shed. I just think of this little bit of advice given to a friend of mine: "You must remember that what you eat is just one minute in your mouth, one hour in your stomach, and a lifetime on your hips."

£1/1/- to "Joy" (name supplied), Mt. St. Thomas, N.S.W.

Feeling wanted

I WOULD like to suggest that organisations give some thought to building their homes for the aged in small country towns, preferably seaside ones. Instead of the senior citizens being nonentities, as they might possibly be in the suburbs, in a small country town every newcomer is a person of importance, greeted, and soon known to all the local inhabitants. They have only to show a slight interest in any of the various organisations for their help to be eagerly sought. I'm sure that feeling there was something constructive for them to do would make their lives happier and fuller.

£1/1/- to "Helpful" (name supplied), Walkerville, S.A.



Beside the sea

● Maroochy Shire Council on Queensland's north coast is likely to drop a proposed new by-law which would have required estate-agents and landlords to ensure that a couple occupying the same room were married.

*The wholesome family image,
Respectable and staid,
Gets battered in the scrimmage
To attract the tourist trade.
For many folk who never
From paths of virtue stray,
On holiday endeavor
To look both sly and gay.
So which would take the laurels?
There's not much doubt who'd win
If the north promoted morals
And the south should opt for sin.*

—Dorothy Drain

Common names

HOW is this for bringing common names into a family which started off with an uncommon name? Our family name was Pask. My brother married a Miss Brown, I became a Smith, and now my younger sister is engaged to a Jones. We are proud of our Browns, Smiths, and Joneses.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. M. Smith, Burwood, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

"WOULD you read me a Milly-Molly-Mandy story?"

I told my daughter I would do so if I could find the Milly-Molly-Mandy book. This popular work, borrowed from the local library, is frequently mislaid.

I found it on the kitchen table, lying on top of another library book. But when I picked up the Milly-Molly-Mandy book, the other one came too.

They were stuck together by a squashed Mintie.

Luckily both books were covered with that transparent plastic they put on library books now. It is a splendid idea.

After prising them apart, I was able to wash the sticky stuff off. The Milly-Molly-Mandy book was none the worse for its experience. I don't know what it would have been like without the plastic.

Some queer things happen to the books in our library. There was one they lent out without a plastic jacket. It was brought back by the boy who borrowed it.

"My little sister tore the cover, but I mended it," he said.

"What did you mend it with?" he was asked.

COVER TO COVER

"Honey," he said.

It takes a while to convince the young that books should be treated with consideration.

We had trouble at home when someone used colored pencils on the Duchess of Windsor's story of her



life, "The Heart Has Its Reasons." I had to tell the culprit there was no reason to color the Duchess's face purple.

The chewing and sucking of books needs to be discouraged, too.

It does not matter so much if they are rag books. These are handy for book-chewers.

Some older readers might appreciate rag books if they were nicely flavored—say a James Bond story with a tang of Stilton cheese.

But it is better to break the habit of devouring books. It is the wrong way to develop literary taste.

Books are more suitable for reading. Even those old enough to read them, however, often treat them unkindly.

A book was returned to a Sydney library with a rasher of bacon in it, that had been used as a bookmark.

Some readers write comments in the margins, such as "What rot!" "Liars!" or "Bosh!" Librarians tell me these remarks are most often found in books on politics or on the history of Ireland.

That is one of the good things about the books on the adventures of Milly-Molly-Mandy. They are non-controversial.

When you read the favorite story of how she locked herself in her bedroom and lowered a basket from the window, you feel no urge to question the facts and write "What rot!"

The main consideration with works of this class is to keep them free from crumbs, lemonade, and half-sucked lollies.

Also to get them back to the library in time. I am afraid there is a fine to be paid on Milly-Molly-Mandy.

Sews
unbreakable
triple
stitched
seams



new
elna
world's best from
Switzerland

Advertisement
To Beautify
your neck



TO maintain a beautiful smooth neck massage in a film of rich vitalizing night cream before retiring, using a gentle upward and outward movement. As you sleep the vitalizing Ulan night cream will carry on the task of beautifying the neck, overcoming any tendency to sallowness and crepey skin. Continue the beautifying treatment during the daytime by smoothing on your moist oil of Ulan.

HAPPY
HOLIDAY?

Or will tummy upsets
spoil the fun?

Strange places and a changed routine may upset your youngster's regularity. Your kiddie may become irritable and grouchy—just when he should be having fun. Don't let childhood constipation spoil your holidays. Give your youngster safe, gentle Laxettes. One pleasant-tasting milk chocolate square at bedtime usually restores regularity overnight. Next day your child will be bright and happy again. When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. For grown-ups, too. 3/6 at your chemist.

3420

THE SUN IN SCORPIO

Second instalment of our serial

By MARGERY SHARP

RETIRED on a modest income, HENRY PENNON had taken his wife and children, MURIEL, CATHY, and ALAN, to live on a British-owned island next to Malta, where life was idyllic and time passed almost without notice. However, with the threatened outbreak of World War I, the family returned to England, where they settled in London suburbia.

Muriel and Alan easily took to the different way of life, but Cathy could never resign herself to it, especially the difference in climate. She never forgot how, at a fancy-dress party for the children of the island, the Governor had once been kind to her and given her an obscure directive "to always hold the thread to the sun." She also sadly missed the serious games of poker she used to play with JACKO and other island children.

As the war progressed, Henry Pennon, forced to live on capital, tried to enlist in the fighting forces, and, although rejected on medical grounds, he kept returning to the West Country, where recruiting was said to be lagging.

Muriel married ARCHY MACLAREN, a young bank officer, almost as soon as she left school, having rejected her other suitor, TOMMY BAMBER, which disappointed Cathy, as Tommy had promised to take her with them to Ceylon (and the sun) when they married. Two years later, Cathy herself left school, but, unlike Muriel, had no prospect of matrimony. She simply assumed the traditional role of the daughter who helped at home.

Some time later she is roused from her apathy when Mrs. Pennon sees a news item saying SIR ROWLAND MARCH, the Governor of the island, is in London, and decides to call on him, taking Cathy with her. NOW READ ON:

IT was so long since Mrs. Pennon had paid a really proper call. Besides a new spring hat she needed to buy a new pair of white kid gloves; all her old ones, even kept in tissue-paper, had yellowed. So had her visiting cards, at least those on the top of the little pack, but a few toward the middle remained presentable.

Mrs. Pennon selected the freshest-looking, and on the back (for after all it was ten years) pencilled a tactful little reminder, "Your old friend from the Island!!" wrote Mrs. Pennon—the second exclamation-mark, she felt, giving just the right air of gay confidence.

Then she turned her attention to her daughter, whose company she was indeed in two minds about; for though it was perfectly correct, rather the done thing, to take a daughter calling with one, not, thought Mrs. Pennon obscurely, if that daughter looked like Cathy.

Cathy, however, didn't look nearly so bizarre as usual. Though she had dressed with care she still had the air of wearing someone else's clothes, but with color in her cheeks her hair looked less startling; her eyes were bright, her expression was becomingly excited. "Why can't you always look like that?" complained Mrs. Pennon—at once relieved and annoyed, Cathy didn't answer. She could hardly tell the truth, it wouldn't have been understood, that at last, after how many desolate years, she felt a twitch on the thread to the sun.

To page 24

Cathy soon found her arms full as she dutifully trailed behind Lady Jean.

GIVE HENRIETTA A RING

THE day started off deceptively. The sun came through the windows at nine o'clock and roused Henrietta gradually to consciousness of her landlady's bustling footsteps underneath, a tradesman's cheerful whistle in the street below, and the delicious fiery red of the new frock which hung behind her bedroom door.

She lay in bed and registered these things blissfully, one by one, concluding with the thought that, as it was Saturday, she would take her breakfast back to bed with her and count quietly over all the pleasant pieces of the day ahead — shop first; collect laundry; write home; buy some small thing for Jimmy Nelson's birthday on Monday; work for a while on Paul's sales sheets and try to find the error that cropped up in the last half-hour before closing-time last night.

"You're a born clown, Henrietta," Paul had said yesterday when she tried on a customer's homburg for a moment while he was out of sight. The spring feeling had been starting even then. Paul understood her very well; no one could wish for a happier relationship.

Henrietta could smile now about the time when she had dreamed of something more than a business partnership with Paul. But that was before he had become engaged to Sandy . . . Together they had built up the small business in contemporary furnishings which was Paul's pride and Henrietta's joy . . .

Singing to herself, she put the kettle on the gas and tripped downstairs for her bottle of milk. There was one letter on the mat for her. She recognised Zoe's writing and put it in her pocket. Zoe was one of those women who put everything down in black and white — scrawled invitations, laborious thank yous, and rambling congratulations. She gave the brightest parties outside of Hollywood and was Henrietta's favorite wife.

When her toast and tea were ready, Henrietta provided herself with an unopened magazine and returned to bed. She turned the pages slowly, waiting for something to catch her eyes, and was arrested by a heading in stiff black letters —

WHAT IS THE TIME? And underneath in smaller but equally insistent type came the answer: Time to take stock of yourself.

Henrietta's eyes skipped lazily down the page. If you are seventeen, said the article, you should be just branching into make-up and men, being discreet about both, not hurrying things or wishing away the years. If you are twenty, your charm should still be simple and unaffected but with the beginnings of your own individual style. Twenty-five? Now is the time for a new poised beauty, a touch of sophistication . . . You are thirty, and the lovely maturity of marriage and motherhood is yours . . .

"Well, it isn't," said Henrietta, "and anyway I'm not thirty yet." She turned a few more pages unthinkingly as she finished her toast. But already there was a tiny crack in her contentment.

"I'm twenty-seven," she reminded herself honestly. "Single and solitary," and with resolution she flipped back the pages of the magazine to the disturbing article and read it to the end. There was no doubt about it. The article did not say so in as many words, but what it meant was this:

If you are thirty and unmarried you must ask yourself in what way you have failed; whether you are not making the most of those few charms with which nature has endowed you . . . letting some old phobia separate you from your chance of happiness . . . looking for an impossible ideal . . . But it is not too late, concluded the article encouragingly, if you will only look yourself honestly in the face.

Henrietta was out of bed and opposite the looking-glass before she had stopped to think.

She started at the top of her head and worked her way carefully down to her bare feet. She sighed. It was no use; she knew herself too well and, however closely she studied her reflection, only her familiar self looked back.

Thrusting the ridiculous implications of the article from her mind, she drew Zoe's letter from her pocket and opened it with pleasant anticipation.

"Darling Henry,

I'm in a fix. Ken and I are giving a buffet dinner on Saturday. More or less a duty do for Ken's business friends. One of the wives suddenly can't come and it leaves us with thirteen. Superstition apart, odd numbers are awkward for cards. Ken didn't see how we could possibly find a spare woman at this late date, but I had a brainwave and thought

of you. Be an angel and help us out. If you are seeing Jimmy, do cancel him; he always understands . . ."

"Jimmy Nelson is in Manchester," thought Henrietta. "I have a perfectly free evening and any other time I should have been delighted . . ." But something nagged uncomfortably at the back of her mind. Carefully she read the letter again. A spare woman. And suddenly the crack in her happiness widened alarmingly. "I shan't go," she told herself decisively. "I am not a social stopgap at everyone's beck and call."

Her eye was drawn to the crimson frock hanging behind the door. A crimson frock without a date — could anything be sadder? —

To page 22

Paul gently put his arms around Henrietta, "Whatever would I do without you?" he said.



A romantic story

By SUSAN SHEA

on the
hottest day
stay



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Enjoy relief from the searing heat . . . keep cool with a Brinsmead Electric Fan. When not a breath of air stirs, and it is so stifling hot, is when you really appreciate a Brinsmead Fan. Wide oscillation, cools ALL the room, whisper quiet, refreshingly cool.

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don't suffer. Get DERMA-SOFT
today at your chemist. See how fast
corns, callouses & warts disappear.

Page 19

the happiest new year of Greta Miller

By JHAN ROBBINS

I WAS warned on my first day as an after-school bundle-wrapper at Grayson's Family Department Store in Brooklyn, N.Y. "If you want to keep your job, steer clear of Greta Miller. Greta," they told me, "makes everybody's business her business. She's got a periscope under that bun on her head and she'll report you to the boss if she sees you using an extra piece of string."

I was fifteen at the time, on my first job, and scared to death. All I knew about bundle-wrapping was the trick of breaking a quarter-inch cord of Manila hemp by winding it around my bare hand, and Mr. Grayson had already told me I would be "turned over to Miss Miller for training." I shuddered and went to work.

That turned out to be the beginning of one of the most eye-opening experiences of my life. Thanks to Greta Miller I saw with my own eyes what I might not otherwise ever have believed—that human nature can change, in fact that it can change overnight.

Greta Miller had been employed by Grayson's since 1914. Now in her forties, a tall, spare-boned spinster who wore flat heels and little lipstick, she seemed as permanent a fixture as the old-fashioned roll-top desk and huge, clanging cash register the boss still used.

One modern fixture Mr. Grayson believed in was the time clock. Employees were expected to punch it promptly at 8.45 a.m. Greta Miller, I was told, was always there at 8.30, running her finger over the shelves to see that the cleaning lady had dusted properly the night before. In the evening she was always the last to leave.

Sometimes, after I was outside in the pool of darkness that lay on the sidewalk between the neon sign that said "Grayson's" and the kerbside street lamps, I watched her spare figure moving about the shop, turning out each light with a kind of gentle reluctance.

If there was anything besides Grayson's in Greta's life, I never heard about it. The other employees were happy to tell me all about themselves—their gallstones, their black-sheep uncles—but they could tell me little about Greta Miller except that she had undergone emergency surgery for a ruptured appendix twelve years ago, causing her to miss nine workdays. The staff had sent flowers but no one had visited.

One busy Saturday afternoon Greta stood over me while I wrapped a trousseau she had just sold to a young bride-to-be. The customer had spoken enthusiastically of the ceremony that was to be held in the spring in an orchard filled with blossoming apple trees.

"I prefer elms, myself," Greta said to me suddenly. "We had the most beautiful elm tree in our backyard when I was a little girl in New Jersey. Every night when I got up after saying my prayers I'd wish the tree goodnight. I'd rather be married under an elm tree than an apple tree any day. Apples have worms!"

I was so impressed by her sudden sentiment that I was not paying much attention to my bundle-wrapping. Suddenly Greta shouted, "Why don't you watch what you're doing?"

To page 24

Greta suddenly appeared in the doorway escorted by her friend, Benjamin Martin.



HOUSE FOR SALE

By JEAN JOHNSON

There was something about
the old home that appealed
to these two lonely people
... a short short story



THE day the first crocus bloomed on the lawn of his run-down mansion at Ocean Bluff, Lionel Ordway slapped on his worn beret jauntily, went out and planted the "for sale" sign.

After a long, hard winter he was ready to admit he had been a little lonely. Especially evenings when a bitter wind rattled the old shutters.

He had been haunted then by echoes of Emelia's chiding laughter and her deceptively soft voice teasing, "The rebellious little boy in you refuses to grow up, Lionel. How did you come by this romantic image of yourself as a frustrated artist? When were you told not to use colored crayons on your nursery walls?"

The word "artist" used to rile his wife. Probably because he had postponed their wedding until he had that fling abroad on money saved working summers in an advertising office while in college. He had enjoyed his freedom from the clock, too. The carefree bicycling trips. Hours spent sketching and exchanging ideas in bistros. But eventually even bread and cheese gave out. Then he settled for a Madison Avenue agency job and became a family man.

In his way he was devoted to Emelia, a golden-haired beauty with gentian-blue eyes and a determined manner of getting what she wanted. He had been a faithful husband the 35 years of their reasonably happy life together, in the course of which they had a son and a daughter.

Their most serious storm had been over the rambling, gingerbread house he had bought as a summer place. "The kids will love the beach," he had argued. "You're angry because I didn't consult you about it, but I know how your mind works, Emelia. If you had known that artists live there all year and give shows in the summer you would have worried for fear I would throw up my cushy job."

"Just don't get any ideas about settling down there later on," she had fumed.

But Emelia's fatal bout with pneumonia changed the picture. Without waiting for retirement five years hence he had moved from the apartment house, he had not so jokingly called Song Sing, and fallen in love with Ocean Bluff all over again. Such a picturesque jewel of a town! It had tree-shaded, up-hill and down-dale, twisting streets where Victorian-style houses had magically survived changing times. His treasure stood on a hill, replete with mansard roof, cupolas, and scrollwork badly in need of paint.

Even in its unrestored state (which had placated Emelia since it didn't cry "permanent") he could have sold the house last spring—if the "for sale" sign had meant anything. It didn't, though. It was merely a device to liven things up until the one sidewalk cafe opened up and conversation flowed again. Meanwhile, strangers came to his door and he would assuage a twinge of guilt by offering coffee or wine in showing the premises.

But this spring he was to meet his match in a lady visitor who had checked into The Seaview Inn for an indeterminate stay.

Next day she rang his bell and introduced herself. "I'm Norma Stillman. Your lovely ruin of a house fascinates me."

He liked the tall, grave-mannered woman on sight. When the scarf slipped off her hair and she lifted a bare head to adjust it, a wedding ring glinted. "Come in, Mrs. Stillman," he invited. "That wind's still cold. Would you care for a cup of tea or coffee?"

Briefly a smile lighted her comely, strong-boned features. "I'd enjoy tea, thanks. May I see your kitchen?" Seconds later she exclaimed, "A picture window looking on the water! How enchanting!"

He brushed newspapers from the window seat. "I'm not a neat housekeeper," he apologised.

"I've heard you're a painter," she said, as if that covered everything.

Before the sunset colors had faded he was showing her his canvases. "Commercial art used to be my livelihood. These days I paint for pleasure."

"I can see you do," she observed in her quiet way. "You've put love into these."

That made him feel really good. She was easy to be with, and happily not in a rush to get down to business.

"May I try out your stove some evening?" she asked.

"How about tomorrow?" he said quickly. "I had better warn you my wife found that range very exasperating." It seemed disloyal to explain why he hadn't modernised the kitchen.

Several pleasant visits later they walked along the beach. Suddenly Norma Stillman said, "Thanks for allowing me to feel at home in your house. I've been idling too long. I had almost forgotten my cooking used to fill the dining-room of our dude ranch in Wyoming." She halted a moment. "You must wonder why I find your house so very attractive."

"I'm sure you can find something better," he said uneasily.

"But I don't want a modern house, Lionel. In a sense, yours reminds me of a broken-down ranch house my husband and I bought when we were first married. So much needed to be done. Such a challenge! Practically unfurnished. I made tables and bookshelves out of orange crates. And I've never been so happy."

He was touched by the change in her. Animation had wiped years away. She must have been a vital beauty once. Still was, in a way that disturbed him. How would she react when she found out that he didn't intend to sell his castle. Still, he hedged away from a showdown, asked instead, "What happened to your dude ranch?" Meaning Mr. Stillman.

"It's used as a barn now that the new building and guest houses have been so popular. In recent years Jed insisted that I ease up, let younger people take over. He fell in love with a social director, and I gave him a divorce."

"Now that I'm out of a job I need something to occupy me. Don't psychotherapists say manual work is a great healer? I read about this town—how unspoiled it was, and came looking for a house that needed what I could do for it."

"But there are zoning regulations here," he explained. "You couldn't take in boarders."

"I didn't have that in mind," she said staunchly. "I want a home, with or without companionship. But they tell me here you don't want to sell." She stood still, eyes questioning.

"I'm sorry, Norma." He reached out to touch her but she moved away. In a twinkling she'd become a stranger, this proud woman who had bared her heart and her need. She wanted no facile sympathy.

"You must be very lonely to play such a game," were her final words.

He did not follow when she ran toward the inn. But, home again, the ticking of the clock oppressed him. Finally he phoned the inn and was told that Mrs. Stillman was packing and didn't wish to be disturbed. He knew then there wasn't a precious second to lose. He must reach her somehow and find the right words to keep her in his house, in his life.

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the problems out of problem
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"TRACY."—This attractive full-skirted frock is available cut out to make in lipstick-pink, sea-green, pale blue, lilac, and lemon tectoron cotton.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/18/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/-/6.

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Postage and dispatch 6/- extra.

"Tracy"



NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address given on page 32. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Continued from page 19

Why should she cut off her nose to spite her friends who mean well after all? Henrietta went to the telephone.

"Zoe? Thanks for the invitation. I don't know whether I can come yet. I have to work on our accounts. Anyway, I'll let you know later."

"Oh, Henry, do try. Let your old accounts hang in the balance for another day. We shall be lost without you."

"I'll let you know later," repeated Henrietta resolutely and replaced the receiver.

Spare women... She sat down abruptly and began to think about the parties to which she had gone over the past few weeks. How often had the invitation been a last minute one like this? Her dates with Jimmy Nelson — were they eagerly planned in advance? No, they were casual affairs, suggested at the eleventh hour or perhaps the day before. Could it be that he phoned her when all else had failed, or simply as an alternative to his own company?

How morbid she was becoming. Her pleasant independent life suddenly seemed to be nothing but a miscellaneous assortment of trivialities. Yet alternatives had been offered her. There was a time years ago when Jimmy had proposed to her every night for a week. It was not that she wasn't fond of him, but somehow it hadn't seemed enough. She had always been secretly proud of the way he had continued to be her friend.

Henrietta heaved a sigh. But it was foolish to allow a mood to ruin a day. Hiding her depression behind her most vivid lipstick, she set off for the shops. With determination she went from laundry to grocer and from grocer to baker. As she passed the shop where she worked with Paul, Henrietta paused for a moment and looked through the window, savoring afresh her pride in its orderly beauty.

Paul was talking to a customer over a row of desk lamps — lifting them one by one, pointing out their various qualities, finally selecting one and placing it on the shelf where the orders waited for despatching. The customer left the shop and Paul sat down and dropped his head in his hands. It was such an uncharacteristic gesture that Henrietta was inside the shop and standing beside him before she had stopped to think.

"Is something wrong, Paul?"

"Henrietta!" he said. "I thought this was your day off."

"Is something wrong?"

"Yes," he replied simply. "I half hoped you would come by."

Henrietta's heart began to beat crazily inside her, and suddenly she could think of nothing to say. She knelt beside him and looked up into his face. The severity with which he looked at her made him a stranger. Leaning forward, he lifted a strand of her hair. "Always so serene," he said softly.

It was the first really personal remark that had ever passed between them. Henrietta tried to keep her voice matter-of-fact.

"What happened, Paul?"

"Sandy," he replied at last. "She's gone away."

"Oh." A strange sensation of disappointment filled her — almost of bitterness.

"Well, I'm sure you will work out some method of bringing her back," replied Henrietta coolly, rising to her feet and picking up her basket

GIVE HENRIETTA A RING

of provisions. "After all, it's not the first time, is it?"

"Please—" It was a strange tone of voice from Paul and it made Henrietta turn once more and see — not Paul Thakker, the clever young designer, her business partner, but a small boy who did not know where to turn.

"Have you any idea where she might be?"

"Oh, yes. Probably at her sister's flat or with her parents in Kent."

"Then all you have to do is to phone—"

"No!" shouted Paul. "You don't understand."

"Simmer down," said Henrietta mildly. She walked toward the row of lamps on the shelf. "I think this tall angular shape is going to be popular. I noticed that you sold one this morning."

Between the lamps was propped a snapshot of Paul and Sandy at their engagement party three years ago.

"What don't I understand?"

"We had a frightful argument last night. She wanted to set the date for our wedding."

"A fairly natural desire."

She turned her back and, looking at the radiant girl in

when she let herself into the flat.

"Henrietta? Jimmy here."

"Jimmy!" she cried warmly. "I was just thinking about you. I thought you were in Manchester."

"I've just got back. I want to see you for half an hour. I'm bringing a surprise with me — though I expect you've guessed by now. May I come over right away? Good girl. See you soon."

Henrietta went to the cocktail cabinet, and took out two glasses and a bottle of sherry. A celebration of some sort seemed to be in the air. He had sounded oddly excited. Could it be that... after all these years of friendship...? She stopped dead in the process of polishing the glasses, unable to halt her racing thoughts. For, if he did ask her again, what should she say this time? Was she content to be a spare woman all her life...?

When the doorbell rang she still had no answer ready. Flushing her polishing cloth hurriedly behind a cushion, she went to the door. Jimmy stood there — his bulky, kindly, reassuring self and beside him — someone tall and dark in a fluffy

words. "I've heard so much about you, Henrietta. Jimmy says that you must be a first visitor when we are married, and, perhaps, godmother when —" She stopped abruptly, blushing pink, as if some awful indiscretion had escaped her.

"I should love to," she said.

"And Jimmy says you are wonderful with furnishings," continued the girl. "I want you to help me with the house — I'm so hopeless about things like that."

"You have other talents, sweetheart," put in Jimmy softly, and for a moment Henrietta knew that she had no existence for either of them. She jumped up and pulled the birthday present from her basket.

"Here is my first contribution to your home."

"Oh, Henrietta, how nice of you. You are every bit as nice as Jimmy said." There was an unfamiliar tightness in her throat as she showed them out and waved a cheerful goodbye.

THE crimson frock still hung hopefully behind the door. Would she wear it to Zoe's party? Perhaps it was rather an unsuitable color for someone of her age.

The phone rang. It was Paul. He sounded his old resilient self and something more.

"I've seen Sandy," he said. "I wanted to tell you—"

"Then it's all right?" Henrietta tried to feel glad for him, but felt nothing at all.

"It's all off," he said.

"Oh, dear."

"Don't sound so sorry. It was the only thing to do. I've been worse than a fool. I let myself be pushed into... Why were you always so offhand? I almost think Sandy was as relieved as I was. You see — are you still there?"

"Yes."

"I heard that Jimmy Nelson is engaged. Silly oaf. You're not too depressed, are you?"

"I'm not depressed at all," shouted Henrietta. Suddenly it was true. This stumbling voice at the other end of the line was Paul, and she knew with certainty and incredulity what he was taking such an eternity to say.

"But I thought — you couldn't blame me for thinking — you were always at his beck and call—"

"You can talk!"

"I can what? I'm sorry I can't hear you. You were always so utterly self-sufficient and occupied — I thought—"

Henrietta began to laugh. She said, "I'm not at all self-sufficient right now. Or occupied."

"Do you mean you are free tonight?"

"Free as the air, darling."

"What did you say?"

"I said—"

"That's what I thought you said. Please come down here and say it again."

"Where?"

"I'm at the shop. Will you come?"

"Yes. We can go over those accounts."

"Like fun!" said Paul.

Henrietta dialled Zoe's number. She very much regretted that she was unable to be a spare woman that night due to a subsequent engagement. As she took the new dress from its hanger and stretched it over the ironing board, humming a wordless song to herself, she reflected that it was quite the most fiery, youthful, heart-warming red that she had ever seen.

(Copyright)

LULUBELLE



"He's small, shy, and spotty... but he's better than being a spinster all my life."

the photograph, she said with as much lightness as she could manage, "I'm afraid it's your problem, Paul. Loving Sandy surely means accepting all her various moods. I thought you would have realised that by now."

"If I could only make you understand," he cried.

"Isn't that asking rather much?"

PUZZLED, he stared at her for a moment, and then came swiftly across the room. Two hands came gently to rest on her shoulders and she felt a phantom kiss on her hair.

"Henry," said Paul. "I don't know what I should do without you. Will you mind the shop for ten minutes, while I make some phone calls? Please wait until I come back."

Henrietta sat down and closed her eyes. Her emotions now bore no relation to that insane excitement of a short while before; she felt empty and quite tired. "Jimmy Nelson's present," she reminded herself. "I must think about Jimmy's present."

He was rather a house-proud bachelor — something for his flat, maybe... For once the shop could mind itself. It gave her a perverse satisfaction to ignore Paul's request and set off for the store farther down the street. From the assortment of crafty trinkets and real objects d'art, she finally selected a set of coasters.

The telephone was ringing

mauve coat. Not a single word came to Henrietta's lips.

"May we come in?" asked Jimmy smilingly. "This is Laura. Laura — Henrietta."

"Yes, come in," she said bleakly, holding out her hand. "I was just getting out some sherry to — celebrate —"

"There, what did I tell you?" Jimmy beamed at the slender girl, taking her arm and leading her into Henrietta's living-room.

"I told you that nothing would surprise Henry. She has second sight where I am concerned."

The girl smiled shyly and sat down on the edge of the sofa, looking up at them both with a nervous little nod of the head.

"Well—" began Henrietta doubtfully. She jumped up and fetched a third glass from the cupboard, noting objectively that her hands trembled as she poured the sherry. Blindly she raised her glass.

"Well, to what do we drink?"

"To the future, of course," said Jimmy, and touched his glass softly to the girl's. Laura held her glass awkwardly in her left hand. Only then did Henrietta see the small diamond winking on her finger.

"Congratulations, my children! This is really wonderful, Jimmy."

"And when are you going to be married?"

"Oh, in the summer," said Jimmy softly.

Suddenly the girl found her tongue; "And we want you to be at our wedding," she said in a soft rush of

AS I READ

THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Dec. 29

ARIES
MAR. 21 - APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, gold.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

TAURUS
APR. 21 - MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

GEMINI
MAY 21 - JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, orange, red.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

CANCER
JUNE 22 - JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, pink, navy.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

LEO
JULY 23 - AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23 - SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23 - OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24 - NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, green, black.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23 - DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22 - JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, red.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21 - FEB. 18
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

PISCES
FEB. 19 - MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, red, orange.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

New use for gift hankies!

-Make three smart handker-shifts for teenage dolls

● After Christmas, do you suddenly find you have acquired more handkerchiefs than you know what to do with? So many of them just finish up in idleness in the bottom of a drawer.

WELL, here's a novel use for your surplus Christmas hankies this year — make a wardrobe of smart summer outfits for a teenage doll.

It takes one handkerchief for each outfit and only a few hours to make them all!

You can have marvelous fun designing "handker-shift" dresses incorporating the floral border, lace edging, checked pattern, or large coin spots.

We made a two-piece beach outfit with a scarf, a smart town ensemble (see page 25), and a dreamily romantic evening gown — ALL from hankies!

They were all made from the average 11in.-square handkerchief — the first two from cotton handkerchiefs and the evening gown from an Irish linen, lace-bordered one.

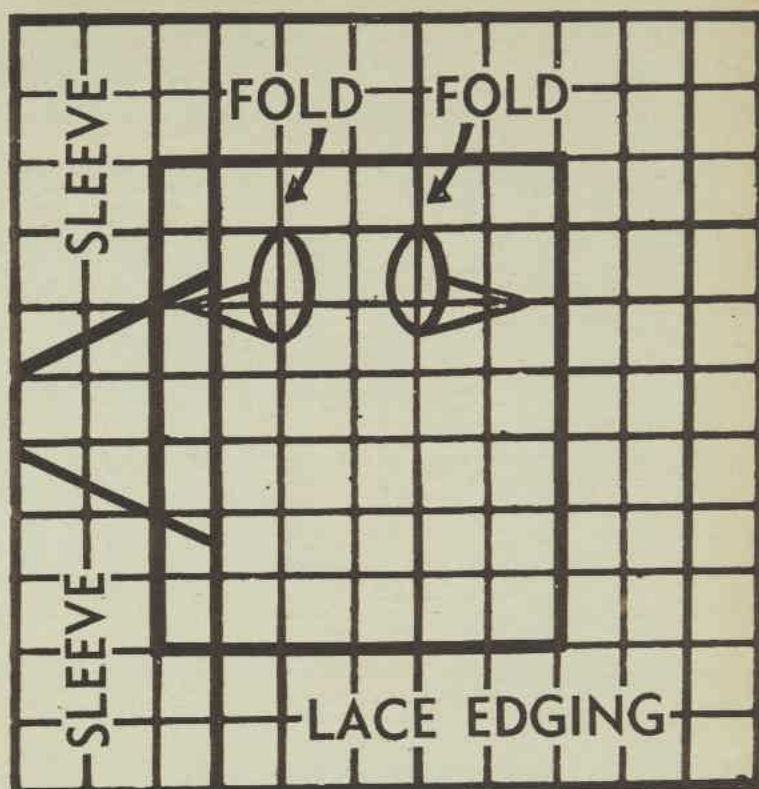
The town ensemble was dressed up with flower motifs cut from

pink broderie anglaise and a pink mob cap to match centred with a circle of the same material as the outfit.

The evening dress was more difficult to make than the other two outfits as we added sleeves, beaded the gown, and made a circlet of pearls to wear as an accessory on the doll's head.

NOTE: Each square on each graph represents one square inch.

— JENNY IRVINE



EVENING DRESS

INSTRUCTIONS: See graph above. Hem the armholes to prevent fraying. Attach the sleeves, which are cut so that the lace flutes below the elbow. Fold cut edge inwards following fold marks on pattern — the armholes should be the guide with the fold falling dead centre from these markers.

Sew the cut edge to the inner side of the lace border, then sew down the lace border on to the material so that it falls in a panel, centre of the gown. Sew only as much as 7½ in., taking your measurement from the lace hemline. Fold the remaining lace on both sides back to form a collar. Bunch the lace and sew down to prevent it being too wide and cumbersome.

To bead the gown, follow the lace-edged hemming of the handkerchief and also bead the collar.

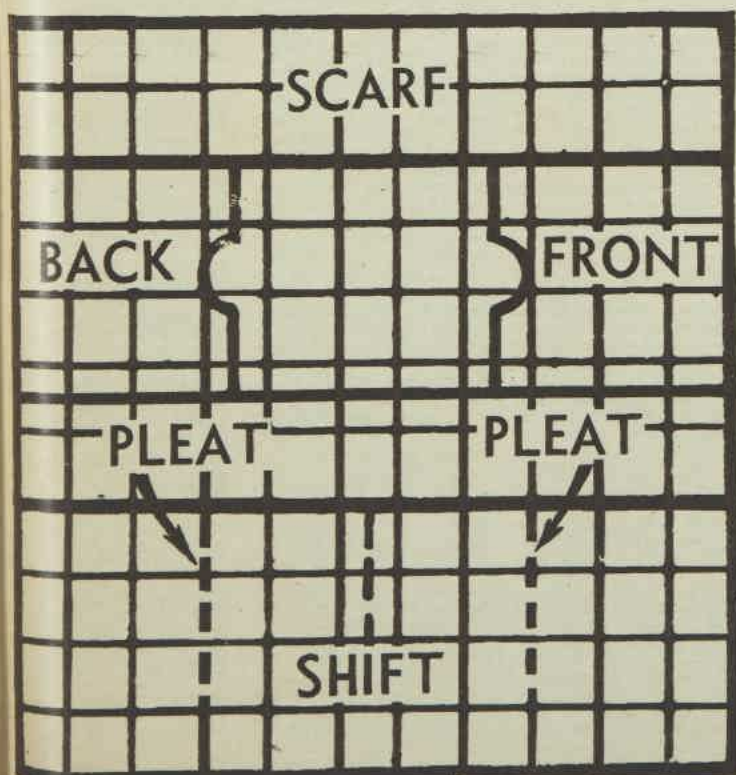


BEACH OUTFIT AND SCARF

INSTRUCTIONS: See graph at far left. Join side seams of jacket and right shoulder seam. Sew press-studs on left shoulder seam after hemming edges. Hem cut edge of skirt length. Sew pleat down and hook together with press-studs down left-hand side.

For the scarf hem, cut edge and tie around doll's head.

● Continued on page 25



THE HAPPIEST NEW YEAR OF GRETA MILLER

Continued from page 20

Her hand darted down into the carton and brought up the cutting knife that I had accidentally packed between two of the nightgowns. The ear-piercing tongue-lashing she delivered shrivelled my budding sympathy and I decided that all the mean things the staff had said about Greta were true.

I began to take part in the practical jokes that were repeatedly played on her. She had no sense of humor, and no matter how many times a joke was launched, a simple twist of plot deceived her and she fell for it once more.

One day at lunch Mildred Kearnes, the cashier, called Greta from the phone booth at the front of the store and, disguising her voice with a handkerchief, pretended to be a customer named Mrs. M. L. Arkey. "Mrs. Arkey" told Greta she'd been recommended for outstanding service and proceeded to give her a staggering order for nearly everything the store stocked.

We sniggered as Greta flew about collecting bed linen, tablecloths, snowsuits, and the rest. That was one bundle I didn't mind wrapping.

Later that afternoon Greta was again called to the telephone. Mildred said, "I want to make sure you have my name spelled right. It's M-A-L-A-R-K-Y."

We were all watching Greta. It took a few seconds for the ruse to sink in. Then she charged to the front of the store and confronted Susan Engel, a tiny, shy, grey-haired widow, who happened to be the first to cross her path.

Greta snapped, "It was your voice! You did it!"

Susan burst into frightened tears which were interpreted as a confession, and Greta took her revenge. The salesladies sold on commission. She posted herself at the door and cut off most of Susan's customers. It was during the wildly profitable Christmas season and the timid widow felt the squeeze.

That week the rest of us shared our pay with Susan and vowed we would even the score for her.

The following Monday, Edna Harris, who had been at Grayson's almost as long as Greta, opened Greta's locker and took out her lunch bag. Greta always brought the same thing — a cream-cheese-and-olive sandwich on whole-wheat, a piece of celery, and an apple.

While I acted as lookout, Edna substituted an identical-looking sandwich smeared with toothpaste instead of cream cheese.

When Greta sat down on the locker-room bench at noon there was a sudden crowding at the door. I remember watching her bite into the sandwich. She chewed heartily for a moment, then stopped. A rim of foam crept out of her mouth and she grabbed frantically for a napkin.

Edna let out a stifled wave of giggles and we all burst into hoots of laughter. Greta jumped to her feet, spat out the sandwich, and stalked off toward Mr. Grayson's office.

Edna got a dressing down and was threatened with dismissal. Thereafter she was put to work matching scattered socks and gloves, a job I knew she loathed. Greta walked around looking like a woman who has had the last word. The rest of us lost interest, temporarily, in pranks.

A few days later there was a heavy snowstorm. Jim Johnson, the elderly maintenance man, and I were detailed to shovel the sidewalk.

At noon, worn out by his exertions and soothed by the bottle of cough medicine he always carried in his pocket, Jim went to sleep on a pile of blankets in a corner of the basement.

There he was discovered by Greta, who tiptoed away and arranged to have Mr. Grayson discover him, too. I think Mr. Grayson might have let him off with a stiff lecture, but he was intimidated by Greta and docked poor Jim two hours' pay — the length of his snooze.

No tradition of Grayson's was older or more carefully honored than the annual "Best-Foot-Forward" New Year's party. It occurred regularly on the Saturday night following New Year's Eve and was supposed to be a staff morale-builder for the coming year. Mr. Grayson supplied fruit punch and ordered snacks from the delicatessen down the block.

I was told that he always handed out bonuses during the evening — half a week's salary for the men and a 15 dollar credit slip for each of the salesladies. Then the employees exchanged belated Christmas gifts with one another. Group singing and dancing completed the evening.

On the Friday before the party I learned that another booby trap was again being

FROM THE BIBLE

● This then is the message that we heard of Him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.

— 1 John 1:5.

set for Greta. I heard Mildred saying loudly, within Greta's hearing, "Wait until you see me in the evening gown I'm wearing to the party. It's black satin with sequins and it has only the tiniest shoulder straps to hold it up."

And Edna replied, "I got a real French sample. It's peau de soie and has yards in the skirt. And my husband is going to rent a tux."

"Hey!" I protested, "Don't get so fancy. I don't have clothes for a party like that."

Edna lowered her left eyelid in a small wink and whispered, "Don't worry. We're all going to wear ordinary old clothes, but Greta doesn't know. She'll buy a fancy dress and come here all gussied up and won't she feel like a fool! It will serve her right!"

I agreed uncomfortably that it would.

At six o'clock that Saturday evening everyone punched out promptly. Even Greta left on time. We reconvened for the party at 9 p.m. On orders, I wore a pair of baggy corduroys and a blue sweater with a hole in one elbow. Mildred, Edna, and the other members of the staff wore skirts and sweaters.

Music spurted from a wobbly phonograph. Suddenly everyone stopped talking and dancing. Greta stood in the doorway. She was wearing an orange floor-length evening gown. Her hair was piled on top of her head and secured with a tortoiseshell comb set with rhinestones. Long white gloves reached to her elbows.

At her side was a stout, bald man a head shorter than she. He was wearing a tuxedo jacket that bulged over his ribs and flapped at his wrists.

In one short, panicky sweep, Greta's glance assessed the joke. I expected her to snap, "Everyone out on the floor — we're going to take inventory!" But she stood there numbly. Her escort nudged her sharply several times. Then she blurted, "Hello, folks. Meet my friend, Mr. Benjamin Martin."

Edna stood up. I knew she had been waiting for this moment and I was sure she would make the most of it. The joke had worked beyond our wildest dreams — Greta had even brought a boyfriend to witness her downfall. Edna banged a hanger on the pipes for silence.

"Fellow employees of Grayson's," Edna began. "The big night has finally arrived." Then she stopped and stared at Greta. Greta stared back. It seemed to me that they were having a conversation without words.

Then Edna took a deep breath and continued, "This is a very special event. Tonight we have two occasions to celebrate. It's the start of a brand-new year at the store — and the 25th anniversary of our own Greta Miller at Grayson's. Greta, we wish you 25 more wonderful years."

We all broke into relieved, wild cheers and applause. Mrs. Engel walked over to Greta and gave her a pair of silver earrings I knew she had intended for Mildred. "Here's something for your silver anniversary," she said, and kissed her on the cheek.

In a few minutes we had all piled at Greta's feet the gifts we had bought for everyone else — including the pair of size 11 wool socks I'd bought for Jim Johnson.

"By the way," Edna said loudly, "I want Mr. Martin to know that the reason we're all dressed so informally is that tonight Grayson's has only one star — Miss Greta Miller!"

The declaration was followed by more cheers. By now Greta was weeping. She sobbed, "Thank you, my friends, from the bottom of my heart. I'll remember this night all my life."

Mr. Grayson said solemnly, "I'm raising all the ladies' credit slips to 20 dollars!"

I figured the sentiment had gone far enough and turned on the phonograph.

The following Monday, Greta Miller was quieter than I'd ever known her to be, but that afternoon I saw her hand over a prized lacy customer to Susan Engel. A few days later, when I offered to help her sort merchandise, she actually thanked me, and from her heart.

When Jim Johnson tripped and sprained his leg she sent him home in a taxi and paid for it herself. No one ever again mentioned either the New Year's party or Greta's friend Mr. Martin.

I continued to work at Grayson's throughout my high-school years and saw a great deal more of Greta Miller. Before many months had passed, she and her old nemesis, Edna Harris, had become fast friends and later they took an apartment together.

On the job, Greta remained a hard taskmistress. Her temper still boiled over on occasion, but the feud that used to explode between Greta and the rest of us had faded away. Greta Miller had become part of the Grayson gang.

(Copyright)

Continued from page 18

What Cathy hoped from the coming visit could hardly have been put into words at all. At twenty-one she was still childish enough to imagine the Governor suddenly taking her aside and despatching her back to the Island on a secret mission; also sufficiently adult to recognise such a dream for the dream it was.

What continued to brighten her eyes and flush her cheeks, in the bus that bore herself and her mother toward St. Anne's Mansions, was essentially the prospect of at last unobscuring herself.

Simply to tell the Governor how she'd tried, how she'd remembered his words, receive praise, perhaps encouragement — but essentially to break silence at last — such was all Cathy hoped, and it so sufficed that for the first time in her life (her cheeks so red, her eyes so bright); she was whistled at by a youth at the bus stop. He had a look of Jacko; black-haired and dangerous. Cathy descending behind her mother recklessly smiled back, and scarcely noticed, as they approached St. Anne's Mansions, how diminished was the Governor's dwelling from the keep he'd once dubbed Mon Repos.

His flat was on the sixth floor. To reach it, in the slow old lift, took eternity.

At least the Governor still had a manservant. (Like the boy at the bus stop an echo from the Island: stocky and black-avised on whose breath Cathy smelled garlic.) He wore a white linen jacket, not absolutely spotless any more than the small Benares brass card-tray he produced was absolutely shining. Any steward could have given him points. But at least he was a manservant, and Mrs. Pennon had never really expected a proper butler; she placed her card on the tray and, as he withdrew, sank happily down, in a graceful, mementish attitude, on the lobby's single chair.

Cathy recognised with pleasure arms terminating in lion's heads, feet carved like eagles' claws; evidently the Governor too had brought home treasure from the Next-door Island. Nosing round the walls she discovered several recognisable photographs: one of Strada San Giorgio, and one of Government House taken from the seaward side where a balcony jutted from the ballroom . . .

"How lost he must feel, poor man, without an aide-de-camp!" observed Mrs. Pennon, beginning to chat already. "I wonder if there's any little thing I could do for him — like shopping? He's sure to have an account at the Army and Navy; and when it comes to sheets doesn't probably know linen from twill!"

The door reopened. Suddenly, just as she'd done at the Ball, Cathy felt slightly sick.

It didn't matter, however, because the Governor wasn't at home. The manservant returned positive: His Excellency was not at home. "What a pity!" murmured Mrs. Pennon — retrieving the pasteboard and carefully turning down one corner to show she'd called in person. "He'll be so sorry to have missed us!"

Descending in the lift neither mother nor daughter spoke. The disappointment was indeed almost as keen to Mrs. Pennon as to Cathy; that is, as keen a disappointment as she was capable of. There was even a certain nobility about it. Mrs. Pennon hadn't gossiped in advance of

her impending visit. She had no humble-pie to eat. Her snobbery was so pure, the act of calling on an ex-Governor, KCB, was precious and fulfilling in itself.

So was its frustration all the more painful; Mrs. Pennon was hit at her deepest level of feeling. In the lift, descending, with a gesture for her as violent as her husband's chucking of a dregs of whisky across a table, she stripped off her new white kid gloves and rolled them into a ball and dropped them on the lift's dirty floor.

Outside in the street again Cathy suddenly halted and looked up. High upon a balcony — one of half a dozen iron-railed, about eight or nine square feet — she saw, could have sworn to it, the figure of the Governor gazing down. He looked much older now and grizzled; he stood hunched like a hawk, and what his gaze rested on wasn't the blue Mediterranean but the approaches to a railway station. But he hadn't lost his brooding poise, indeed his hawk-like accentuated it, as of the wise Odysseus, and Cathy still recognised him.

"Don't you remember me?" called up Cathy desperately. "I was a Bear, I was a young Marid, I'm Cathy!"

But the rumble of traffic drowned her voice. From his six-storeys-up narrow balcony the Governor turned back into his narrow six-storeys-up quarters: a man used to governing islands and territories, now on the retired list and glad of his pension, but who had learned to protect himself . . .

EIGHT thousand miles away in Ceylon Tommy Bamber, thumbing along his shelves for something he hadn't read four or five times already, dislodged a Tamil wordbook; after a moment's thought carried it to his desk and prepared to inscribe on its flyleaf, *To the kid sister*.

Then he thought again. He was a young man of some perception, when not besotted by love, and recognised that the disregard, so to speak, of Cathy's personal individuality, might hurt her feelings. So he put instead, *To Cathy, from her friend Thomas Bamber*. It was easy to remember the address.

Then, upon further reflection still, the thin package made up, he didn't send it. At the back of his mind (his perceptiveness working retrospectively) was an idea that Cathy had not only wanted to be with her sister but had also wanted badly to come out to Ceylon.

This being now obviously impossible, mightn't the gift merely exacerbate her disappointment? Perceptively, regretfully (for he didn't like to think of anyone so fond of Muriel being unhappy) Mr. Bamber ripped the packet open again and put the pamphlet back on the shelf.

Mr. Pennon lived just long enough to see a granddaughter toddle. In the summer of that same year his will power finally gave out and he succumbed to complications following influenza. He died, as he had lived, alone. Mrs. Pennon, who had nursed him devotedly, in spite of not feeling very well herself, was out shopping; Muriel, standing guard, was in the kitchen making a cup of tea to give the doctor, momentarily expected, and Cathy had been delegated to attend Alan's last cricket match. None of them had anything to reproach themselves with.

On the contrary, it seemed almost as though Henry Pennon deliberately chose that moment of solitude to slip his mortal coil — but the circumstance was nonetheless painful. "How like your father!" sobbed Mrs. Pennon uncontrollably. "Hush, Mother!" murmured Muriel. "The doctor says now Cathy and Alan can see him . . ."

Reluctantly Mr. Pennon's son and younger daughter, caught and informed by Muriel as they came in, approached the bed; stood and stared uneasily, like a couple of colts at a sheep on its back.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," encouraged Muriel, "if you want to kiss him . . ."

To set an example she pressed her own lips to the cold paternal forehead. She never wore much lipstick, but even so a slight pink smear recorded her piety. Alan drew back; but Cathy, as she'd done on the hockey field, followed her sister's lead — and then at the contact with icy skull-stretched skin burst into tears.

"He's so cold!" wailed Cathy. "He's so cold!"

"He'll be warm in Heaven," comforted Muriel, as though to a child. It indeed struck her even at that moment how dreadfully childish Cathy still was. "Why, at her age," thought Muriel, "I'd been married to Archy for years!" She felt something gone amiss with Cathy; her sister's growth not only physical but emotional somehow stunted. "She's never forgotten the Island," thought Muriel suddenly. This was a rare feat of imagination on Muriel's part; she did not pursue the train of thought, however; indeed felt almost ashamed of allowing her mind to so wander, at such a moment, to the living in the presence of the dead.

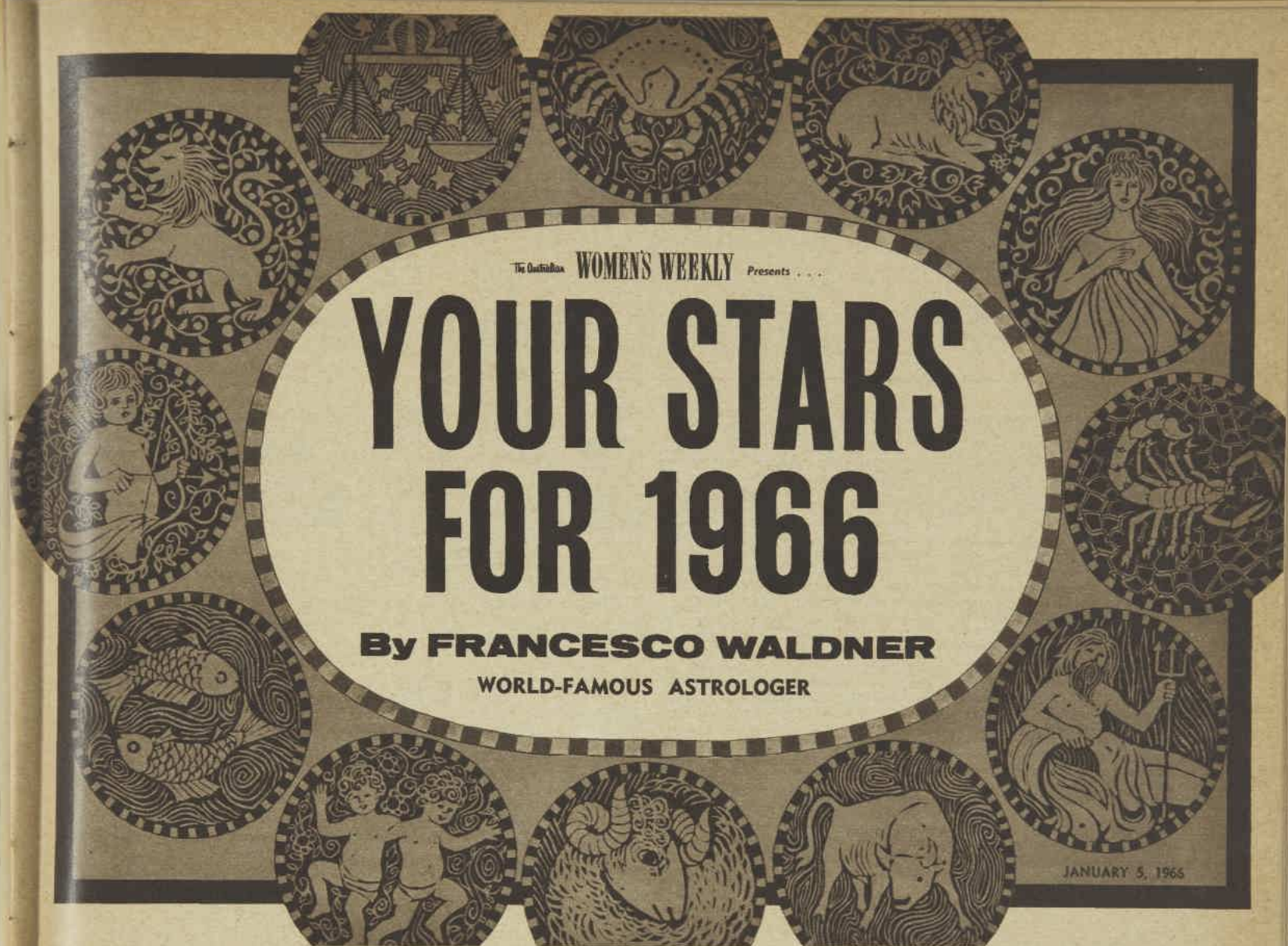
"You must be brave," added Muriel bracingly — her old, perfect self again — "and a comfort to mother."

Mrs. Pennon needed comfort. When it came to bidding her husband a last farewell, she was genuinely distressed at the short list of guests. (It was much the same feeling, though, of course, heightened, as she'd experienced before giving a dinner party on the Next-door Island.) However, Muriel inserted a notice in two daily papers with "all friends welcome at the church," and they could only hope for a decent dressing of at least the front pews.

But every death brings its revelations: as slightly disturbing as a legacy to a Cat's Home instead of to the Lifeboat Fund, or apt to fee lawyers for years disputing the claims of a second domestic hearth. The revelation attending the death of Mr. Pennon fell somewhere between: that is, he left everything to his wife, but Milly came to the funeral.

She had to take two days off to do it, sleeping the night at her sister's in Paddington; but having slept with Mr. Pennon every night he could get back to the Crown (after they'd slept together that first night) saw it not only as a duty but as a right. She brought with her the best floral tribute of all, supplied by the Pale Ale who happened to be a market gardener producing floral tributes as a sideline: It was shaped like an anchor, and upon Mr. Pennon's coffin quite outshone his wife's and the MacLarens' simple wreaths and Cathy's simple sheaf. These were actually the only other floral tributes at all; the undertaker had promoted Milly's anchor from professional pride, and

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ARIES

(March 21 — April 20)

● Aries subjects are vivacious, impulsive, and often naive. They often say what is unpleasant to those who have to listen, but they rarely realise that their words may be hurting. They show much initiative, feel at ease when in a commanding position, and dislike having to obey. They find it difficult to concentrate for long on a particular activity. They tend to start on 100 things and when they have almost succeeded leave them pending. Ambitious and aggressive, they prefer action to success. They forget quarrels quickly.

THE year will be divided into three very distinct phases. The beginning will be positive and constructive, both financially and in respect of making arrangements for work, changes of occupation, journeys, or moving house.

During the first four months you will be subjected to fortunate influences, often finding support and help from people in influential positions. You have a special gift for finding solutions to legal questions and difficulties with the authorities. You will feel happy and optimistic and be prepared to tackle important projects.

Between May and the middle of September your enthusiasm and enterprising spirit will give way to pessimism and you will feel discouraged by unexpected obstacles. During this time stick to what is most urgent and don't force developments — things will work out by themselves. Use this period for studying and hobbies. Be careful not to make enemies and don't be so aggressive when people differ in opinion with you — particularly elderly people.

After the middle of September your enthusiasm and optimism will return, and you will regain your confidence.



LOVE

YOU will be surprised at the fantastic possibilities in matters of the heart, all due to your special sex-

appeal and magnetism. On the other hand, this may at times make you a bit difficult to deal with where old friendships and long-standing ties are concerned.

Between May and August you have to be particularly careful: some of the new fascinating acquaintanceships may prove rather dangerous and intricate and you had better be more reserved. In any case, postpone taking any really important decisions. A summer flirtation should just be seen as such—but no more—so don't lose your head. Many will meet the partner for their future, but beware of holiday acquaintances.

The best time of the year for you will be March, April, and October/November, when engagements and weddings can be fixed. It will also be wise to try to get on well with the family of the person you love.



HEALTH

DURING March and April you tend to suffer from influenza and rheumatism, while July and August may bring some stomach upsets. De-

cember is the month for nervous tension, sleeplessness, and the "worn-out" feeling. The best time to take a cure will be the end of January, beginning of February, May, and September/October.



LUCK

THANKS to the right contacts, you will enjoy help in minor speculative ventures during the first five months of the year. A person very dear to you will get on well with studies and the beginning of a career and you can resolve some strictly personal problems.



HOME

FAMILY relations will improve and misunderstandings that have disturbed the harmony can be cleared up.

Lucky circumstances for any initiative connected with your home — maybe you contemplate moving, selling your old house and buying a new one, or having the old home redecorated. Try to arrange for any such changes during March, April, or September/November.

With a little extra effort and some diplomacy you can greatly improve your relations with neighbors and, as a result, enjoy some great surprises. Try to make more use of your organising talent, especially in a social respect, where you can make considerable progress if you show yourself adaptable. This year your friends will particularly admire you for your great generosity and understanding.

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TAURUS

• Taurus people always attract others. They know exactly what they want to achieve. Often they are obstinate, and even unreasonable. Above all, they look for material well-being, a comfortable home, and they are sociable and hospitable. They usually are very able and meticulous in their work, persevering, but unlikely to accept severe criticism. They love to create a harmonious atmosphere. Indifference makes them withdraw into themselves and sometimes they are suspicious. They are passionate, impulsive, and generous.

(April 21 — May 20)

THE year 1966 looks extremely promising but it will require a special effort on your part, and at times a spirit of sacrifice. In all really important ventures luck will be with you and this applies to any financial enterprises and to your job.

When undertaking anything new, get the advice of experienced friends. You can consolidate your position and rely on steady development. You can also rely, until the middle of September, on a positive development of legal matters, financial questions, and anything where you have to deal with the authorities. After September 15, avoid falling into traps.

The year 1966 will be one of surprises, which, if you make the right use of them, can give your life an entirely new aspect and shape your future differently. You will find a definite solution to a very personal problem that has been upsetting you recently and has made you rather bitter.

Beware of making enemies at work; people tend to be jealous. If you notice any opposition, resist but be diplomatic. A violent reaction could only harm you. In the end, these experiences will work out to your advantage.

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LOVE

MATTERS of the heart will balance themselves and you will be able to consolidate your relationship. New

acquaintances will be built on a romantic basis and on an affinity in tastes and aspirations; during January, however, and from August onwards, you have to make an effort to discover the peculiarities of your partner's character, especially if his background is different from yours.

Many will break off an old relationship which has become a burden and only been kept up as a matter of habit. A new relationship is likely to develop for many through contacts at work, and such a friendship can become much deeper as time goes on.

Thanks to an influence from Venus, you will be particularly attractive during February, second half of April, May, June, July, and December, and you will be able to take a final decision affecting your entire future. Those are the most suitable months for engagements and weddings; your intuition will be right.



HEALTH

A VERY healthy year, but take some precautions during January/February, August/September, and November, when you tend to suffer from colds,

sore throat, and influenza.

If you have to undergo some treatment, do so during April, May, July, and October.



HOME

WHATEVER the anxieties in the family circle during the past year, 1966 will see your problems solved. Leave

changes of your home or buying a new house to the period between April and the end of the winter, when you will find some excellent opportunities.

Relations with children are particularly favored this year, and so is maternity. You will be worried about a friend, but everything will turn out all right. There will be a chance to meet some people who will be a moral support for you in the future. The year 1966 will start with intense social life, lots of invitations, and a sharing of interests with others. The winter holds a lot of surprises for you; there will be an invitation to visit some friends involving a long journey, and you should certainly accept.

Don't make too many arrangements for August; you may have to alter your plans at the last moment. Best time for holidays: May, June, July, September, and beginning of October.

LUCK

THERE will be a settlement of misunderstandings with brothers or sisters. Luck from a very casual meeting and the gift of an animal. You will



also be lucky if buying objects d'art.

YOUR STARS FOR 1966 — Page 3



GEMINI

(May 21 — June 21)

● Main characteristics of Gemini are versatility, intuition, intelligence, and a certain restlessness. They usually are acute observers and have an inquiring mind. They are well liked and talkative; in fact, they often love to listen to their own voice, and may allow their fantasy to run away with them. They tend to make rash judgments and easily criticise and condemn. They always see the funny side of things, love to see lots of people, but rarely have a truly deep attachment. They often expose themselves to criticism, but rather enjoy it.

IT is in your own hands to make this a successful year. Get yourself well organised and make a good start, concentrating on few but promising projects, and nothing will hold you up; but don't start too many things at a time. Ultimate success needs good reasoning and the acceptance of advice. You must not be so obstinate.

Plans that can quickly be realised are favored, long-term projects require thorough study of all the particulars involved. At all costs avoid rash decisions and always be extremely gentle and kind, treating superiors with tact. Should elderly people try to put obstacles in your way, don't force the issue but ease any tension.

Financially, things look pretty promising, and if you avoid getting involved in risky ventures you will earn more. Business and educational travels are well influenced and you will find that foreigners as well as friends will be of help. Try to reach a quick compromise over legal questions, otherwise things may drag on for a very long time. If you try to change your job, be very careful and examine attentively the propositions offered you; there may well be some hidden drawbacks.

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LOVE

THIS will be a decisive year, but you have to be careful and may be asked to make a considerable sacrifice. Matters of the heart will be much more intense, due to your magnetism and attractiveness. Don't dream, try to see things as they really are and avoid disappointment later. Don't break off an existing relationship, leave things to work out by themselves.

January, March, from mid-May to the end of August, and October will be very exciting and lively periods for you and you will score considerable success. Those who have not yet made final decisions can build the basis for their twosome future.

The best time for engagements or weddings and for obtaining family approval are the first five months of the year, October, and November. It is not unlikely that a Gemini may find herself faced with an extraordinary situation and she will have to show much patience and watch her step.



HEALTH

A GOOD year to start some treatments or to undergo minor surgery, beauty treatments, and slimming diets. Take precautions during February/March, end of April, and mid-October to mid-November, when you might easily catch colds and are accident prone.



into contact with friends from abroad, and you can organise better your methods of work. If you have to pass any examinations, you will get through all right.

LUCK

YOU will be lucky in solving an old problem that has long been worrying you, thanks to the help given you by a friend. A lucky trip will bring you into contact with friends from abroad, and you can organise better your methods of work. If you have to pass any examinations, you will get through all right.



HOME

DUE to unforeseen circumstances there may be considerable upsets in your relations with the family. At times this

may work out to your advantage, as you will be forced to make decisions which otherwise you would have put off. Your commonsense and self-confidence will help you in such situations.

Any changes to your home should be made during the first six months of the year. If there is a misunderstanding with an old friend, don't worry; it will soon be cleared up again. A new friendship will take up an important part of your life and with this friend you will have a lot of interests in common. Toward spring, any possible differences with brothers or sisters and neighbors will be settled. Accept invitations to mix with some remarkable people and give some parties yourself; you will score more success at social gatherings.

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CANCER

(June 22—July 22)

● It often seems that Cancer subjects are merely sensitive, imaginative, romantic, and reserved, but in reality they have a strong sense of what is practical and convenient. They will always try to attain a good social position, but are rarely satisfied with what they achieve. Easily impressionable and upset, they withdraw at the slightest obstruction, and often become obstinate. However, they can be very altruistic, and like to help their friends. They are home-loving and rather particular about the house. They are emotional, often restless, and moody.

THIS year you have more possibilities for success than ever before: plans and prospects you have been considering for a long time can be put into practice and you will be helped by advantageous conditions and circumstances. In fact, you will at times find yourself with a fait accompli where you, with your hypersensitive nature, would never have attempted to achieve such results. Of course, to make these successes last you must make some effort yourself and use both your commonsense and your perseverance, overcoming certain habits which so far have been inhibiting you.

Financially, this should be a very promising year. The period from May to September will favor small speculative ventures; you can pay off old debts, increase your income, and you will perhaps inherit some money. If you have any legal questions pending, your rights will now be recognised.

Don't be discouraged by minor difficulties that may obstruct things round about March/April and in December, but don't make any rash decisions during July/August—take the advice of objective friends. Be careful when taking up a new job and don't be shy.

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LOVE

MATTERS of the heart will be lively. You feel more enthusiastic and optimistic, contrary to your nature that rather tends to pessimism. You will overcome old misunderstandings and give every action your very personal imprint, and your contacts with people will give you increased confidence in people generally.

Many of you will find the right companion for your future life, others can now plan the wedding which so far seemed beyond reach. Others still will be able to maintain a friendship which the family tried to prevent. Old relationships will be broken off and you will make new friends instead.

You will be at your best during March, April, June, August, September, and November, and score great personal successes.

Engagements and weddings will be many, and the best months will be February, May, July, August, September, and November.



HEALTH

TAKE precautions during January, April, July to mid-August, and December, because you may suffer from indigestion and states of anxiety and nervous tension. If you have to have an operation, you may be sure of its successful outcome. Preventive treatments for chronic indispositions should be undertaken between May and September. You are prone to minor accidents in April, during the winter, and in December.



LUCK

YOU will be particularly successful if you wish to invest any money, in making new contacts, and reaching agreement over legal questions and dealing with the authorities. You will also enjoy recognition for work done well and succeed with a new hobby.



HOME

DON'T let your family make unreasonable demands on you. Remember, you have the right to some leisure, too.

Insist on some time to yourself in which to follow your own hobbies. If there are squabbles, keep well out of them and go serenely on your own way.

You don't have to look far afield for social interests—you may find that friendships with neighbors can be very rewarding. A close friend of long standing may suddenly and inexplicably cool toward you due to a misunderstanding. Don't be offended, ignore this behaviour, and remain friendly, and matters will soon sort themselves out.

A holiday which you have planned without much enthusiasm will be an unexpected success. You will make new friends with whom you will keep in touch for the rest of your life.

YOUR STARS FOR 1966 — Page 5



LEO

● Pride, nobility, and an inborn generosity, coupled with a strong feeling for independence make Leo an impulsive, passionate personality, full of idealism. Leos cope with situations without losing self-confidence, and pass on courage and confidence to others, but they find it difficult to accept advice. They tend to exaggerate, are sociable, brilliant conversationalists, and very hospitable. Generous and magnanimous, they are often of real help to others — and with no strings attached to their help. Independence is the one thing they must have.

(July 23 — August 22)

A YEAR of steady development and considerable promise. Some problems still have to be overcome, but thanks to your dynamic nature and optimism you will settle them to your full advantage.

Really important projects connected with your work, or matters that may involve a certain risk, should possibly be postponed until spring, when special luck will be with you. Always be realistic and don't take everything at its face-value, however wonderful things may be.

If you have any difficulties, legal questions, or differences of opinion with your superiors or employees, or if there are any dangerous competitors, you can reckon that things will steadily improve until, by the end of the year, everything will be all right, provided you don't do anything silly.

Financially, you can count on unexpected earnings for extra work, but you must be careful and not spend so heavily; you can't afford to be too generous with money. If so minded, you will be able to get your own back in cases where people hurt you. Most of you will have considerable advantages through your contacts with people from abroad.



LOVE

EXISTING relationships can be consolidated, and during this year matters of the heart will play a most

important part and sustain your optimism. You will be very successful, receive many demonstrations of affection and gratitude, and serious relationships will be of much more importance than occasional flirtations. A success will make up for a previous disappointment.

During a trip or through social or business contacts, you are likely to meet a foreigner who will greatly attract you, but don't exaggerate the importance of the meeting. You have to control your jealousy, usually caused by too much pride.

Many of you will find your life companion, although you may not immediately be aware of it. There are likely to be difficulties during January, March, and June; don't be aggressive and don't spoil your generally good chances.

Excellent time to fix your engagement or wedding: February, May, July, August, October, and December.



HEALTH

YOU will often feel very tired and worn out and must try to arrange a perfect and complete rest. Try to change your diet — it will make you generally

feel better. Periods when you are most prone to catch a minor ailment are January, mid-February, May, and September. During those periods you should also be careful at sports and drive a car with particular care.



LUCK

YOU can realise plans you have been making for a very long time and, thanks to your intuition, you will at long last settle a difficult problem. Luck

will also be with you during your travels and you will make important new social contacts. Toward the end of the year, you will find a particular bargain and, thanks to a special knowledge, you will achieve excellent results. At work, you will be much more independent.



HOME

FAMILY matters may take up much of your time and require much patience. While you will be able to settle

one trouble, quite a few others are likely to accumulate. Don't give it too much thought, matters will sort themselves out as time goes on. Children will give much pleasure.

Don't insist on doing something for your home this year—you may go wrong. Generally, changes should be undertaken during March, April, or, better still, in the spring, when you are likely to find some bargains. You will get on extremely well with your friends, and a business colleague will become a close friend. Social life will be quite exciting and you will score much success, be invited out a lot, and meet people in important social positions and some interested in artistic and cultural activities.



VIRGO

● Virgo subjects are modest, analytical, and practical; they love their lives to run on a straight, smooth line, and would rather obey than command. Their passions are well-controlled, and their strength lies in moderation; on the other hand, their analytical minds tend to exaggerate every detail. They work hard and are extremely sensitive, with a strong sense of dedication. They are attracted by studies, like to teach themselves, and always require food for thought. They are loyal to their principles and serious.

(August 23 — September 22)

THIS will be a two-faced year. Be extremely careful during the first four months when making decisions and starting any new projects. Legal questions, financial matters, and any changes in your occupation require the utmost care. From May onwards, however, you will be able to solve your difficulties. All through the year, though, you have to be very reasonable.

Many of you will feel the urge to make a general change and it will be easy to find opportunities, but allow matters to mature slowly. If there are any difficulties when dealing with elderly people, don't complicate things further—if you can wait patiently, matters will settle down.

There are excellent possibilities at work and certain desired changes will materialise in the course of 1966, as well as tangible appreciations of work accomplished. Particularly well influenced are all intellectual and artistic occupations, but also those who have to travel for business can count on beneficial influences.

Financially you will always be able to pay your way, and can even improve your position. If you control yourself and don't criticise a certain person so much, this person will be most useful to you.



LOVE

THIS should be an interesting and eventful year and the less you try to force matters, the more you will achieve. It is your nature to contradict yourself. Learn to accept advice.

Many of you will have to face a difficulty in connection with an old relationship that has to be broken off; make up your mind, don't dramatise, and try to turn this relationship into a serious friendship. During the winter and spring you will meet many new people and enjoy yourself; many of you will meet your partner through friends. However, be a little more reserved when making friends with business contacts or in holiday flirtations. January and February will see you full of life and very successful.

Between May and mid-June you will make an acquaintance that can be much further developed in the future, or you may meet this person toward the end of July or in September or November. These are also the best months to announce your engagement or fix your wedding date.



HEALTH

DURING the first months of the year you tend to be afflicted by various minor ailments. During June and November you are prone to minor accidents. However, whatever may be the matter with you, you will quickly get better and July, August, and September favor any kind of cure or treatment.



LUCK

YOU will be lucky with new friends and with making the most of your own talents. Invitations and trips will also be fruitful, and a domestic project can be put through. You will overcome prejudices and animosity both at work and in dealings with elderly people.



HOME

FAMILY life will be mainly harmonious, although at times it will be hard to get on and some worries may crop up.

Thanks to a fortunate circumstance, a difficulty regarding one of the children can be ironed out and generally you will get on very well with the young set.

Many will have to change house because of work or because of a special opportunity.

Don't worry if at first you find it difficult to settle down in new surroundings, as long as you arrange for the move after April — with the exception of June. Don't be too friendly with neighbors and people living very close to you — it is better to keep some distance.

At long last you feel more attracted by new friends, and consequently make interesting and stimulating contacts and mix with artists and people interested in sport. Beware, however, of very eccentric friends, people much older than yourself, or from an entirely different background.

YOUR STARS FOR 1966 — Page 7



LIBRA

● Well-balanced and fairly uncomplicated persons are born under Libra. They are pleasant to be with, helpful, and have many social graces as well as a strong sense of justice. They love peace and harmony, detest friction and arguments, and, thanks to their intelligence and generosity, easily forgive and forget. They may even accept a compromise in order to maintain the peace. They can adapt themselves easily and get on with most people, but they really suffer if they have to live without peace. They demand respect, and give it to others.

(September 23 — October 23)

THE year begins under brilliant influences which should help you to overcome your fears and make considerable progress. This will, of course, require perseverance and special efforts.

If you want to take up a new job, or look for collaborators, do so before the end of May. That is also the period during which you have more financial means at your disposal. Plans will come almost to a halt between June and the beginning of September, due to some obstacles or delays. Don't get financially involved during that period. Avoid legal arguments, and don't undertake long journeys. On the other hand, that period favors cultural interests and relaxation with a hobby.

Travelling should be left for the autumn or spring, both for business or educational reasons. Any business dealings are best done between January and April or October and December. Also, 1966 is an excellent year for studies, specialising for a particular job, and for establishing contacts with foreign countries.



LOVE

SOME very interesting surprises because you meet a person with an entirely different background who

naturally also has opinions very different from your own. At first, the going will be hard, but eventually you will understand each other and some secret dreams can be realised. Many of you will have to cope with a difficult situation, because either you or your partner has to keep the relationship a secret. Don't try to get away from your responsibilities, but tackle your problems and try to find a solution.

Much care is advised about holiday friendships; you may lose your head and be deeply disappointed later on, and certainly such friendships can never replace an old-established relationship.

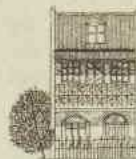
The best months for you will be January, April, May, June, September to mid-October. During these months you should fix engagements or weddings. An old romance may be revived; this may be most satisfactory—but do reflect well before making a final decision.



HEALTH

HAVE a general medical check-up because your health is likely to need more attention than usual.

There is nothing to worry about, a check-up is always a wise precaution. Special care should be taken during February, March, July, August, and December, when you tend to be nervous and easily tired.



HOME

WHEN dealing with the family, be guided by your common sense and instinct; if you follow this advice, possible

difficulties arising during February, July, August, or December can be settled most satisfactorily for all concerned. You may temporarily be worried about a relative, but will soon find out that there was no reason for your fears. A good friend will help you to overcome a difficulty regarding one of the children.

If you meet new people, be cautious; they may be intelligent and entertaining, but not serious. If you plan changes regarding your home, do so in March, April, May, September, or October.

There is a possibility that a good friend, for reasons beyond her control—maybe because of her job or because she is getting married—has to leave you. Friendships with foreigners will assume a certain importance for you and you should cultivate such relations. This year you will have many visitors and be much invited yourself, and you will probably travel.

LUCK

YOU will often sense coming difficulties and do the right thing, being able to see through people. You will be successful in open discussions and in arranging new agreements and getting rid of a bad influence among people close to you.



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SCORPIO

● Scorpio subjects usually have a definite personality. Instinctively, they act right but have difficulty in controlling themselves. Thanks to their strong will, they like to command and are used to victory — no halfway compromises for them. Acute observers and good psychologists, they know those they are dealing with. Material comforts are not of prime importance to them, but all the same they will defend their own interests, and are often feared because of their sharp criticisms. Once embarked on a course, there is no stopping them.

(October 24 — November 22)

YOU will have some important experiences in the course of this year and can extend your activities; on the other hand, there will be certain doubtful situations which, with your usual perseverance and enterprising spirit, you will try to clarify. Don't be too adventurous; avoid complicated situations which might only hold up your general progress. Worst difficulties will occur during January and from mid-September to mid-October.

You will be active and your lively mind will help you to find new interests; however, don't attach too much value to new possibilities. Thanks to Jupiter's influence in the period from May to September you can settle financial questions advantageously and get on with legal matters.

Many of you will enjoy excellent relations with foreigners and all of you will feel happier and more self-confident and can look forward to a promising future. This is an excellent year for travelling and for finding extra sources of income — be it through studies or passing examinations.

If you receive new propositions, however promising they appear at first sight, do give them much thought.

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LOVE

YOUR joy of life increases, but don't let success go to your head. Scorpio subjects still unattached

may find their life partner in the course of this year, and what has initially been nothing but a superficial flirtation may develop into something much more serious. The year, anyhow, will be rich in surprises; don't encourage a certain person just to satisfy your vanity.

Those who already have partners should try to get to know them better. A joint holiday may help to bring you closer, and you must share difficulties as well as pleasures. If you follow this advice you will avoid difficulties that are likely to occur during January, March, May, or September.

The year favors weddings and any definition of a relationship. The best months are February, April, June, July, August, and from mid-October to the end of November.



HEALTH

YOUR health, during 1966, will be good, and you should leave some time for sport and exercise. Propitious time to undertake a preventive cure is autumn or winter, when you could also think of beauty treatment or a slimming diet. Special care should be taken during January, from mid-April to mid-May, September, and November.



LUCK

YOU will be lucky on trips and when meeting people abroad. Maternity and children will bring much joy, and studies and new jobs will bring success and extra income. If you want to buy a property or undertake an investment for the future, this will be a good year to do so; but not in spring.



HOME

DOMESTIC matters are very well influenced and any projects such as the buying and selling of houses will work out advantageously. The family may be annoyed about you keeping a certain matter secret, and much patience will be required in dealings with children.

A friendship may have a most surprising development, and misunderstandings may arise due to a separation. Otherwise you can rely on your friends with whom you share the same tastes and interests. Due to strange circumstances you may meet some very interesting and stimulating people. From spring onwards, domestic chores will be eased and you will have time to enjoy a more intense social life, both giving and receiving invitations. You may be pleased to hear of a secret admirer.

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SAGITTARIUS

● Those born under the sign of Sagittarius are usually talkative, affectionate, and asking for understanding. They have serious interests and are rarely narrow-minded. Many of them have a deep religious feeling. Truth is something "sacred"—a Sagittarius will go to great length to defend his principles. They are convincing talkers, often adventurous. As long as they don't have to sacrifice their independence they are willing to show much generosity. They often change their occupations, are great travellers, and never shirk responsibilities.

(November 23 — December 21)

THIS will be a year of new experiences, impressions, and new activities, but you will have to overcome various obstacles and cope with emotional upsets. Try to see situations and people in their proper light.

Judging the year generally, it will be positive, always provided that you don't over- or under-value events. You will be full of new ideas and the urge to revolutionise your life, and although there will be numerous offers of a new activity, some of them may hide some dangers. Be very careful in your choice, especially if the proposition is made during February, May, October or November.

The year favors any arrangements that can be settled immediately. A propitious year for those who follow an intellectual occupation. Professional people and those who are trying to build up a career will find that most of their difficulties diminish. A good year for business, holidays, or educational journeys, and for establishing contacts with foreigners. Legal questions and dealings with authorities should be postponed until after May.

You may be tempted to spend more than you can afford, and although you will earn well be careful.



LOVE

NEVER be guided by your capriciousness, but be tactful and follow your intuition. You will meet a very

strange and extraordinary person, but don't be taken in by all this; there is a double-meaning in your horoscope this year and it may play you a nasty trick. Avoid emotional upsets and don't risk losing your partner.

Your best months will be January to mid-February, May, June, August, October, and December, which are also the months suitable for engagements and wedding arrangements and for meeting the family of your partner. The spring particularly favors weddings.

Journeys, especially abroad, will leave deep impressions and you may meet a person who will have a lasting influence on your life.



HEALTH

YOUR health will be rather delicate during the autumn and you should plan frequent short periods of complete rest, which will help you a lot. Many of

you will have dental treatments, and others should decide on a slimming diet; the best months for these are end of March, April, June, September, and December. You may often feel tired from February until mid-March.



LUCK

YOU will be lucky if you restart on an old project. Unexpected money will be coming in and foreign travel will be successful and interesting.

Artistic, philosophic, and religious studies and occupations are favored, and so would be any reorganisation of your present activity. Young people will bring you luck.



HOME

YOU can clear up various family matters in the course of this year and solve problems and difficult situations. Some

of you will have a fairly hard time and may be asked to make a sacrifice. Any changes of your home, maybe due to work conditions, will have excellent results, but they should be left for winter or spring.

Elderly relatives will need much patience and understanding and you should be very careful when dealing with neighbors. Be kind and friendly, but rather reserved, and avoid gossip and envy.

You will make new friends because of mutual business interests or because you share intellectual, artistic, and cultural tastes, and these friends will be stimulating and give you more self-confidence. Social life will take on a new aspect and you will enter into new circles.



CAPRICORN

● The most outstanding characteristics of Capricorn subjects are their perseverance and strength in pursuing their objective and in taking advantage of everything possible in attaining the desired end. They can work very hard, but tend to be pessimistic. Success in life usually depends on their working methods and on their sense of duty. They save, are practical and conservative in their ideas, but they rarely like those who display a different mentality from their own. It is better not to hurt their feelings; they tend then to become "loners."

(December 22 — January 20)

A YEAR of slow but steady progress economically and with regard to your work. You will have to work particularly hard during May and up to the end of the winter, when opposition and various difficulties will have to be confronted. In the end, however, you will achieve your aim and your superiors will respect you and have full confidence in your ability. If you are clever, you can make the most of their appreciation and make it the basis for further development of your position. Don't be frightened by unexpected changes; they will work out to your fullest advantage.

Financial matters require special attention between May and October; there may be unforeseen expenses or investments will bring in money only after an unexpectedly long time. Legal matters will eventually work out, but don't expect quick results.

Old problems should be tackled during the first four months of the year and you must endeavor to obtain a quick settlement. This is likely to be a very busy year, with travel, visits, and the revival of old contacts. All this will give you renewed enthusiasm and confidence, and you will find that your many talents and abilities will find the proper outlet.

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LOVE

YOU succeed in attracting people of your own sensibility who share your interests and tastes, but beware of losing your head. Generally, however, there is a tendency to a certain apathy which may in turn cause misunderstandings. Don't worry, however, thanks to your tact and ability to handle people diplomatically, you will be able to iron out difficulties and come to terms without too much emotional upset.

You will be much admired by your colleagues and a serious relationship will eventually result. There will also be serious offers of marriage, but most Capricorns are looking for the right person corresponding to their ideal, someone who will give them an emotional security.

The best time of the year will be May, June, September, and November. Those involved in a very difficult and complicated sentimental relationship will be able to clarify matters and feel much happier and freer.



HEALTH

GENERALLY this will be a quiet year, but you must be a bit more careful during autumn and winter. An excellent year to get rid of chronic disturbances. Your holidays should give you a change of climate. Be especially careful during March, April, July to mid-August, and December.



LUCK

LUCK will come to you through a new occupation or extra work you undertake as well as from a project so far kept a secret. Something will make up for a loss you sustained in the past and family opposition or opposition at work will certainly diminish. You will receive a wonderful gift, find a very helpful collaborator, and make a complete recovery from an illness.



HOME

FAMILY problems should be dealt with during the first four months of the year or after the end of September. There may be some complications between May and August, but it is mostly you who exaggerate their importance or cause them quite unnecessarily.

There will be some worry about a relative or about the school results of one of the children. Many of you will expect a baby. A propitious year to change house, sell, buy, or redecorate—don't worry about the ensuing expenses, which may be higher than expected.

Much social success and, consequently, support due to new and useful contacts. You may worry about an old friendship, but cheer up—everything will soon be back to normal if you show understanding and generosity. Invite people to your home and go out more often than you used to, and get rid of your old prejudices. You will make a friend with quite an outstanding and strange personality.

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AQUARIUS

• The Aquarius subject has a very pronounced personality, full of ideas, intelligent, open to what is new. Aquarians often take a lively interest in studies and the arts. Although rather reserved, Aquarians are rarely overlooked, thanks to their originality. They often seem erratic and contradictory, and one can never really analyse their thoughts. They are never conventional, never prejudiced, and don't care about the opinions of others. They just carry on as they think best. Aquarians hate injustice and will react rather violently to it.

(January 21 — February 19)

THERE will be changes at your work as well as in your private life, some lucky circumstances will help you and difficulties will easily be overcome. This will also mean a steady development and balancing out of your activities.

Those who have to undertake many journeys in the course of their occupation will enjoy themselves and can rest assured of excellent results. Generally, however, you should be very cautious when faced with important changes, because you must bear in mind that you prefer to be independent and are not likely to make compromises. You can be sure of financial improvements.

Your most difficult months will be May, September, November, and December. Try to tackle legal matters and make possible agreements during April, June, and October. Take advice in matters of great importance; you have a rich imagination, but at times you lack clear judgment.

This will be a year when you can come to very good arrangements with colleagues and employees and you will have a chance to undertake a big journey which you have been looking forward to for a long time.



LOVE

DON'T arrange your life according to a fixed program, because this will be a year of surprises and

success which you didn't expect or hope for. For you, who rarely lose your head, this may be a dangerous time, because you may find yourself tied to a person who will endeavor to dominate and organise your life. Examine the new position with a certain detachment and don't cut off any existing relationship.

Those already married may find that their urge for independence causes friction. Others may experience difficulties because of their approaching maternity. Many of you still unattached will start a new romance. Best months for weddings and engagements: the first seven months except May, and also October and December.



HEALTH

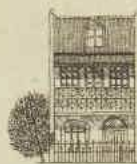
SOME ups and downs. At times you feel energetic and active, at others you are worn out and tend to suffer from imaginary illnesses. Take special pre-

cautions during January, May, and September and keep time for exercise, sport, and long walks. April, August, and October favor beauty treatment.



LUCK

YOU will be lucky if engaged on technical work or if your job brings you much human contact. Always follow your intuition and you will overcome somebody's animosity toward you. Luck will be with you if you want to make new contacts and if you offer a home to an animal.



HOME

YOU will be able to solve family problems, thanks to your intuition and original ideas, and you will be con-

sidered their guide. Excellent relations with the young ones who will give much satisfaction and pleasure.

Should any difficulties arise during January, May, or September, don't worry—they won't last long. Changes connected with your home should be undertaken in the beginning of the year or in June or July. It will be up to you this year to give a helping hand to a friend—more in moral than in material respects.

If you are invited on a joint holiday trip, accept and it will leave a deep impression on you. Social activities will at times be very intense; often you will be much more attracted by artistic activities or a hobby. Most important: keep in contact with an elderly and influential person who already in the past has been of considerable help to you.



PISCES

(February 20 — March 20)

● There are two groups of Pisces subjects: One group is gay, romantic, and perhaps frivolous, often erratic, and likely to make a lot of mistakes. Full of enthusiasm, this group is disappointed if things don't turn out as expected. The other type is gentle, quiet, and timid, with a pronounced sense of self-sacrifice. These people work hard, are devoted and loyal, and will accept hardship without a murmur. Both groups have imagination and a deep love of nature. Many Pisces feel uncomfortable when faced with a decision.

IT is up to you to play your cards well. This year, for you, has two faces: concentrate particularly on matters of secondary importance and leave matters that may have deep influence on your future to mature by themselves. You certainly cannot afford to run any risks.

The beginning of the year is particularly complicated through complete hold-ups and subsequent discouragement. After May, matters will improve considerably and at times you will be helped by a stroke of good fortune.

At work, you must carry on tenaciously and don't listen to tempting offers that may hide dangers. Your financial situation promises well for the second part of the year, when you will make some extra money and be helped. However, don't get involved in speculative ventures and don't lend money. An economic question that has been hanging fire for some time will be settled.

Legal questions should be avoided; if impossible, postpone their settlement till the latter part of the year.

Journeys abroad and all contacts with foreigners are favored. Generally, you can rely on getting on well with people.

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LOVE

BE very explicit in any sentimental relationship, especially if you have not known the person for any

length of time, and don't be taken in by romantic situations. You will be so very popular that, at times, you may overestimate the events and you must draw a line between real love and romantic flirtations.

You will meet people who stimulate new interests in you, but there will also be a risk that you enter circles where you don't quite belong and where people are attracted by your sex appeal and generosity, but are not serious with you. Just play their game, but no more.

You will be particularly popular during February, May, July, August, October, and December and have a lot of fun and flirtations. The above months are also the best for weddings and engagements. Some of you will have to face the end of an affair, but at that difficult moment they will encounter another person who will be of tremendous support and help.



HEALTH

WATCH your health this year because you will suffer from minor disturbances which can easily impress and worry you; you tend to exaggerate their

importance.

The most difficult time will be from mid-January to mid-March, May, October, and November. On the other hand, you will enjoy perfect health between June and September.



LUCK

YOU know your possibilities and can act accordingly. Studies and examinations will bring acknowledgement and success. You have learned to make a sacrifice, if need be. If taking part in an organised trip, or if expecting the repayment of a loan, you will be successful and have much luck in strictly personal affairs and those concerning your children.



HOME

YOU will find some excellent solutions to family problems and if you are, for some time, worried about a relative,

you will see the reasons for it eventually and everything will be solved satisfactorily. Anything connected with your home—removals, redecorations, etc., are well influenced, particularly if undertaken from May to October.

Problems connected with children should find solution during the latter part of the year and you will be most satisfied with the outcome. You will lose a friend eventually, but there will be another helping hand for you. A business contact will develop into a much closer friendship and can be developed further in the future.

Leave time for social activities during February, March, May, July, August, and November. Go out a lot, see people and also ask them to your own home. What you must overcome is your tendency to pessimism, particularly where people close to you, who have much respect and affection for you, are concerned.

YOUR STARS FOR 1966 — Page 13

The forecast for 1967



ARIES

(March 21 — April 20)

A YEAR of contrasting influences when you are advised to be very cautious in your actions, especially during the first part of the year. Risks must be well weighed beforehand and speculative ventures require detailed examination. Matters will improve during the latter part of 1967, but you should still exercise some care. Although you will collect valuable experience, sacrifices will be required. Good chance of better earnings.

Love: You will meet interesting people, a bit different from the usual run. Treat your partner with great care and avoid friction. There are pleasant surprises during the summer; new acquaintances can be developed. Many of you will overcome

at last an old relationship. Best time for engagements and weddings, June to October.

Home, family, friends, social life: Home matters can easily be settled, but you are likely to worry about an elderly relative. Intense social life, with new circles of friends—but don't expect too much from them. Don't exaggerate minor disappointments and differences of opinion, but be generous and understanding with your friends. Children will be a continuous source of joy.

Health: Stick to a regular life and you will notice considerable improvement in your health from May onwards.



TAURUS

(April 21 — May 20)

A YEAR of slow but progressive development. Economic questions should be solved before the end of May; between June and spring abstain from any speculative ventures and be particularly careful about money matters. A change in your job should be postponed until after October. Excellent influences where contacts with foreign countries, travel, and legal questions are concerned.

Love: Surprises and unexpected developments await you, but beware of disappointments and keep calm in the face of opposing opinions. Weddings and engagements are favored during the beginning of the year, and many of you will have to make a decision as to whether to continue an old

relationship that has become a burden or venture into a new one that promises to become a solid basis for the future. A sense of realism will help you to make the right decision.

Home, family, friends, social life: An excellent year where family relations are concerned; a relative can get settled at last and differences with a brother or sister can now be ironed out. Good time for the sale of your house and changing over to a new one. Don't neglect old friends because of new acquaintances. A brilliant social life from January until autumn.

Health: After May, take some precautions. Good year for slimming and beauty treatments.



GEMINI

(May 21 — June 21)

YOU will be extremely enterprising, collect success after success, and widen the scope of your activities. The year will be full of contrasting events and great possibilities, which, however, will involve certain difficulties and you will have to show much patience and perseverance. Financially, this year should prove to be most satisfactory and you can count on success in legal and property matters.

Love: You tend to rush into something without giving it the necessary prior consideration and there is a definite danger of losing a very dear friend. Spring will be the most difficult period, but it also holds most likelihood of weddings and engagements. If you are looking for a partner, you are most likely to meet

people in the period from April until the end of September. Be careful, and don't be upset by the return of an old boyfriend.

Home, family, friends, social life: Excellent chances for changes in the home, although this would involve some extra expenses. Minor differences with the family are unavoidable, often caused through illness of a relative or incompatibility of character. Thanks to fortunate circumstances you will make new friends who in turn will have an excellent influence on your future development. You will probably not feel like taking part in social activities.

Health: Generally excellent, but risk of minor ailments during March, September, and October.



CANCER

(June 22 — July 22)

ALL this year, follow your intuition and you will surely be able to consolidate your general position, make successful changes at work, and get on with your colleagues and superiors. Furthermore, you will be appreciated and get better pay. Investments are favored and there will be a chance to go on a journey which will remain a most wonderful thing to be remembered—provided that you cope with the ensuing difficulties.

Love: A decisive year when you can either consolidate a relationship or break it off once and for all. Excellent chances to meet people, especially during the beginning and last month or two of the year. A particularly satisfactory year for those still unattached—they should keep their

eyes open during the first five months and in spring. These are also the months when it is most likely that you decide on marriage, but be very careful in that respect during March, July, and August.

Home, family, friends, social life: If you change your home, avoid friction and gossip. A misunderstanding with the family can be solved and children will be a source of much enjoyment. Through your work, you will make new friends, and thanks to an elderly person you will meet an interesting and different set of people.

Health: Possibility of an illness that may prevent you from being so active for a little while and you should take precautions when you notice the first symptoms.

Forecast for 1967 (continued)



LEO

(July 23 — August 22)

CIRCUMSTANCES, very often beyond your control, will push you ahead and you will make considerable progress, feel more independent and enterprising, but you should work according to a definite program. Financial matters can be settled during the second part of the year and you can count on a very solid basis for your future, repayment of money lent, and a stroke of luck in your investments.

Love: Where matters of the heart are concerned you will be able to take a definite decision and skip out of a tricky situation, thanks to your commonsense and your urgent desire to put things on a reasonably solid basis. On the other hand, you will be much admired and score considerable success and you have a good

chance of meeting the right partner. Best time: April, June, September, October, and December.

Home, family, friends, social life: Postpone changes, removals, and redecoration of your home to the second part of the year when everything will be much easier. Chance of family difficulties during March, July, and August. You will meet people either on a journey or through other friends and enjoy a lot of mutually interesting things—they will share your tastes and will prove of great importance to your future. Success socially; invite people back and accept their invitations, too.

Health: During February and May, get some extra rest—your nerves need it. Don't overdo it at sport.



VIRGO

(August 23 — September 22)

A YEAR during which many difficulties will clear up and you will notice definite improvements generally. Especially lucky circumstances will be encountered toward the end of the year, thanks to help in overcoming certain obstacles. Financial improvements are also foreshadowed and during the latter half of the year you may think of some investments. You will generally feel more secure and happy. Favorable solutions to legal questions.

Love: You will meet new people, be enthusiastic about them and they are likely to bring you happiness. A hitherto superficial acquaintanceship may turn into romance, and tension with the person you are in love with will ease. Don't be upset if an old relationship breaks up; this is needed so that you can start afresh. Good time for weddings: January, March, May,

July, and August until end of October/November.

Home, family, friends, social life: Home changes should be left for the second part of the year. Generally, family relations will get much warmer and more cordial and you must beware of dramatising the differences with one of the children. Some differences of opinion with friends: don't always try to impose your own point of view. Social activities will be lively and pleasant toward the end of the year and you will make a number of stimulating new acquaintances.

Health: Excellent and, if you undertake any treatment, it will do you good. However, there is a tendency to nervous tension and minor disturbances during March, mid-May to mid-June, and end of September.



LIBRA

(September 23 — October 23)

A YEAR of progress, thanks to your enterprise and energy. You now feel able to tackle certain difficult problems you avoided hitherto, and your personality will develop accordingly. There will be a number of changes and transformations and your work will develop and give you considerably more scope. Be careful when dealing with collaborators and don't spend too much—however well you may earn.

Love: Romance will be the keynote this year and a new friendship will either force you to step back or put up with a very slow progress. You will find yourself faced with unexpected developments: break-ups on the one side, or a sudden engagement and wedding. In any case, don't try to force the issue, but leave

matters to work out by themselves. The best time for engagements would be January, May, September, October, and November.

Home, family, friends, social life: Leave home changes until after May. Always be guided by your intuition and don't try to force matters. Relatives will expect you to smooth out difficulties; always try to be diplomatic and reconsider your attitude with elderly people. You can count on the sympathy and help of people in important positions; many friends and social acquaintances.

Health: Don't neglect your health. Be particularly careful during January, April, May, October, and November.



SCORPIO

(October 24 — November 22)

THIS year will ask for a lot of work and perseverance, but your efforts will be richly compensated, your experience broadened, and you will see problems in an entirely different light. Go slowly between May and October and try to solve legal matters either in the beginning of the year or between November and December. Don't overspend, keep a healthy reserve. Excellent contact with abroad, chances of travel and friendship with foreigners.

Love: Good prospects for the beginning of the year, but complications are likely later on. Avoid any friction and beware with whom you strike up a new friendship. If you know how to play your cards, you will have much success, but keep calm.

Chance of fixing your wedding date or announcing your engagement between January and end of March, October, and November.

Home, family, friends, social life: Conditions at work or a special opportunity may well induce you to change house, and you need not worry about the extra expense involved. Some family worry during June, July, and August—cope with it calmly and all will be well. Excellent contacts with friends and distant acquaintances and many new opportunities to meet people—often of great importance for your future.

Health: Some minor disturbances are likely in March, April, August, and December.

Forecast for 1967 (continued)



SAGITTARIUS

(November 23 — December 21)

A YEAR of continued success and consolidation, but an extra effort is needed. Difficulties get less and you can be more confident about the future. Economically, the year is rather promising and you may even take on long-term obligations. Chance of a journey abroad, pleasant contacts with foreigners, especially in the spring. You will renew previous business contacts.

Love: A happy year for steady relationships and revival of an old love affair with reciprocal enthusiasm. Don't be taken in by occasional flirtations—your steady partner may feel hurt. Chance of new romance through a journey between May and October, as well as in December.

Home, family, friends, social life: Attend to necessary changes and renovations in the home, but postpone any alterations that are not imperative right now. Next year will be more suitable. Elderly relatives or friends are likely to suffer from an illness and consequently you will worry about them, but a better understanding will develop between you and the children. Many of you will be expecting a baby. Give fresh impetus to your social activities.

Health: A good year to do something for your health and especially for your nervous system. Risk of minor indisposition during March, June, and September.



CAPRICORN

(December 22 — January 20)

AVOID risks, unnecessary changes, and don't listen to doubtful propositions. You will be kept very busy, but old problems can be solved and you can rely on indirect support. Earnings are likely to go up, but there will also be increased expenditure, often because you have to help a friend. Colleagues will be helpful and you will find good employees should you need them.

Love: A year of success and strange meetings with people out of the ordinary, so that you must be careful not to make any mistakes. Many who are still unattached will now find the desired partner. Don't get upset if your family opposes your choice; you will understand their reasons later. Weddings, engagements should be fixed for the second half of the year.

Home, family, friends, social life: Not a very peaceful year, because you will have to worry about a relative and there may be a number of arguments and discussions. Because of lack of understanding between you and your brothers or sisters, questions of mutual interest will result in arguments. If you desire to change your home, do so after September. A lively time with your friends and a reunion with some who have been away for a long time. Socially, an important personality shows much interest in you.

Health: Minor indispositions are likely to upset your program and you may suffer from nervous tension. Be particularly careful during January, April, May, June, and November.



AQUARIUS

(January 21 — February 19)

A VERY busy year, but with excellent results. Everything will improve during 1967, partly due to your special effort and work and partly due to favorable conditions. Particular success awaits those in the professions. You won't have to worry about finance, but there may be some unexpected extra expenses. Don't speculate. Elderly friends will help you to make some extra money.

Love: You will make some very important acquaintances and will rouse much passion and interest. Some friendships may start through business connections and you should be careful not to get involved in an ambiguous situation between May and October; otherwise you may hurt a dear friend. Best time for engagements or weddings: January, April, May, September,

and October. Don't attach too much importance to an acquaintance met on a journey, possibly a foreigner.

Home, family, friends, social life: If you want to change or renovate your home, do so during the autumn or after October. You will be asked to make a sacrifice for a relative during the winter months, but children will give much pleasure. Be particularly tactful during March, July, and August. An elderly person will play quite an important part in your life. You must take part in social activities—you make useful contacts that way.

Health: Should be excellent, but be cautious during May, August, November, and December. Do some exercises and easy sports.



PISCES

(February 20 — March 20)

IMPROVEMENT and new openings for a job. The year favors studies and specialisations and if you are offered the chance of a journey abroad do accept, even if it means a sacrifice. You can solve an intricate problem thanks to a new agreement or arrangement. Financially, the beginning of the year is more favorable because of extra money coming in; later in the year you will be faced with some heavy expenses.

Love: Be careful — you are so hypersensitive that you risk bringing about a complete break. Many of you will get married this year or get marriage proposals. These marriages will surely be successful ones, but you must try to get to know your partner's character in every detail. Winter will see you very popular.

You will perhaps realise that a certain romance is quite impossible and you can't carry on with it, and consequently may feel rather upset.

Home, family, friends, social life: You must insist where domestic and family matters are concerned, and don't give up any of your rights. Many of you will have to undertake certain changes. There'll be a revival of an old friendship and a chance to clear up a misunderstanding with your friends. Socially, you will be much admired and can expand your circle of friends.

Health: Tendency to colds and influenza during February/March, but you will pick up quickly. September and October foreshadow minor indispositions; generally—a good year to undertake some treatment.

the latter was surprised herself at the effect it made. She'd expected more of a funeral all together; she truly hadn't wished to be conspicuous, but with so very few people in church felt it would look silly to sit behind a pillar.

"I say," murmured Archy Maclaren.

"Hush, dear!" murmured Muriel.

"Who in the deuce sent that anchor?"

"Hush!" repeated Muriel, kneeling; and out of the side of her mouth added resourcefully, "Perhaps someone we knew in the Navy."

Milly wept enjoyably throughout. Her round rosy face, as she traditionally clasped the widow's hand in the porch, was blubbered but enthusiastic; she pressed Mrs. Pennon's hand so hard their black kid gloves reciprocally squeaked.

"It said in the paper, all welcome," explained Milly, "also I shall ever remember your lost one as the most perfect gentleman 'twas ever my pleasure to know."

She cried all the way home, and would have gone on crying all night, had not her sister and brother-in-law sensibly taken her to a music-hall.

Neither Mrs. Pennon nor the Maclarens ever referred to this incident. That is, the Maclarens never referred to it to Mrs. Pennon, though Archy in bed that night with Muriel suddenly remarked, out of the blue, that he thought better of his father-in-law than ever before. "I don't know what you're talking about," said Muriel.

As for Cathy, she was unaware of any incident at all. She had knelt all through the service; and grinding her knees into the threadbare hassock, almost hooded by her mother's black skirts — hearing Archy's voice rumbling out a hymn overhead — at her father's funeral knelt once again on the gritty pavement of Victoria Avenue.

It was more than possible that Mrs. Pennon never suspected her husband's infidelity; her own death some months later almost certainly wasn't due to a broken heart, but again, quite simply and certifiably, to complications following influenza. She truly hadn't been feeling very well (just as her husband had truly had a weak chest); also influenza, if not the scourge it had been in 1918, in that year thrust out a last grasp of its skeleton hand. Even quite young persons, after neglecting it, succumbed to it; so did middle-aged Mrs. Pennon.

Fortunately, she wasn't present to witness obsequies even in comparison with her husband's rather hugger-mugger. Without advertisement, followed by but four mourners, was the coffin of Mrs. Pennon lowered on top of her husband's. The floral tributes were now but two — one from Cathy and Alan, one from the Maclarens: the undertaker looked at them despis-

ingly. However, Muriel made an opportunity to inform him that Mrs. Pennon had lived chiefly abroad.

"On the Island, the church would have been crowded," said Muriel. (Which was true, any social event on the Next-door Island so rare.) "Also please see, this time," added Muriel severely, "that there are only family wreaths on the coffin."

She needn't have bothered. No exotic tribute of orchids or gardenias appeared, to disconcert with any hint of a double life on the part of Mr. Pennon's relict. (Teddy Collier, to do him justice, had he been alive and informed would have weighed in with at least gladioli; but Teddy Collier was dead, too). As the undertaker observed to his colleague, it was a very simple ceremony indeed; so also were the funerary baked meats — Cathy, expectant of the Maclarens back to lunch, having but bought a lettuce and opened four tins of sardines.

In a sense this economy was justified. Mrs. Pennon hadn't lived long enough to grasp the further revelation that in leaving her all her husband in fact left her nothing. His capital had just lasted out his own lifetime, and he'd never thought to take out any sort of insurance policy. Idle, irresponsible to the end, vanished Henry Pennon from the world's business — again, from his own point of view, choosing the moment that suited him.

NOW it was that Muriel's wonderful sense of responsibility showed at its best.

"Don't worry, dear," said Muriel, as she and Cathy washed their hands together afterwards, "I've talked it all over with Archy; and you're to come and live with us."

Cathy sat down on the edge of the bath. Her hands still dripped; Muriel sympathetically passed a towel. To postpone the moment of full realisation, before this prospect of her future —

"What about Alan?" asked Cathy.

He was really little more than a red herring; but Muriel nodded approvingly.

"You needn't worry about Alan, either, dear. Of course, Archy's been thinking about Alan ever since poor father died, and he can get him into the Bank. Not in London, I'm afraid, but at quite a good branch in the Midlands, where Archy knows the manager, who's promised to keep an eye on him and find him nice motherly digs. Archy's been really wonderful," said Muriel fondly. "What we should all do without him I really can't think!"

Nor could Cathy think. That was the trouble. She had no alternative to offer, to this sudden exiling of a brother to motherly Midland digs. For a moment the wild notion crossed her mind that he and she might simply run away together, escape, become a pair of tramps, working their way south to the sun again. But she doubted Alan's willingness, for wasn't he, too, a renegade? — as Muriel's next words indeed proved.

"I expect they're talking about it now," said Muriel comfortably. "Of course, Archy spoke to Alan first — and he really seems to enjoy the idea, of being independent! The only point —"

"But there must be some money," interrupted Cathy. So fast does thought fly, she

simultaneously abandoned Alan to his horrible, but chosen fate and saw herself with just enough cash to get back to the Island and start a school like Corky's. "There must be some money left," repeated Cathy. "Even since father died we've been able to pay bills. There must be a little left; and if we have a sale and sell the furniture —"

"That is the point," explained Muriel. "Archy thinks that all together there may be about a thousand pounds. But you know what Bank clerks earn to begin with! — and if Alan's to live in any really nice digs, of course he'll need a little extra. Archy thinks a thousand should just see him through till he gets a raise; whereas you won't need anything, because you're coming to live with us."

Again, Cathy had no alternative. Her very contempt for her brother's notion of independence made her too proud to stand on her rights; so she was penniless. She was also peculiarly unqualified to earn her own living, as Muriel, observing some hesitation on Cathy's part, pointed out. "You didn't even pass your Matric," reminded Muriel — though more, as the occasion demanded, in sorrow than in anger. "But I'm sure you can be the greatest help to us, especially with little Anna," she added kindly, "and Archy thinks so, too — don't you, Archy?"

By this time they were back in the dining-room. Mr. Maclaren, brainwashed in advance, nodded co-operatively. He even patted Cathy's hand. He felt none of Tommy Bamber's near-affection for a kid sister, but having won such a pearl of a wife strung along with her.

"We're all going to be right as rain," encouraged Archy — patting Cathy's hand.

She looked across the table at Alan. Obviously much of what Muriel had been explaining to herself, about their meagre inheritance, Archy must have been explaining to her brother. But Alan, insouciant as Mr. Pennon where money matters were concerned, appeared rather jolly.

What else could Cathy do but accept with what gratitude she could summon (admittedly it wasn't much), a new home with the Maclarens?

Everything shone.

Not with the natural heat of the sun but with furniture and metal polish. The furniture was polished, the floors were polished, the door-knocker was polished particularly. The table silver was polished, the glasses were polished with glass-cloths and the mirrors with some special preparation for mirror polishing. Muriel was a splendid housewife — so splendid, in fact, that she rarely kept a servant more than a month; and with great satisfaction saw the back of the last of them almost immediately upon Cathy's domestication. As Muriel said, it was quite a small house; also she genuinely felt that Cathy would be far more happy and contented knowing that she was of use.

To do Muriel justice, the sentiment projected on her sister would undoubtedly have been her own, their situations reversed. She always sought for good in people. "Now we shall really get the house looking nice!" promised Muriel joyfully; and when Cathy didn't exactly clap hands, invested her with the further

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How to make handker-shifts

TOWN ENSEMBLE

INSTRUCTIONS:
Hem both cut edges of skirt - dress. Fold material so that the bordered edge of the handkerchief is on the right side, and hem. Pulled on to the doll, the skirt-dress hangs from above the bust and will be knee-length.

To make the scarf, hem the cut edges, fold the square in half to make a triangle, and attach the points of the triangle with a lace motif or beading.

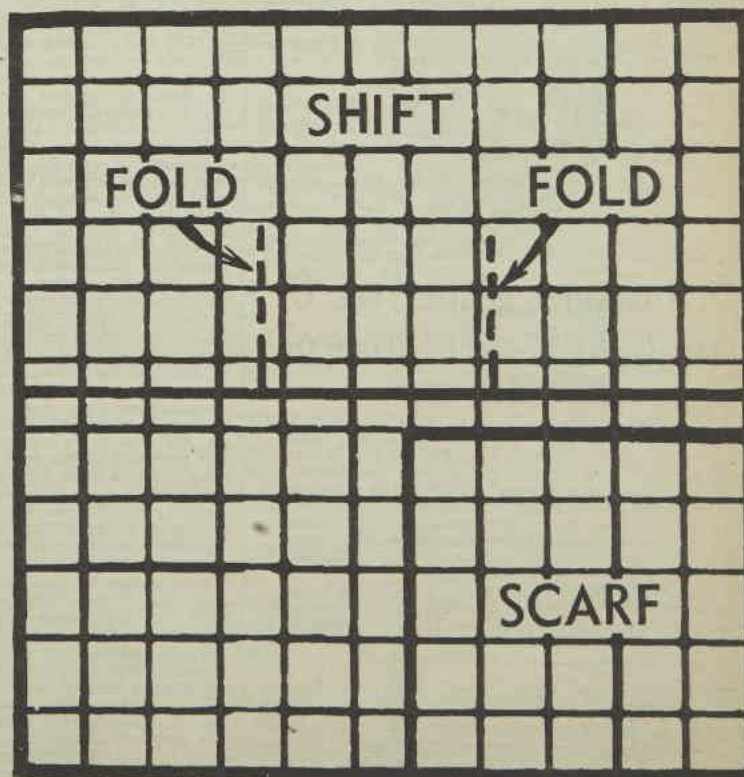
Placed around the doll's shoulders with the triangle point at the back, the scarf forms a high collar. To keep in place, use a press-stud to hold the scarf to the skirt-dress.

The hat was made from a strip (7in. by 2in.) of broderie anglaise. Gather one side of the length with cotton. Join the material to form a circle.

On top of the gathered ends, place and sew a small circle (one inch in diameter) of the same material as the outfit. Attach to doll's head with a pin.



• Teenage doll dressed for town in an ensemble with a mob cap to match. Graph, below, shows how to cut out the dress. Each square represents one square inch.



Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

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appropriate emotion of daughterly grief.

"We must remember Cathy lived at home much longer than I did," said Muriel to Archy. "She was never demonstrative, but if you'd seen her face this morning while we were washing paint you'd have thought her quite heartbroken..."

The only item withdrawn by Muriel from the sale (at which the Benares brass trays fetched half-a-crown apiece, and the geishas little more) had been a parcel of table-linen. As she sensibly remarked, no one would pay much for it anyway, and it did contain several quite nice tea-table cloths edged with hand-made Island lace. One of these had for further decoration, in the centre, a group of autographs over-embroidered in chain-stitch by Muriel herself: commemorating among others Henry Alistair McKinnon (drowned in the North Sea), Henry Arthur Cooke (drowned in the Channel), and William Powell (blown up with his ship off Gallipoli).

"I must say I worked very neatly, even then," observed Muriel. "Whoever was Edward Collier?"

"Mother's Major," said Cathy. "He sang Tosti's 'Goodbye'."

"What a memory you have! Anyway, it's gone in the middle," said Muriel briskly. "We'll tear it up to wash paint."

Cathy, though she'd never much liked Major Collier, preserved the strip that bore

his name as long as possible; but it frayed at last, to be thrown out with the other rags.

The Maclarens were as kind to Cathy as possible. She had her own room, with its own gas-fire, and her own subscription (Class B) to Boots' Library, and was also entrusted with sole charge of little Anna whenever Muriel and Archy went out together at night, as they were now able to do much more frequently. Again to give Muriel her due, she honestly believed Cathy must enjoy babysitting, because Anna was such a little love. It involved no mental effort at all to add to Cathy's character of disconsolate daughter that of devoted aunt.

"Who's going to be quite safe with Aunt Cathy?" cooed Muriel, bending over the cot with her hat on. "Baby Anna!"

"You little brute, you little beast, you little pest, go to sleep!" snarled Cathy.

THE infant Anna, at four years old, portly as a basset pup, hair already promising to flame like her aunt's, deliberately rolled out of bed and stumped toward the window. "One of these days I'm going to skin you!" swore Cathy, catching her by the nightgown-tail — and for a moment stood, herself transfixed. Beyond narrow back-gardens, the hour-later, summer-time sun descended in such splendor, panes of

Continued from page 25

greenhouses glittered like rubies, even a sprinkler left on flung up diamonds, late-flowering laburnums tossed gold in the air; offering in all such an apocalyptic vision of suburbia as to astonish the oldest inhabitant and draw any child from bed.

"But you've never seen the sun on the Mediterranean," said Cathy, contemptuously turning her back. "You've never seen sun-pennies dancing on blue water..."

She manhandled Anna into her cot. Anna immediately rolled out again and created a new, less aesthetic diversion by grovelling under the washstand to produce a brown plush Teddy Bear.

"All right, have it in with you," said Cathy. "It's probably covered with germs..."

Even though she was Muriel's daughter, it could hardly have been from a sense of hygiene that little Anna unexpectedly threw the toy out of the window. Or rather, she didn't actually throw it; she waddled with it to the sill, sentimentally sat it up (as though to watch the sunset), then gave it a shove.

Cathy very nearly shoved Anna after. Fortunately some inhibition operated; Muriel and Archy returned to find their daughter with no bones broken.

"Did Aunt Cathy look after you nicely?" asked Muriel next morning—but purely as a matter of form. It wasn't to Muriel's surprise, it was to Cathy's, that little Anna nodded.

Muriel never put any such leading question to her husband, however, even during the brief early period while she was still, among envious friends, describing Cathy as really an answer to prayer. All Muriel's friends, each with her own tale to tell of avaricious charwoman or incompetent daily, envied Muriel extremely. How much nicer, they cried, when one had to do half the work oneself anyway, to have the other half done by a sister, whom one could chat to and have jokes with! "Of course Mrs. Griffin still comes for the rough," reminded Muriel, "but I must say Cathy really is an answer to prayer!"

She for some time tried hard to believe it. But there was very little sisterly chat, as she and Cathy worked about the house together, and absolutely no cracking of jokes. To encourage her—or perhaps to encourage herself—"Who loves her Aunt Cathy?" cried Muriel gaily, often several times a day. But very soon the cry took on a rather nervous note. Muriel didn't know she had nerves, until Cathy got on them; while Archy's normal cheerfulness so diminished, she never dreamed of asking who loved his sister-in-law.

Archy, unlike Muriel, wasn't with Cathy all day, but he came home to her. He had been used to looking forward, above all things, to coming home each night—not only to a well-cooked dinner but also to a smiling wife interested to hear everything he'd read in the evening paper. (Naturally he never brought gossip from the Bank, even when a cheque surprisingly bounced; he was far too correct a Bank Manager.)

Now, though his meal was still well-cooked, Muriel could sometimes barely raise a smile; also Cathy regularly—out of boredom or sheer cussedness?—nipped out to buy a paper herself and gave Muriel even the City headlines in advance. All freshness and surprise was gone, as Archy but repeated them; and though Muriel did her

THE SUN IN SCORPIO

best to look astonished at, for example, a sensational drop in the Gold Reserve, Archy saw perfectly well that she knew about it already.

It was a small matter, but symptomatic. Yet how was it possible to forbid a sister-in-law's buying an evening paper? It wasn't possible. Indeed, Cathy might well have retorted that on shillings a week pocket-money it was about all that she could buy.

Nor was it possible, given the circumstances of which this was one, to turn her out of doors and let her fend for herself. The bourgeois virtue of loyalty to one's kindred, in itself a very great virtue indeed, condemned Archy, Muriel, and Cathy to a common discomfort with but one socially acceptable issue.

If only they could get Cathy married! The Maclarens often talked about it in bed at night. In bed was the only time they could really talk at all, without the chance of Cathy overhearing.

"She has nice hair," mused Muriel. "When it's just been washed it's really pretty..."

"Ginger," said Archy.

"Chestnut," corrected Muriel. (She was already

temptuous glance. Archy Maclaren, early plump and rosy-complexioned, made a rather good Santa Claus; Muriel was accustomed to enjoy seeing him dress up as much as he enjoyed dressing up, himself. Cathy's glance diminished both their pleasures—and Muriel could only hope no cat would be let out of the sack to diminish little Anna's, too.

"Little Anna believes in Santa Claus," reminded Muriel.

"How idiotic," said Cathy.

"That's not a very nice way to talk at Christmas, dear. And I hope you don't mean you think Archy looks idiotic..."

It was an unwary assumption. Cathy's eyes on her brother-in-law now preparing to tiptoe upstairs were bleaker than ever. He by this time wore the beard and whiskers Muriel preserved in tissue-paper all year, but hadn't removed a pair of rimless spectacles.

"If Anna's awake she'll recognise him and if she isn't what's the point?" enquired Cathy with icy reason.

Of course there wasn't any point, except that Christmas

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



practising the euphemism on Anna's account.)

"Isn't there anyone you can bring home from the Bank?"

In fact Archy had brought several men home from the Bank. The Maclarens that autumn enjoyed quite a reputation for hospitality. But there were two major difficulties. One was that the affections of a junior bank clerk—all their elders, those capable of supporting a wife, were married already—no toriously involved a long engagement. The other difficulty was Cathy.

EVEN in her mid-twenties she hadn't ripened. On the contrary, after so many years lack, the deprivation of the sun showed in her limbs and features much as if she'd been as long deprived of food. She looked at once ferocious and half-starved...

"Any chap who tries to kiss her under this lot," observed Archy, as he hung the Christmas mistletoe, "will be a hero."

Muriel, remembering certain long-ago children's parties, sighed.

"And probably get his shins kicked in the bargain," added Archy—just as though he'd played Postman's Knock with his sister-in-law himself.

Muriel sighed again. It was dreadful to see Archy so cross on Christmas Eve, but she fully sympathised with his unfestive humor. She had already observed, as he happily dug out his Santa Claus outfit, Cathy's con-

is the time for dressing up, and being irrational and jolly, to console for the absence of the sun. Muriel and Archy were better pagans than they knew, or than Cathy appreciated. That year, however, the festival was rather lacklustre all round. Everything went awry.

Alan, for example, invited to bring any friend he liked (perhaps bank clerks came older in the Midlands?), replied gratefully that her name was Alice, and when Muriel replied in turn that with only one spare room she was sorry, but she obviously couldn't put up a girl. Alan didn't come either. All Archy's bachelor colleagues for some reason or other equally absconded, and in the end only the Maclarens and Cathy sat down to an oversize turkey they'd have to go on eating all week.

Afterwards they pulled crackers and put caps on their heads. Cathy drew the piratical sort with a skull-and-crossbones in front. It was rather a relief when she immediately withdrew upstairs with a Class B novel, leaving Archy and Muriel to play tiddlywinks with little Anna.

"Count me out at Hogmanay," said Mr. Maclaren. "I'll be spending it with the London Scottish."

He was as good as his word. At dawn on New Year's Day Muriel for the first time in their married life had to take her husband's boots off for him.

She still, as always, did her best. Miss Allen would have been proud of her. However concerned for Archy gulping black coffee in a hot bath—however concerned, more

broadly, for their whole domestic future—Muriel still felt truly if incomprehensibly concerned for her sister; and as she couldn't find Cathy a husband, suggested a course in dressmaking offered by the London County Council at their institute in the Charing Cross Road.

Which would at least take Cathy out of the house two days a week.

"Just think, you'll be able to make smocks for little Anna!" encouraged Muriel.

She couldn't visualise Cathy getting much further, nor indeed could Cathy; who still enrolled, willingly enough, to get out of the house twice a week.

Cathy in fact disliked the L.C.C. dressmaking-school almost as much as she'd disliked Miss Allen's. The best of her fellow-students resembled Muriel and the worst Judith Bamber. Only a male teacher of Design, lanky and black-haired, aroused her least interest, and him she never encountered save occasionally in a corridor—being literally out of his class.

But the Charing Cross Road marches with Soho. Cathy, discovering a street of small shops where coarse bread was sold and garlic hung in strings, even in January, loitered there at the day's end and was sometimes late home; once especially so.

Separating the shops were certain narrow anonymous doors, often ajar; alongside one, idly surveying the passing scene, leant a dark, stocky young man of striking appearance. He wore a splendid camel-hair coat, bright yellow shoes, and flashy shirt; above the collar of which, incongruously beautiful, reared the head of a bronze faun.

"Jacko!" cried Cathy.

THEY had sat opposite each other over their poker hands, each scrutinising the other's face for a least betraying change of expression, too often for recognition not to be mutual.

"Well, I'm dashed," said Jacko. "Been drawing to any broken straights?"

Cathy shook her rough red head.

"I haven't had the chance. Besides, didn't I promise?"

"That's right," recalled Jacko. "Still, you look as if you had."

His manner had greatly increased in self-confidence, from the Next-door Island days. It wasn't exactly familiar; it was part of his general aplomb. Cathy noticed that he wore also a large gold wristwatch and a large gold ring.

"You look splendid," she said admiringly. "Oh, Jacko, I can't tell you how glad I am to see you again! But weren't you going to be a steward on a ship? What are you doing at home?"

Before he could answer, at that moment, there emerged from the doorway behind him a young woman of astonishing beauty. Cathy had never seen such vivid coloring; even shadowed between a high fox-fur collar and a deep cloche hat, her ruby lips and rosy cheeks made immediate impact. She gave Jacko a casual nod; he nodded back and glanced at his watch.

"Is she an actress?" asked Cathy, momentarily diverted. "In a way," said Jacko. "Look, you didn't ought to be talking to me—"

"Nonsense," said Cathy. "Didn't I talk to you even on the Island? Didn't you teach me to play poker?" She paused an instant; she had so much to say, so many questions to ask, she didn't know where to begin. "Oh, Jacko, do you remember the Governor?"

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"Certainly. I do," said Jacko, diverted in turn. "He didn't give the order to fire."

"What?"

"In India, or somewhere, while he was still Army, he didn't give the order to fire. So fifty dead in a riot. Didn't you know? All the Island did," said Jacko. "That's why he was Governor—kicked out of harm, as my dad said. Of course, you were young."

"I wasn't too young to know he was wonderful," said Cathy hotly. "If he didn't fire, he was quite right."

"Retired early all the same," pointed out Jacko knowledgeably. "Kicked six moreys up."

"Then you've seen him, too?" cried Cathy.

"Certainly I have," said Jacko. "Every time I met a boat train I used to see him, perched up on that balcony like a stuffed hawk. The new one seems a bit of a terror," added Jacko, "at least his wife is. Mum writes: she's had half Government House hangings taken down and moth-balled."

It was wonderful to be hearing Island-talk again; just then, however, there emerged from the doorway a second remarkable beauty, this time blond and bare-headed. She, too, gave Jacko a nod, again, with an air of returning to duty—rather with the air of a traffic inspector clocking vehicles past a control-point—he glanced at his watch.

"Is she another?" asked Cathy interestedly.

"That's right," said Jacko. "Look, I'm sorry not to ask you in—"

It was a mistake, but he spoke without thinking. Cathy seized the implication in a flash.

"You mean you live here? But that's wonderful! It's quite close to my dressmaking! If there's a poker-school—"

"There's not," said Jacko hastily.

"Well, let's start one," urged Cathy. "I can easily cut afternoons. It would only be twice a week—"

But Jacko stood pat.

"Strictly no gambling allowed. Too much of a distraction. Look, it's been nice seeing you—"

"But you haven't told me yet what you're doing!" protested Cathy, clutching at his sleeve as he backed through the door. "What are you doing, Jacko?"

Under her urgent gaze he made a clean breast of it.

"If you must know, I run a theatrical boarding-house. All right, so I couldn't skipper ship at Marseilles," said Jacko defensively. "By now I could have been a croupier at Monte. I could easily have found someone—here his hand involuntarily sketched in the air a ripe female form—" "To put up a bond for me. But it would've meant taking out papers, and I was too proud of my British nationality."

Cathy had always liked Jacko. His loyalty to the Raj made her like him even

more, and she promised herself many another delightful conversation when he was less pressed for time. Indeed, she felt revived already, and if, as had been said, got home late, for once looked so much brighter, so almost cheerful, Muriel didn't scold.

"I believe Cathy's really going to enjoy dressmaking," murmured Muriel that night. "And just think, if she gets any good at it she'll be able to make things for me, too."

"All I can see your sister ever making," responded Archy drowsily, "is a hair shirt."

"Don't be silly, darling."

"Stitch, stitch, stitch in poverty, hunger, and pain."

"Don't be silly," repeated Muriel, turning over, "they have the most lovely materials at Harrods."

So rapidly did a touch of the sun work on Cathy, between the Thursday when she'd encountered Jacko and the Tuesday of her next class, the tension in the house perceptibly relaxed. For one thing (her mind busy marshalling the many more questions she wanted to put to Jacko) she forgot to buy an evening paper; Muriel was genuinely astonished to hear that Domestic Appliances had passed a dividend.

HER mind, despite Jacko's stubbornness, busy exploring the possibilities of a new poker-school, Cathy taught little Anna to play Beggar-my-Neighbor. Anna loved playing Beggar-my-Neighbor, if only because all children love playing any game with an adult who takes it seriously, and Cathy took at least the dealing part seriously. She was less out of practice than she feared; over a nursery table the cards soon streamed as smoothly from her hands as in a bathing-box on the Next-door Island.

"What, you again?" said Jacko.

The brunette, at that moment clocking out, for a joke threw Cathy a friendly smile. (To his credit, Jacko was a bully only in the technical sense.) Cathy smiled gratefully in return, and asked Jacko what play she was in.

"Macbeth," said Jacko. (Anyone who had an English education at all on the Next-door Island knew Macbeth.) "One of the three witches," added Jacko, slightly raising his voice. (The back of the fox-fur collar wiggled appreciatively.) "Now look, didn't I say before you didn't ought to be speaking to me?"

"And didn't I say it was nonsense?" retorted Cathy. "Don't be silly, and tell me what's happened to the Governor. You said you used to see him—"

"Not any more," agreed Jacko—glancing at his wristwatch, but perhaps not himself unhappy to fall into Island talk again. "Take a dekho at that balcony now, all you'll see's an old bid watering geraniums. But as to where he's packed up to I was by some oversight not in-

formed. I'll tell you another thing you don't know about the Governor," added Jacko with a sudden grin, "he had a key to a house on Strada San Giorgio."

"I saw a photograph in his flat," recalled Cathy interestedly, "but I didn't know he had a house."

"All the Island did," grinned Jacko. "As I say, you were young. Now look, dear, since there's strictly no poker going—"

"Why not?" murmured the bare-headed blonde, at that moment emerging in turn. "It'd make a nice change—"

"Then that's three of us," said Cathy eagerly. "And if your friend—"

"Olive," supplied the blonde. "I'm Sylvia. And we're both mad on poker."

"For goodness' sake, Jacko, can't you find a fifth?" adjured Cathy. "It's nonsense to call poker gambling, you've told me yourself it's a game of skill. Actually, the man who teaches dress-design—at the LCC," she threw in, to Sylvia, "looks a bit like a poker-player. Should I ask him?"

Jacko, for all his aplomb, under his lodger's malicious eye needed to brace himself against the door-jamb.

"Look," begged Jacko, "if you'll run along now, I'll think about it—"

"If you're often going to be late," said Muriel, but quite amiably, "I'd better keep you something hot."

"Yes, I dare say I am," agreed Cathy, "if it isn't a nuisance."

It was practically her first civil utterance under the Maclaren roof.

"If you'd like," suggested Muriel, "as you're getting on so well, to go three days a week, I'm sure little Anna and I could manage—"

For literally the first time under the Maclaren roof Cathy looked grateful. Half the virtue of a good poker-school derives from regularity, frequency, and the resultant familiarity: scratch made-up games when it takes half a session to learn who bluffs and whom to see offer little more than gambling indeed. Cathy fancied Sylvia a bluffer and Olive more dangerous; Jacko's classic game she knew by heart; their fifth, whether the man from the LCC or someone produced by Jacko, was necessarily an unknown quantity; but if they could all play together three times a week, Cathy felt assured of a true game of skill.

Joyfully she hastened to quench Jacko's last doubts. It was raining a little, but not because of the rain Cathy almost ran toward that narrow anonymous door. She, in fact, didn't notice the rain, dampening and darkening and sleeking her bare hair from rough ginger to smooth chestnut, nor the several wolf-whistles excited in consequence. A death's-head under the mistletoe, Cathy streaking through rain to set up a poker school looked so almost

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AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● By the time the New Year comes round, don't you find it hard to think of anything to eat?

NEW YEAR'S DAY seems to demand a specially attractive meal, but after you've gone through the Christmas Day routine of poultry and ham and too much cake and too many nuts and sweets, and the Boxing Day routine of cold leftovers of the same things, something utterly new is needed for New Year's Day, if only for the sake of brightening the life of the poor old cook.

It's time somebody INVENTED a national New Year's Day dish, bearing in mind that by then appetites are a bit jaded and the weather is usually hot.

Most European cooks have their traditional New Year's Day recipes—special soups, roast sucking pigs served in a sauce of horseradish and sour cream, rich hot puddings made with pastry and almonds and cherries. None of them seems entirely suitable for an Australian midsummer day!

In my childhood, we had a zany family tradition that no matter what the weather was like, we had hot Christmas pudding for New Year's dinner, complete with rings, bachelor buttons, horseshoes, and a generous supply of threepenny bits.

Christmas pudding was never served on Christmas Day—presumably because the owners of the small stomachs (those most interested in the contents of the pudding) would have been unable to cope with it.

By some strange alchemy, whoever made the pudding managed to have no hint of metal visible from the outside, yet all the threepences turned up in the children's slices while the adults got the dull old ironmongery such as rings and buttons.

Memories of these New Year's Day Christmas puddings lead me every year to buy a tinned pudding. I've never been nostalgic enough (or brave enough) to try making one myself, but I buy one, forget about it till New Year's Eve, and then suggest we might eat it next day.

The suggestion is always received with marked disapproval by the rest of the family, and the tinned pudding goes back into the grocery cupboard until some freezing cold night in July when we eat it, minus threepences, but with great enjoyment.

Don't blame me if you don't like it

THINKING about New Year food for New Year visitors led me to comb through a book of European festival dishes someone gave me years ago.

Here's one that just might do if you've got some ham left over and the weather happens to be cool. The Hungarians call it Ham and Pancake Pudding.

You make 12 small pancakes. You line the base of a greased pudding basin with one and put one aside for the top. The other 10 you cut into narrow strips, and mix with 8oz. of minced ham, 2oz. of grated cheese, salt, pepper, and half a pint of white sauce flavored with a little onion.

Pour this mixture on to the pancake in your basin, cover with the whole pancake you saved, sprinkle the top with grated cheese and bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes.

And please don't blame me if you don't like it. I haven't tried it yet—I'm waiting to see what the weather will be.

If you want to go Hungarian all the way, follow it with Boszorkanyhab—Witches' Froth.

Bake 2lb. of apples until they're soft, then remove the skins and the cores and mash the pulp with a fork. Add 4oz. of castor sugar, a tablespoon of apricot brandy, and the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs.

Chill it and serve with whipped cream and a light sprinkling of cinnamon on top.

Sauce that will cover multitude of sins

LESS festive, but a wonderful standby for picnics if you have a cheese-minded family is this Polish cheese spread.

Stir a tablespoon of cream into 4oz. of cottage or cream cheese. Peel and dice a small cucumber, sprinkle it with salt, and leave it to drain.

In the meantime, cut three radishes into tiny pieces and chop up half a bunch of chives very finely. When the cucumber has drained, stir all these into the cheese.

You can safely make this in larger quantities if you've got several picnics or barbecue meals coming up, because it keeps well in a lidded plastic bowl in the refrigerator.

And if, after a beach picnic meal of sandwiches and biscuits and cheese spread, your family go off and catch some repellent-looking fish which you feel duty bound to cook, here's a sauce which will cover a multitude of sins.

Insists on eating whatever he catches

I HAVE this difficulty often. Mike insists on eating whatever he catches, unless we can actually bring documentary evidence that the fish is poisonous. All the most boring edible fish your family can bring home will taste ambrosial smothered with this Italian sauce.

You need 1 tablespoon olive oil, 1 chopped onion, 2 tablespoons white wine, ½ oz. dried mushrooms, 1 or 2 anchovies, salt and pepper, 2oz. butter, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ pint water or fish stock, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce.

Heat the oil and brown the onion. Add the butter and stir in the flour. Slowly add the wine, water, and tomato sauce, stirring all the time so that it doesn't stick. Add the dried mushrooms, which have been cut small and soaked in a little warm water. Add the seasoning and the anchovies (optional).

Cook gently together for 10 minutes, then put it through a sieve and pour it over your prepared fish (anything from trout to cod fillets to slices of eel) in a stew pan and cook it gently for 20 or 30 minutes, or until the fish is tender, depending on what type it is.

Just before you serve it, lift the fish out of the sauce and add the juice of half a lemon to the sauce before pouring it back over the cooked fish.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

Summer Beauty



Mrs. M. Reynolds
Beauty Skin Care
Consultant

THIS can be the most beautiful summer you've ever known. Use the sunny climate to give your skin the healthy sunlit glow of a beautiful complexion, lightly tanned to a satin-gold, but make sure it remains soft-complexioned, fresh and flawless. Here are some beauty suggestions that will help you to remain radiantly lovely throughout the summer and beyond.

Smooth Elbows

LOVELY smooth elbows are truly a feminine asset and to keep them smooth and lovely use this simple beauty pack. Combine a teaspoon each of white sugar, lemon Delph freshener and oil of Ulan, and rub the mixture well into the elbows until the skin becomes pink and clean. Remove the pack with warm water, dry thoroughly and then smooth in a generous film of oil of Ulan to soften and promote a silky smooth surface.

Lovely Shoulders

BEAUTIFUL shoulders are smooth, supple, and either have a gorgeous golden glow from the sun or else are classically, dazzling milk white. It is important that you care for them constantly so any spots or blemishes should be treated by patting with lemon Delph freshener and then smoothed over with a film of oil of Ulan. This moist oil is isotonic balanced to nourish the skin so that your shoulders acquire a lovely velvet-textured bloom.

Outdoor Beauty

FUN in the sun can give your looks that extra little sparkle, but don't overdo it in the early stages and be especially careful when sunbathing. Sun can also be drastically harsh on your complexion, so be sure to protect your skin by smoothing on a film of oil of Ulan before going into the sunshine. This Ulan oil fulfils the function of protecting and nourishing the complexion against the drying effects which cause wrinkle dryness.

A Beauty Tonic

GIVE your skin a delightful bloom to last through the driest and hottest of summers. Damp a cloth in ice-cold water, on which sprinkle some lemon Delph freshener, and smooth it over your face and neck. Feel how the skin responds to the toning and refreshing action. Now, to nourish and hold the bloom, smooth on your oil of Ulan and use it always under your make-up to protect against the weather and to give the skin that youthful, dewy look.

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SANOLEN
FOR QUICK RELIEF

Continued from page 27

attractive, Muriel, seeing her, would have taken fresh heart. Unfortunately Jacko wasn't there. Also the door was shut. Cathy knocked but got no answer. Nor was Jacko there the next week, nor the week after. As a British national he couldn't be deported; but he could be jailed.

In again, out again, such was Jacko's life. He accepted it, he made his dispositions, and his lodgers were faithful. Like a couple of Bourne-mouth dowagers switching from their favorite Seaview to Chine-down only while Seaview is being redecorated, if Olive and Sylvia necessarily switched digs while he was in, it was always on the understanding that they should switch back when he came out.

Why not? Jacko possessed virtues which would have been virtues in any stratum of society. He was for example a strict teetotaler; also very pious; not a Sunday passed but he lit a candle in St. Patrick's, Soho Square, with an intention to his mother. He was economical, businesslike, and self-educated in several minor branches of both medicine and law.

An added virtue in his own milieu was the reputation of having rough friends. Jacko himself was never involved in what is technically known as an affray, he was far too well-conducted; it just so happened that any rival landlord making trouble for one of his lodgers, or any guest of that lodger demanding more, so to speak, than was on the menu, not uncommonly found one of Jacko's loyal, rough friends standing by.

Naturally Sylvia and Olive appreciated this attention to their interests very much — just as a couple of Bourne-mouth dowagers might appreciate the manager of Seaview's attention to their respective diets — and were always glad to welcome Jacko back.

"Olive and me kept an eye on things as well as we could," reported Sylvia, some six months later. "We don't think the water's been cut off, nor the gas. But of course there's been no laundry sent."

JACKO, as usual on his return from a spell inside, took a housekeeperly dekho at the linen and reached for the telephone (fortunately not cut off, either) to alert the Quaker Maid Laundry. Sylvia and Olive exchanged happy looks. They were as strong on hygiene as Jacko himself — at the moment smelling strongly of carbolic soap.

It was a great disappointment to Muriel that Cathy seemed to have lost all interest in dressmaking. Lent term ended fruitless of even a smock for little Anna. Muriel suggested a course in pottery; Cathy wasn't interested in pottery, either. Nor was she interested in batik, poster-design, or weaving. She could still have enrolled and then cut classes; there was all London to explore, far beyond the confines of Soho; but even during the last weeks of dressmaking she had had enough of wandering about London alone. She retreated, like an animal into its narrow but familiar burrow — in this case a room with a gas-fire and a Class B subscription to Boots.

At this period, in fact, Cathy was reading novels much as Mrs. Pennon had done, swallowing down one after the other with a sort of idle appetite; Mrs. Pennon's literary sheet-anchor had been Rider Haggard, Cathy's was Joseph Conrad; otherwise

they were equally omnivorous — and idle. Muriel and Mrs. Griffin did the spring-cleaning between them, little Anna pulled a pack of cards about unheeded, while Cathy read novel after novel and sent the gas bills up. In a way, this new addiction made her easier to live with, but Muriel felt it unhealthy, especially as the spring afternoons lengthened and Cathy, unlike even the timid coney and blind mole, still showed no disposition to stir abroad.

"Why not come to Harrods with me?" suggested Muriel — opening Cathy's door and receiving full in the face a buffet of overheated air.

But Cathy shook a bemused, sulky head, and Muriel went to Harrods alone.

Muriel loved going to Harrods. It was her great aesthetic pleasure to linger between the beautifully set-out counters, breathing the bright warm air, treading the soft, clean carpets. To Muriel it was like being in some great, glorious conservatory, with for a display of orchids a case of costume jewellery, instead of gardenias, Swiss handkerchiefs abloom; silks and brocades drooped from their stands like glossy-leaved, exotic-fruited vines. There were also the odors: actually of violet and sweet-geranium, in the soap department, but even these scarcely less heady than the emanations from the new, unlaundered Household Furnishings on the floors above. Muriel, emerging from the lift, pausing by a pile of friction-towels, smelled fresh-cut hay.

What she had in fact come for was a pair of pillowslips. She never bought more than two at a time, and would have preferred to buy one by one, so as to have additional occasions for Harrodising, only pillowslips were as inevitably paired as kippers. Thus she was in no hurry to be served, but waited in complete patience while a customer ahead at the linen counter had her order checked. The size of this was interesting in itself, particularly when the customer (a small nondescript woman in a mackintosh) casually added to twenty pairs of double sheets and thirty of single a couple of dozen bolster-cases.

"Napkins?" suggested the assistant — loyally summoning, by a glance, his colleague from across the aisle; but it appeared that six dozen (best damask) were already ordered, together with four of best Irish linen glass-cloths. In fact, quite a coterie of happy assistants gathered to check a final list which included, besides, ten pairs of blankets; five dozen yellow dusters, ditto checked ditto, and six friction-towels.

"A' to be sent, of course, to Strathpey," said Miss McCorquodale.

For Corky it was. Muriel, alerted by that familiar voice, and turning for a fuller look, recognised her at once. Corky was but a little greyer, a little bonier; otherwise unchanged. Glad as Cathy encountered Jacko —

"Miss McCorquodale!" cried Muriel.

"That's right," agreed Miss McCorquodale amiably — also as one used to being addressed in Harrods. "Just doing a wee bit of shopping for the Castle."

She hadn't been romancing after all, on the Next-door Island; and hurrying Home under the threat of war, forced at last to claim that second-cousinship, had been installed by the dear Duke as housekeeper at Strathpey. Muriel, with her specialised

social intelligence, from the single word "castle" accurately deduced the whole situation. It made her gladder than ever to claim acquaintance.

"I'm Muriel Pennon — that is, Muriel McLaren," she explained eagerly. "I wonder if you remember me?"

"Indeed I do," said Corky, who by now had time for a reciprocal scrutiny. "I remember you perfectly: ten for conduct, and damn little for aught else. (She had changed. It was remarkable how renewed contact with her native heath, or perhaps with the dear Duke, had promoted her self-confidence; she used a damn as to the manner born.) "Still, if you're married, that was all could be hoped," added Miss McCorquodale kindly. "How're your wee brother and sister faring?"

"Well, Alan's in my husband's bank —" began Muriel.

"Learnt his twice times in a jiffy," agreed Miss McCorquodale. "And Cathy?"

Muriel sighed, then remembered what sad news she had to break sighed again, more importantly.

"Since we lost both our parents, a year ago —"

"Dearie me! Did they hold out as long as that?" said Miss McCorquodale. "Me-grims and weak chest and a'?"

Cathy's been living with us."

"Poor souls!" said Miss McCorquodale — but whether in reference to Mr. and Mrs. Pennon, or to Muriel and her husband, or possibly including Cathy, was difficult to tell, especially as she at the same moment (as it were in parentheses) brushed off an assistant trailing a lace banquet-cloth. Muriel, however, had no intention of letting her, and Archy's, benevolence be brushed off, too. She sighed again.

"And Cathy's not exactly easy, you know. She never was."

"You should do something for that asthma," said Miss McCorquodale. "Cannot she earn any living of her own? I admit her marks always shaky —"

"Here, she didn't even pass Matric," confessed Muriel. "and we can hardly let her go as a shop-assistant." (It was actually the presence of half-a-dozen shop-assistants standing round that suggested the phrase. However, since the Castle subsequently found itself dowered with a superfluous banquet-cloth, one assistant at least couldn't complain.) "Archy — my husband — has been simply wonderful," went on Muriel. "Really a saint! And when you think we've a little daughter —"

She paused, giving Miss McCorquodale an opening for either sympathy or congratulation. The latter, however, chose rather a middle course.

"Just stick to your duty and it's been verra nice seeing you," said Miss McCorquodale. "Now, since Groceries ca' —"

"How I wish you could see little Anna!" interposed Muriel. "Look, here's my card; perhaps next time you're in Town —"

"Dear knows when that'll be," said Miss McCorquodale.

Muriel made up her mind in a flash. It had to be in a flash because Corky was already moving off. There was just time to remember an uncut cake at home, and how sweet Anna looked in her bath, and that Archy, if Miss McCorquodale could be detained long enough, would probably enjoy hearing about Strathpey just as much as she herself would.

"Or won't you come back with me now?" pressed Muriel. "My husband would

be so glad to meet you! Won't you come back to tea with me now?"

But times had changed, from the Next-door Island days when Corky received an invitation to tea no more than once a month, and then on sufferance. Slightly lifting and wagging her umbrella —

"For dear's sake," exclaimed Miss McCorquodale, "if there isn't Lady Maud — and Mrs. Anstruther wi' her! 'Twas always said to be the Long Bar at Singapore for meeting old friends — but give me Harrods!"

"Whoever do you think I met in Harrods?" cried Muriel, hardly waiting to take her hat off. "Corky! And it was all perfectly true!"

Indeed Miss McCorquodale, probably alone among the returning Islanders, had found every promise of Home fulfilled.

W HATEVER

Alan's expectations had been, he, too, was well satisfied with his present condition. Alan, in the Midlands, was in clover.

The work at the Bank came easily to him; in his days the promised motherly landlady spoiled him as he hadn't been spoiled since the days of Carmela. He was given a cup of tea before he got up, then an enormous breakfast, then an equally enormous high-tea as soon as he returned in the evening. He filled out. He also reverted to character as Don Juan of the Upper First.

There are very pretty girls in the Midlands. Some were actually typists employed in the same bank. But with a discretion that would have pleased his brother-in-law Alan kept his amours extramural.

The subsequent letter from Miss McCorquodale, rather to Muriel's dissatisfaction, was addressed directly to Cathy; its contents, however, were such that she not only swallowed the affront but found its after-taste luscious. For why Corky wrote was to offer her ex-pupil the chance to apply for the post of nursery-governess with Lady Jean (His Grace's youngest), now married in Devon and mother of a seven-year-old daughter.

"Devon!" cried Muriel enthusiastically. "How lovely! Why, it's the garden of England!"

"Kent," said Cathy. "Kent?" repeated Muriel — a little put out of her stride.

"The garden of England. If you didn't learn it, at that school we went to, I did," said Cathy. "It's Kent that's the garden of England."

"Anyway, I'm sure you'd love it," said Muriel hastily. "And you're so good with small children! I can't think what little Anna's going to do without you!"

"If I'm hired," said Cathy. "That is, if I apply."

She spoke nonetheless, as she at that time so often and so ungratefully spoke, simply to be disagreeable: in fact, any employment that changed her condition would have found Cathy ready and willing. Muriel, who, naturally, had no idea of this, went on persuading.

"Not to be snobbish, dear, it is with Lady Jean. I mean, Archy and I couldn't possibly let you go just anywhere. It's what Corky must have realised —"

"What did you tell her about me?" asked Cathy suspiciously.

"Why, just that you were living with us," said Muriel. "Good old Corky."

"And how thoughtful she's

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HOUSE ON A HILL

● Sun-filled home of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, at Seaforth, N.S.W., is built high on a steep hill overlooking Middle Harbor, and almost every room enjoys the same magnificent view.

Mr. and Mrs. William Morgan moved into their present home in Magarra Place, Seaforth, N.S.W., two years ago. It didn't take them very long to move — their new house is only 100 yards from the old!

The new house commands a superb view of Middle Harbor; it is built jutting out of a steep hill, supported by immensely tall columns.

Mrs. Morgan said they gave the designer/builder, Graeme Over, a virtually free hand... with reservations! They wanted the main bedroom, living-room, kitchen, and television-room all with a view of the harbor.

Mrs. Morgan greatly enjoys decorating houses, and this is the fourth she has had built. All have been in Seaforth, which she loves, and which after 28 years she finds she looks on too much as home ever to leave.

In front of the house is a delightful patio, almost always sun-filled. The huge windows giving on to the patio and those looking across the harbor ensure that the house is always light and airy.

Inside the house a small hallway leads down a couple of steps to the living-room, with its panoramic view of the harbor. Off the hallway to the right is a corridor with two bedrooms, a bathroom, and a shower-room, intended almost as a small, self-contained flat for the Morgans' two daughters, one of whom is now married.

Separated from the living-room by wide, folding louvre doors is the television-room, with the same magnificent view. The dining area is at the other end of the living-room, up a couple of steps and partially screened by the wide fireplace.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan decided to have the main bedroom a little smaller than they had originally intended, and incorporate instead a year walk-in cupboard-cum-dressing-room, with storage space for suitcases and odds and ends.

The garden boasts a beautiful rockery, painstakingly built by the Morgans' Dutch gardener and his two sons on a wide, very steep incline. It took 18 months to build, as a mass of color, and is so successful that Mrs. Morgan intends to treat a similar bank in the same way.

—Shan Hailey

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Photographs by Keith Barlow.

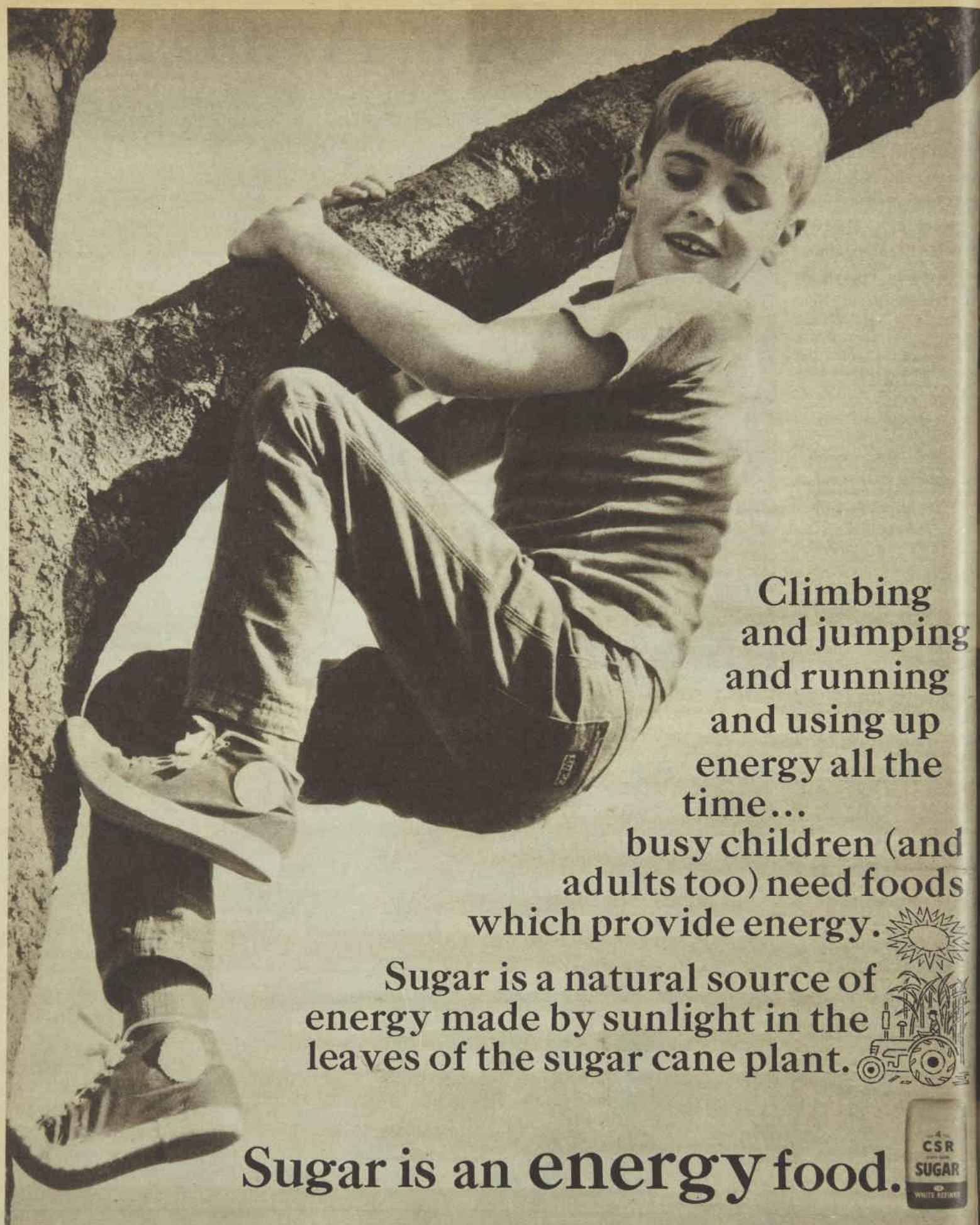
LIVING-ROOM (right) with its beautiful bronze-green carpet and wide windows. Dining area is screened from the room by the fireplace.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY



EXTERIOR of the house showing patio, surrounded by plants in pretty white pots. To the left is garage and carport, from which a door leads directly into the house. Jasper, the dachshund, surveys the scene.





Climbing
and jumping
and running
and using up
energy all the
time...

busy children (and
adults too) need foods
which provide energy.

Sugar is a natural source of
energy made by sunlight in the
leaves of the sugar cane plant.



Sugar is an energy food.



For a balanced diet you
need three main kinds of food:
body-building foods, energy foods
and protective foods.

Body-building foods

These include meat, fish, poultry,
milk, eggs and cheese. They con-
tain proteins which your body
uses for building new tissues.

Energy foods

Foods such as bread, butter, rice,
sugar and potatoes are fuel-foods
and provide energy.

Protective foods

Protective foods like fresh fruit
and vegetables are rich in the
vitamins and minerals necessary
to your body for good health.

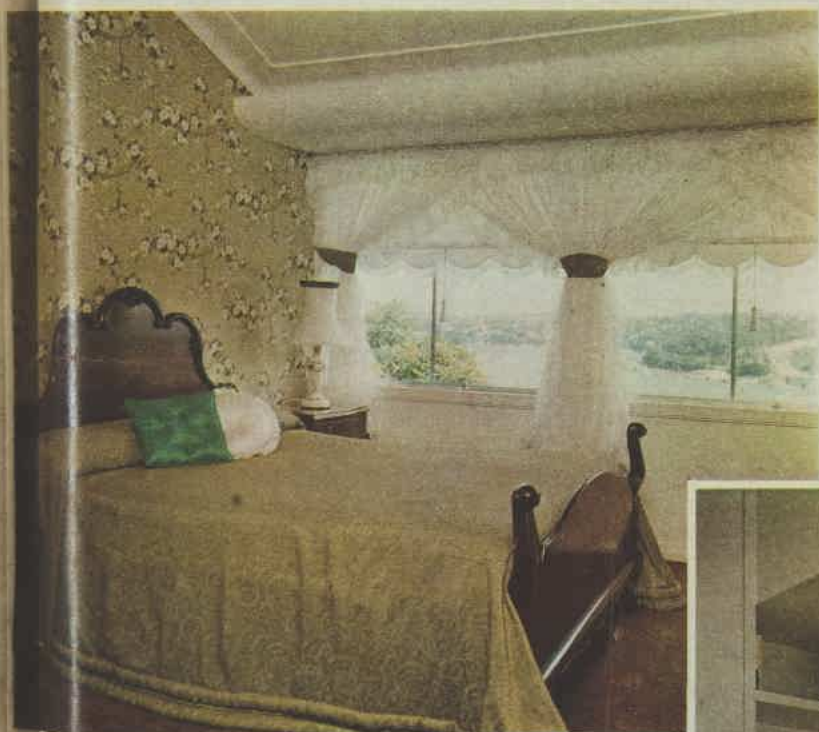
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DINING AREA, with Queen Anne table and chairs, is separated from living-room by fireplace. Blinds are American cloth which looks like canvas, but is washable, fireproof, more flexible.



BATHROOM, adjoining main bedroom, is in eye-catching gold and white. Shower curtain, patterned with gold flowers, is backed with a plain gold curtain to give added effect.



MAIN BEDROOM (above) has deep greenish-mustard bedspread, prettily draped French sheer curtains with flax of the bedspread fabric, and a traditional bed.

KITCHEN (right) has a bright, cheerful eating area, which features a really comfortable sofa. Over the hot-plates is a copper air vent, with concealed lighting.



been!" continued Muriel — who had inherited something of her mother's deaf ear when necessary. "She's even arranged for Lady Jean to pay your railway fare!"

"You'll have to give it me first," said Cathy pointedly.

The Maclarens were so happy to do so, they dispatched Cathy first-class; and only too late realised that a nursery-governess travelling First might create a wrong impression. However, the ticket (On Cathy's insistence a return) had been bought and paid for by Archy in advance; so first-class Cathy went.

Suddenly all the same she settled into her comfortable seat. She had no sense of adventure, of embarking upon a new life; she was simply getting away from the Maclarens. Sullenly she closed her eyes to the passing, increasingly pastoral landscape; and only on descending at Wellscombe Halt discovered that the England of her childish picturebooks existed after all.

Whoever designed the first small rural stations of a nation in the grip of the railway-mania had obviously kept his head and possibly spent his holidays in Switzerland. Faced by the need to bait, if not actually stable, an iron horse,

Continued from page 28

this unknown stalwart sensibly decided to domesticate it. Not for him the Roman grandeur of Euston whence roared expresses to the far North; lesser, humbler engines loitering along branch-lines were at every halt reminded of their forerunners — stagecoach, or even pack-horse — by a certain bucolic simplicity in the lay-out of ticket-office, waiting-room, and shed for lamps. The Swiss gingerbread eaves but fantasiticated a wayside inn; and whether there were two benches on the platform or only one, there was always space for a garden.

The railway-servants of a nation in the grip of the railway-mania in fact gardened with such passion, it became one of their recognised functions, with prizes to be gained, or at least certificates for framing. Wellscombe Halt had actually achieved a First three years running, and in June looked less like a railway-station than a pergola. Besides roses, clematis particularly flourished, showering in purple and white from the solitary lamp-post; honeysuckle and jasmine swarmed a rough rural trellis murmurous with bees. From a cranny in the gingerbread a dove fluttered out, and through the gate at the level-crossing peeped a little pina-flored girl . . .

CATHY was still gazing astounded when a chauffeur in livery approached and asked her name. Bemusedly she gave it; and during the short drive to Wellscombe Manor could only look out at, and wonder at, more flowers in the hedgerows than she knew the names of. The high summer sun burned a buttercup-field beyond to a sheet of cloth-of-gold, a clump of dandelions to a rosette of gold lace.

Everything sparkled, from the buttons on the chauffeur's livery to the vane on a tree-embossed steeple, from the underside of a willow leaf to the brass knob on a cottage door. Upon the west windows of Wellscombe Manor the sun so beat, striped blinds had been lowered; the comparative cool within but reminded of the sun's power. Only one room remained unshaded: a small parlor in which Lady Jean (a sun-lover herself) waited to interview Corky's latest find.

There is a type of English beauty—blue-eyed, fair-haired, slender-limbed, and translucently complexioned—that approximates more nearly to a Botticelli than anything to be found in the Italy of today. Such beauty was Lady Jean's. Cathy had not only discovered Birket Foster's England, she had rediscovered the Madonna.

Like the Madonna's, Lady Jean's mouth curved in a sweet, tolerant smile that blessed even the dustiest heretic—in this case, a potential nursery-governess.

"Miss Pennon? First of all, sit down and have tea," said Lady Jean. "Or perhaps not; perhaps first of all you'd better see the horrid child you're desperate enough to want to take charge of."

"How did you know I was desperate?" asked Cathy. It seemed like a miracle. But before the Madonna could answer, a cherub materialised at her knee; equally ethereal in blue-eyed, fair-haired translucence, but dimpled.

"She must have been hiding," apologised Lady Jean. "Elspet, say good afternoon to Miss Pennon. She won't," added Lady Jean helplessly. "She's in one of her shy fits."

THE SUN IN SCORPIO.

Do you think you could stand her?"

Cathy nodded dumbly. She put out her hand, waiting as still as for a butterfly to settle. There was nothing awkward about the child's shyness; for a seven-year-old she was remarkably composed; solemn, as it were gracious, only mute. For a moment she considered Cathy with grave attention; then lightly, like a butterfly, touched the proffered hand with her own and flitted from the room.

"But she's a little love . . ."

murmured Cathy (or was it Muriel?).

"Yes, isn't she?" said Lady Jean. "And thank heavens she's taken to you. Now tea!"

Tea was brought in by a butler. Besides hot scones there were cucumber sandwiches and rolls of thin bread and butter; there was also fruit cake. Cathy, whom Muriel had provided with a rather light lunch, felt almost

something I hate doing with anyone I like. I didn't in the least mind discussing money with Nanny Scott—who was such a tremendously qualified nursery-nurse she quite terrorised me. You wouldn't terrorise me?" asked Lady Jean anxiously.

Cathy, watching a low ray of sun light the exquisite features of the Madonna, could only smile.

"I don't believe you would," agreed Lady Jean. "You're too nice. Besides," she added humorously, "being quite unqualified—I for Corky tells me you didn't even pass Matric. Now, shall I conceal that from my husband or shan't I? After all, Elspet's just a mite . . ."

"I've taught my niece," said Cathy quickly. (It pricked her conscience to recall, only Beggar-my-Neighbor, but there are some situations in which deceit may surely be excused.) "I'm sure I could

a salary at all, just pocket-money for friend; Cathy, whose Pennon grandfather had pulled himself up by his boot-straps, nonetheless hesitated.

"Of course there'd be travel as well," threw in Lady Jean. "This winter, for instance, Elspet and I set out on a little jaunt to Malta. Should you mind coming to Malta?"

It was another miracle.

It was such a miracle, Cathy forgot every other consideration. She had to speak almost gruffly for fear of bursting into tears.

"As a matter of fact, I was brought up on the Next-door Island . . ."

"You were?" exclaimed Lady Jean delightedly. "But of course," she recollected. "Corky said so. So you'd know all about it and never let Elspet drink goat's milk and get Malta fever?"

"There hasn't been Malta fever for years," said Cathy loyally. "But I know about mosquito bites."

"Then you really will come to us?" begged Lady Jean. "Just, as I've said, as a friend?"

OF course Cathy surrendered. For the sake of returning to the sun, however temporarily, she'd have taken ten pounds a year, or five, or nothing; and if at the back of her mind there lurked some idea of skipping ship, wasn't the immediate prospect of living at the Manor just as a friend as dazzling as sun-pennies?

So Cathy was hired. She telephoned the happy news to Muriel that same evening, so that Muriel could send her box; as Lady Jean pointed out, it was absurd to go to the expense of a fresh double journey when one of the housemaids could easily lend a nightie. "And remember I pay your fare down!" said Lady Jean. "I owe you twenty-five and twopence!" Actually it was four pounds three and ten, Cathy having travelled First, and having made Archy take a return; but she couldn't very well say so.

Naturally the news got back to Harrods. Meeting a friend at the linen-counter during the summer sales—

"I hear dear Jean has a new attendant sprite," said Lady Jean's aunt Lady Maud. "Why can't you and I find attendant sprites?"

"Because we're too old and too fat and too ugly," said Mrs. Anstruther. "My dear, when you consider what Jean's sheer looks have done for her—"

"Certainly she nobbled Lutterel on 'em," agreed Lady

Maud. "My poor brother couldn't give her a ha'penny. What are you after?"

"Napkins," said Mrs. Anstruther. "But only if they're really reduced."

"As nothing one wants even is," sighed Lady Maud. "Now we've missed our turn to that hussy with the Eton crop."

Times were changing, even at Harrods. The assistant behind the counter (not Corky's, quite young), knew perfectly well who the two old trouts were; and that these cheek accounts dated from Doomsday, and that these cheques never bounced; he still passed them up in favour of mascaraed eyelashes and a blond Eton crop.

This was actually the first time Cathy was given her rightful, inherited title. All young women at Wellscombe started off as nannies or nursery-governesses, and all ended up as attendant sprites.

Lady Jean was Lady Jean Lutterel. She hadn't actually married beneath her; Lutterels on their own ground outlived in pride of lineage any one of James the First's casually created dukedoms, and that of Strathpey dated but from 1604. The earliest Lutterel family portraits were to be found not in the Manor's long gallery, but on the walls of Wellscombe church, as donors of, and immortalised in, a peculiar realistic fresco of hell. It quite fascinated Cathy, sitting in the front pew, to observe her accurately down the centuries had been transmitted Mr. Lutterel's ugly long nose and short upper lip; the brazen underfoot but added a flowing moustache—in turn to be reproduced, after a gap of some six hundred years, in Lady Jean's favorite photograph of a nephew in the RAF. It appeared that the Lutterels, declining to be ennobled simply strung along with English history even to the most minor details.

So did the ancient Lutterel dwelling string along. Its heart was the great hall, built over and around for six centuries; a panel of glass let into Tudor wainscoting showed behind a wattle-and-daub; the heart at one end, now a handsome affair of white marble (spoils of some Lutterel returning from the Grand Tour), but perhaps once been located in the centre to let out smoke through a hole in the roof still under the Renaissance cherubim a fire burned in the year round.

A Bible-box, its oaken carved with Adam and Eve dated from Oliver Cromwell; turned to secular use

To page 34



Advertisement

IT is said that every time you wash your face you start a wrinkle, but now you can smooth and beautify the skin as you cleanse. No more taut, dry skin when you use this cleansing milk that removes every trace of make-up with a dissolving action that leaves the complexion smoother, clearer and free from wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk that gives the complexion a look of youthful beauty.

BROKEN NAILS?

Are you ashamed to show your hands because your nails are chipped and broken? Now you can get instant nail beauty with "TIPT" nail hardener. If your nails are breaking, peeling, chipping—too fragile to grow further than your fingertips—the cause could be one of many, but you can get instant results with "TIPT". Applied just like nail polish, "TIPT" strengthens fragile nails, hardens soft, easily-broken nails, and regular use helps them grow longer and lovelier. "TIPT"—from chemists and department stores.

TIPT
NAIL HARDENER

Nicholas marigney

699 Warrigall Rd., Chadstone, Vic.



ashamed of her appetite as Lady Jean but sipped a cup of China tea; but such was the Madonna's sweet tolerance, had barely a mouthful left to swallow on the way upstairs.

"To inspect your quarters!" smiled Lady Jean.

The huge nursery-school-room (west-facing, sun-flooded) was, by comparison with the rest of the house, modern; situated in the upper reaches of a Victorian wing. It still appeared to Cathy like a schoolroom in a story book. Between a doll's house and a rocking-horse reared a papiermache fort improbably manned by Life-guards; the colored prints on the walls were "Cherry Ripe" and "When Did You Last See Your Father?" the "Infant Samuel," by Reynolds, and "Cats' Christmas," by Louis Wain.

A couple of low shelves housed almost complete sets of Henty and Rider Haggard—"I'm sure you're a great bookworm!" cried Lady Jean—and several bound volumes of the "Illustrated London News." The small bedroom designated to a governess, adjoining, was papered with an original Morris pattern of grapes and pomegranates that didn't clash with, rather genially accepted, a quilt of eighteenth-century patchwork.

"Could you bear it?" implored Lady Jean, waiting Cathy downstairs again. "And Elspet, too?"

"If you'll have me," said Cathy groggily.

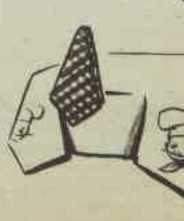
"Then it's really yes? You really are an answer to prayer?" As light-fingered as her daughter, but more impulsive, Lady Jean brushed not Cathy's hand but her cheek in a swift gesture of gratitude. Then she sighed. "Oh, dear," sighed Lady Jean. "I suppose now we've got to talk about money! Which I must say is

teach her anyway for a year or two . . ."

"Oh, so am I!" agreed Lady Jean. "But the awful thing is," she meditated agitatedly, "I like you. My husband's going to spot it at once, as soon as I talk to him; and then he'll start arguing about Matriculation, and say I'm just going on a hunch. Oh, dear," sighed Lady Jean, "look at us both now, when five minutes ago we were so happy together! How I wish you could come to us just as a friend—with pocket-money, of course: say fifteen shillings a week."

Beglamored as she was, Cathy hesitated. She knew very little about money or the rate for the job; a salary of some thirty pounds per annum still struck her as low. Of course to Lady Jean it wasn't

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 358.—BRUNCH COAT

Pretty brunch coat is available cut out to make in blue, lemon, and pink cotton, all with a white stripe. Size 32 and 34in. bust, £1/13/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £1/15/6. Postage and dispatch 2/- extra.

No. 359.—BARBEQUE CLOTHES AND SERVIETTES

Attractive set is available cut out and embroidered on white, lemon, blue, lilac headcloth, with four serviettes in contrasting check gingham. Price is 19/- for set, plus 2/- postage and dispatch.

No. 360.—BABY'S DRESS

Baby's dress is available cut out to make in white and lemon spotted nylon, or plain white or blue. Laid edging is also supplied. Price is 18/- plus 1/- postage and dispatch.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O. Sydney, N.Z. read instructions should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington, N.Z. C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE BEST OF THE EUCALYPTS

By R. H. ANDERSON

• Eucalypts play a splendid role in many a garden; and of the hundreds available there is a species for practically any soil and climate.

LIKE many native plants they develop a roving root system which is intolerant of disturbance. Larger plants tend to become root-bound in the pots and rarely develop into good trees.

Usually they are easily grown from seed.

The capsules are taken from the trees just as the valves start to open and placed in a box or on paper in a dry warm place or exposed to sun until the seed is shed.

The seed is usually very small and may be mixed with a fair percentage of chaff and infertile seeds, but mature viable seed is not difficult to recognise.

Sow it in a light sandy loam, and the seedling out into tubes or pots as soon as possible. "Damping off" can be troublesome, so take care with watering, keeping the soil only slightly moist.

Tall-growing species, usually suitable for large gardens only, include:

For temperate climates with good rainfall:

EUCALYPTUS SALIGNA (Sydney Blue Gum), a magnificent tree with smooth, bluish-white bark; fast growing, likes fairly good soil, but is rather sensitive to frosts. Grows 35-80ft.

The related species, **E. GRANDIS** (Flooded Gum), is very fast and needs much the same conditions. (35-80ft.)

E. CITRIODORA (Lemon-scented Gum) has a dainty, graceful appearance which sets it apart. Most soils; sensitive to heavy frosts. (30-50ft.)

In contrast is the rugged beauty of **E. SIDEROXYLON** (Pink-flowering Ironbark), with its dark, deeply corrugated bark, slightly silvery leaves, and pink flowers. Slow growing, but very hardy; does well in dry inland as well as coastal areas. (30-50ft.)

E. MACULATA (Spotted Gum) is fast growing; has attractive, smooth bark, and does well in temperate areas; hardy in lower rainfall parts, and moderately frost-resistant. (35-80ft.)

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 293



EUCALYPTUS ERYTHROCORYS (Illyarie or Red-cap Gum) has vivid bud-caps and flowers up to two inches across; grows 12-15ft.; prefers a temperate climate, free from heavy frosts.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 295



EUCALYPTUS FICIFOLIA, the magnificent W.A. Red-flowering Gum, does well in Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, but is often unsatisfactory in Sydney. Likes deep sandy soil, no heavy frosts and winds. (15-35ft.)

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 294

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

E. MICROCORYS (Tallowwood) has a good, dense, spreading crown and rusty-red fibrous bark. Does best in good rainfall areas, free from heavy frosts. (30-50ft.)

E. EXIMIA (Yellow Bloodwood) is very ornamental with yellowish-brown, flaky bark, and masses of white flowers. Does well on sandstone soils (25-40ft.)

E. ROBUSTA (Swamp Mahogany) has large glossy leaves and a good crown, particularly useful for growing in badly drained soils. (30-50ft.)

Species for cold areas with heavy frosts:

E. NICHOLII occurs naturally on the New England tablelands in cold, rather poor country. It is very ornamental, having a good crown of narrow leaves and dark bark. Has also done well in temperate districts. (30-50ft.)

E. CINEREA (Argyle Apple), a picturesque, small to medium tree, has silvery foliage; most soils. (25-40ft.)

E. VIMINALIS (Manna or Ribbon Gum), a fine tree with smooth bark; very tall on good soils. (35-80ft.)

Species for hot inland areas:

E. CAMALDULENSIS (River Red Gum) is found naturally along the banks of inland rivers but does well on drier sites. (35-50ft.)

E. MELLIODORA (Yellow Box) is a splendid tree in fair rainfall inland areas and has a pink-flowering variety. (35-50ft.)

E. ALBENS (White Box) prefers a fairly good soil and, like Yellow Box, is very useful for honey. (35-50ft.)

E. CLADOCALYX (Sugar Gum) has been extensively planted and is fast growing. (35-80ft.)

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 296

Eucalypts with ornamental flowers. (Most do best in light or well-drained soils in moderately warm and dry districts.)

E. CAESIA (Gungunru), a lovely little tree up to 25ft. tall; hardy. Has rose-pink flowers with golden anthers.

E. ERYTHRONEMA (Red-flowering Mallee), a small tree, has white, pink-, red-flowering varieties.

E. CALOPHYLLA (Marri), related to *E. ficifolia*, is usually better shaped and is slightly more resistant to frost. Produces masses of white flowers (there is a pink-flowering form). (25-50ft.)

E. FORRESTIANA, a shrub or small tree, has red buds which open to show yellow filaments followed by winged reddish capsules. Has been used as a hedge.

E. TORQUATA (Coral Gum or Coolgardie Gum) is a hardy and charming little tree suited for dry inland districts and able to stand frosts. The pink or reddish corrugated buds open to pink or red flowers. (12-25ft.)

E. PYRIFORMIS (Ooldea Mallee) grows up to 15ft.; has very large red flowers and mealy white capsules.

E. PREISSIANA (Bell-fruit Mallee) is shrubby in habit and has large showy yellow flowers.

One of the most unusual eucalypts is **E. MACROCARPA** (Mallee Rose or Rose of the West), rather straggly in habit, but with attractive rounded silvery foliage and large pink or red flowers up to 5in. Does best in dry districts, well-drained soil. (6-15ft.)

E. STEEDMANNII, a small tree with dense foliage and winged buds opening to yellowish or occasionally reddish flowers; is well suited to warm, low rainfall areas. (12-20ft.)

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Dress Sense

By
**BETTY
KEEP**

• This sleeveless summer dress is chosen for a Queensland reader who asks for a simple, easy-to-make style suitable for hot-weather wear.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Could you provide me with a pretty cool style to be made in 3½ yards of 36-inch floral cotton? I want the design to be feminine. I don't like the short mod styles."

The dress I have chosen for you is illustrated right. The design is front-buttoned, sleeveless, and has a scooped-out collarless neckline. The skirt is finished with wide self-material flounce. Underneath the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I have made a shift in black rayon linen. It is up-to-the neck, has sleeves, and looks far too plain. Could you suggest some way to make it look more formal and light?"

A yoke of coarse white cotton lace and matching cuffs would be a pretty idea for a black linen shift.

"Has the straight skirtline gone out of fashion for teenagers?"

Almost—the A-line skirt and a pleated skirt are newest in teen fashions.

"What color shoes, handbag, and gloves should I wear with a pastel pink dress?"

Pink accessories with pink look very pretty. Alternative is beige or white. The latter would be the practical choice because white can be worn with so many other colors.

"I have been given a beautiful sari, finished with a gold border. Could you let me have a design and pattern to make the sari into a formal evening gown?"

Our pattern department includes a very pretty design for a sari-draped evening dress. The dress requires one sari, size 5½ to 6 yards by 45 inches. If you wish to order the pattern, please quote Vogue pattern 5624 and state size required. Price, 9/6, includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No COD orders accepted.

Page 34



3105.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 3105. Price 6/- includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I am to be matron-of-honor at my cousin's wedding. Should I wear a dress in the same style and colors as those worn by the bridesmaid or should I have an individual style?"

The design and color for your dress should be discussed with the bride. However, the general rule is that a matron-of-honor wears a dress in the same color as the bridesmaid, but in a slightly different style.

"Would you advise me about the colors for two new summer outfits? I have mousey hair and fairly good skin and usually favor fawns and navy shades."

Discard your fawns and navy-blues for good clear colors, such as pink, blue, and yellow—and don't overlook white. It will surprise you how very flattering these clear colors can be, especially in summer.

Continued from page 32

to hold gloves and dog-leashes, it nonetheless retained a certain mana; gloves and leashes were never to be left lying upon it, they had to be placed, superstitiously, within. This Bible-box stood on a table just inside the great door, and was the first thing one saw on entering. The next thing one saw, across a stretch of marble flags and Turkey rug, was a grandfather clock made for the Great Exhibition of 1851. It was quite peculiarly ugly, combining the silhouette of a gothic tower with a triple dial telling the time in London, St. Petersburg, and (a final jeu d'esprit) Constantinople.

Cathy liked the hall very much. It reminded her of the Governor's on the Next-door Island. The staircase rose in the same way, centrally, to a wide landing where if there were no men-at-arms there were tapestries—depicting not martyrdoms, however, but fetes champetres: on one side of a long, dim mirror hung Spring, on the other Summer. Cathy on her way upstairs often paused several moments between them, looking down at the hall and liking it.

So did she sometimes see Mr. Lutterel pause and look, across toward the great door. It was still the front door to the house, locked at night by a huge iron key which, to his wife's amusement, and his tailor's despair, Mr. Lutterel kept in a pocket. Compared with the rest of his accoutrements—slender cigarette-case, slim watch, and slimmer watchchain—the big iron key was a clashing burden; Mr. Lutterel nonetheless persisted in loading himself with it.

He was considerably older than his wife; the sitting Tory member for the constituency, and a hard-working one. While the House was in session Wellscombe saw little of him except at week-ends.

Lady Jean, besides looking like a Botticelli, was a very good sitting member's wife. On the high non-party plane vice-president of the International Friendship League (designed to heal the wounds of war by having foreigners to tea), she also opened and attended bazaars right and left. This, no mere turn of phrase; naturally all local Conservative bazaars were opened by Lady Jean, but she also attended all the Labor ones. Labor couldn't stop her, though its prospective candidate for the next election (a Mr. Hughes, ex-London School of Economics), would have liked to.

Even when it was pointed out to her that the purchase of a mere lavender-bag actually contributed to Opposition funds, Lady Jean sweetly replied that she still knew who'd made the lavender-bags—nice Miss Palmer at the Post Office—and that Miss Palmer would like her to buy one. This was, alas, all too true; Mr. Hughes couldn't deny it; and continued to be embarrassed by a graceful presence drifting in his wake wearing a picture hat.

"Shades of Gainsborough, dear heaven!" murmured Lady Jean, thrusting in the long pins. Her hat never blew off, as once, at an open air fete, did Mrs. Hughes'. Lady Jean could waltz in a tiara—also secured by long pins. She was particularly admired for giving up the London Season to stay and work in the constituency as her husband worked for it at Westminster.

"Her ladyship's had more Seasons than she can count,"

THE SUN IN SCORPIO

said Mr. Hughes sharply, when Miss Palmer drew his attention to this point. He was irritated at having been led to talk about the Season at all; also the term "her ladyship," by intention fraught with irony, he perceived Miss Palmer to find simply natural. "Jean Lutterel," Mr. Hughes corrected himself, "is probably as bored by a London Season as you are by a Mothers' Meeting."

"I'm sure I shouldn't be bored at a Mothers' Meeting at all," said Miss Palmer, slightly flushing. "And I still maintain, Mr. Hughes, that it shows a great sense of duty, and responsibility, which I only hope our own leaders will emulate. How lovely she must look," added Miss Palmer, on a softer note, "waltzing in a tiara!"

Mr. Hughes was happy to think that there was absolutely no Labor festivity at which Lady Jean could appear with a tiara on her head; otherwise he simply had to give her best.

Of course, the Lutterels were very poor—the "new poor," as Lady Jean wryly lamented, in contradistinction to the dreadful new rich. Wellscombe Manor garaged but two cars, a Daimler and a runabout, and stabled but one hack for Lady Jean and a pony for Elspet. Just to make ends meet the dower-house was let, also one of the lodges. Naturally they were let to friends, but to have to accept rent for them at all was still, or all the more, painful. Sharing every duty as she did with her husband, however, while it was Mr. Lutterel who installed an old Mrs. Crosby at the dower-house, it was Lady Jean who installed Jimmy Trevennick at the lodge.

THERE is a type of English masculine handsomeness—elegantly attenuated of limb and skull, dark of hair and eye, that approximates as nearly to a Velasquez hidalgo as anything to be found in modern Spain. (Not only bones were washed up, from the Armada.) Such handsomeness was Jimmy Trevennick's, ex-Guardee, currently stockbroking but devoted to country pursuits.

Even Cathy, who rather disliked him, had to acknowledge a physical perfection that reputedly caused debts in their third season to swoon in his arms and chambermaids to blush if he spoke to them—as he frequently did, being always affable to servants. To Cathy he was particularly affable (which was possibly why she disliked him), asking at once if he might call her Cathy, but not waiting for permission.

He was some years younger than Lady Jean, which gave his open admiration of her the character of an acceptable family joke. He was indeed almost part of the family—strolling up so regularly from his bachelor quarters at mealtimes, a place was regularly laid for him. It was he—"Good Jimmy!" murmured Lady Jean—who was to escort the small domestic party out to Malta. Obviously Mr. Lutterel couldn't, because the House would be sitting.

Such was Lady Jean's immediate apanage, only suitable to the daughter of a Duke: a husband Member of Parliament, an exquisite child, a licensed adorer, and an attendant sprite. A vicar, a doctor, and old Mrs. Crosby outwardly defended an existence which should have been currently impossible, but in fact was not.

If Lady Jean had servant trouble, she wasn't aware of

it. She had a butler. Amongst her defenders Mr. Weaver should indeed have been mentioned earlier. He was a large man, with an eye to subdue and the temperament of a Provost-marshal; from nine in the morning when he served breakfast, to ten o'clock at night when he carried in the ritual Tray of whisky-and-soda and lime-juice, Mr. Weaver's authoritative presence assured all quiet on the domestic front.

In defence of an anachronistic way of life, there is nothing like a good butler.

Happily entering the service of the Madonna, it still didn't take Cathy long to appreciate that a friend who is also a nursery-governess is a nursery-governess first and a friend second; also that the position of the former (as Mrs. Pennon had complained of her own on the Island) is that of neither flesh nor food nor good red herring. Cathy breakfasted and lunched above the salt but when it came to dinner was usually accommodated with a tray in the schoolroom.

It wasn't Mr. Weaver who brought it up, but some anonymous housemaid; nor did Cook take much pains. What came up was mostly cold lamb garnished with an offhand sprig of parsley. Cathy munched her way through, however, a volume of Henty propped against the water-jug, happy in the knowledge that at least she wouldn't have to wash up. The freedom from all domestic duties ("Good Cathy, don't lift a finger!" implored Lady Jean. "Unless of course you'd like to rinse through Elspet's socks and vests?" was after a year with Murie a source of happiness in itself; and if any more were needed, wasn't there that little love of an Elspet?

In the big sunny schoolroom—

"Four from seven?" asked Cathy.

"Fwee," lisped Elspet. Sometimes she lisped and sometimes she didn't. Like her shy fits, her lisp came and went.

"Eight from ten?"

"Two."

"Five from eleven?"

"Have you ever been presented?" asked Elspet.

"No, but I've been to the Governor's fancy-dress ball," said Cathy. "Five from eleven?"

"What as?"

"A powder-puff," lied Cathy, "in blue satin at swansdown."

"Swansdown's nice," agreed Elspet. "I've been a Snowflake, in swansdown. Was your hair just as red then?"

"As hollyberries," said Cathy. "Five from eleven?"

"What a good ideal!" said Elspet, admiringly; then paused. "But only if you've been a Snowflake, like me, not as a Powder-puff."

Obviously she could apply her mind to anything the really interested it. Babyish bogged down, when it came to spelling, at c, a, t, Elspet could whip through a fashion paper with almost adult expertness; and lisped a back-numbers of the "Tatler." Her scrapbook with Tedd Bears on the cover contained photographs cut from every recent issue.

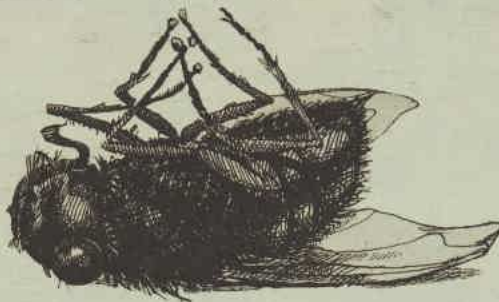
"That's me being bridesmaid in Kate Greenaway," pointed out Elspet.

Being bridesmaid was by force. She figured in wedding group after wedding group, and not in groups alone. She had several whole pictures herself. (Besides being photogenic she was as delightfully natural. The big and biggest picture showed

To page 40

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 5, 1960

At last!
A new kind of fly spray that...



...doesn't make you sneeze



...is advised for 'hay fever' noses



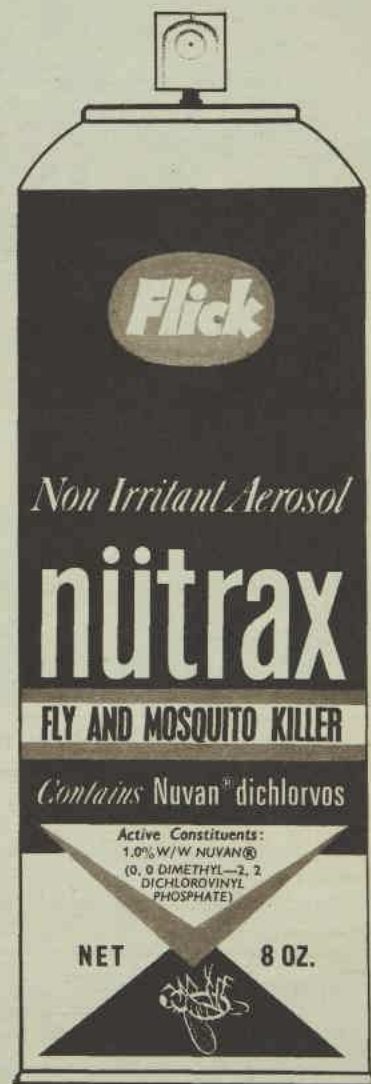
...kills mosquitoes, 'roaches, spiders, too!



smells so fresh and sweet!



...has a new vapour action



Flick nüttrax

Another superior-quality Flick product: **SCOOT** spray-on personal fly and insect repellent. Large size aerosol—7/11. Available from your local chemist or store.

COOL DRINKS



● Refreshing fruit-flavored ices, the clink of ice in frosted glasses filled with a cool, thirst-quenching drink — these are welcome sights and sounds on hot summer days.

MINT TINGLE, well chilled, makes a refreshing long drink to serve to the family in summer. Recipe below.

Picture by staff photographer Bill Payne

IN this cookery feature are recipes for a variety of delicious drinks and ices to serve as dessert or as a refresher. You'll make them often in the hot days ahead.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

SUMMER DRINKS

LEMONADE

Four pints water, 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dried yeast, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup warm water.

Bring water to the boil. Add whole lemon and sugar. Stir until sugar dissolves, then bring back to boil and cook 5 minutes. Allow to cool. Dissolve yeast in warm water and add to syrup mixture; stir well. Cover with clean cloth, let stand 24 hours. Strain through muslin or cheesecloth and pour into bottles. Stand in dark place 2 or 3 days.

MINT TINGLE

One and a half cups water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 6 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, green food coloring, 1 large bottle lemonade.

Combine water, sugar, and mint in saucepan, bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and allow to cool. Strain and add lemon juice. Color mint green with green food coloring; chill. Just before serving, add lemonade and serve garnished with ice-cubes and mint sprigs.

APRICOT COOLER

One cup apricot nectar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 pint ginger ale, ice cubes.

Mix together the apricot nectar, lemon juice, and sugar. Allow to chill; just before serving, add ginger ale. Serve over ice cubes.

COUNTRY CLUB PUNCH

Three cups sugar, 3 quarts water, 1 cup strong tea, juice 12 lemons, juice 12 oranges, 1 quart light grape juice, 1 small can crushed pineapple, 2 quarts ginger ale, orange and lemon slices.

Boil sugar and water together in saucepan 8 minutes. Add tea, allow to cool. Add juice of oranges and lemons to the grape juice and pineapple, then add to tea mixture. Stand in refrigerator 2 hours. Place slices of orange and lemon in punch bowl, pour over the grape mixture, and, just before serving, pour on the chilled ginger ale. Mix well.

TROPICAL FRUIT CUP

Three bananas, 1 large red apple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed red and green glace cherries, 1 small can crushed pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped rockmelon or papaw, 1 cup fruit cup cordial, 2 cups water, 1 cup cold weak tea, 2 bottles lemonade, ice cubes.

Slice bananas, dice unpeeled apple, cut cherries in halves. Place in punch bowl with pineapple and syrup and rockmelon or papaw. Add cordial, water, and tea; chill. Before serving, add lemonade and ice-cubes.

LEMON SYRUP

One and a half pounds sugar, 1 quart boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon essence, 1 oz. citric acid.

Boil water and sugar together 10 minutes. Dissolve acid in the syrup, strain into basin. Add the lemon essence. When cold, bottle and use diluted with chilled water.

ALMOND AND HONEY SWIRL

For each serving: One tablespoon honey, 1 tablespoon chopped almonds, milk, whipped cream, extra almonds.

Place honey in tall glasses, add almonds. Fill with cold milk and stir well. Top with whipped cream and sprinkle with extra chopped almonds.

COFFEE-CREAM FLOAT

Half cup sugar, 2 cups water, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons instant coffee, ginger ale, vanilla ice-cream.

Combine sugar, water, and salt. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves, then bring to boil. Simmer 5 minutes. Stir in instant coffee; chill. At serving time, fill glasses about 1-3rd full with coffee mixture. Top with ginger ale and large scoop of ice-cream.

FRUIT SALAD PUNCH

Two cups orange juice, 1 cup pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons passionfruit pulp, juice 2 lemons, sugar to taste, 3 cups water, orange and lemon slices, pineapple pieces.

Combine orange, pineapple, and lemon juice, add passionfruit pulp; mix in water. Add sugar and stir until it dissolves. Garnish with orange and lemon slices and pineapple pieces.

PINEAPPLE FLIP

Quarter cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice, rind of 1 orange cut in thin strips, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups strong cold tea, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 cups canned pineapple juice.

Boil sugar, orange juice, and orange rind 5 minutes; cool. Add tea, lemon, and pineapple juices; chill.

CHOCOLATE SYRUP

Three ounces dark chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 pint cream.

Melt chopped chocolate over hot (not boiling) water. In separate saucepan combine sugar and water. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves, then bring to the boil. Boil 5 minutes. Remove both chocolate and syrup from heat and cool. Pour sugar syrup into melted chocolate, stirring constantly. Stir in salt, cinnamon, vanilla, cream; mix well.

To serve: Fill glasses with cold milk, mix in chocolate syrup to taste. Top with cream or ice-cream. This syrup can also be served over ice-cream as a dessert.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

...and water ices

GINGER BEER

Ginger Beer Plant: Put into screw-top jar 8 sultanas, 2 lemons, 1 teaspoon lemon pulp, 4 teaspoons sugar, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, and 2 cups cold water; screw firmly. Leave 2 or 3 days. In warm weather the mixture should then begin to ferment. Then, each day for a week, add 2 teaspoons ground ginger and 4 teaspoons sugar to jar.

To Make Ginger Beer: Pour 4 cups boiling water on to 4 cups sugar, stir until dissolved, add juice 4 lemons. Strain this the ginger beer plant you have made in the screw-topped jar. Use piece of fine muslin and squeeze the cloth dry. Add 11 pints cold water, fill into clean, dry bottles; seal securely. The best bottles to use have special clamp tops. Keep 3 days before using.

To keep plant alive, halve the residue in muslin, place back in jar with 2 cups water for 1 week; feed with 4 teaspoons sugar, 2 teaspoons ground ginger as before.

CHAMPAGNE SPARKLE

Two cups sugar, 1½ cups water, 1½ cups orange juice, 1 cup grapefruit juice, ¾ to 4 pints chilled ginger ale. Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes; cool. Add fruit juices; chill. At serving time, lightly stir in ginger ale.

SNOW-GOLD WHIP

One cup pineapple juice, juice 2 large oranges, juice 1 lemon, 1 cup apple juice, 1 egg-white, crushed ice. Combine fruit juices and chill well. Just before serving, add egg-white, whip with rotary beater or blend in electric blender until foamy. Pour into glasses, top with crushed ice.

APRICOT SYRUP

Three pounds apricots (dried or fresh), 8 cups sugar, 2½ cups lemon juice, 2 pints water.

Wash apricots, split and remove stones. (If dried, soak a few hours in half the water.) Place in saucepan with sugar, lemon juice, and water. Stir until sugar dissolves. Simmer 25 minutes, stirring occasionally. Strain, bring syrup to boil again. Fill into clean, dry, hot bottles. Dilute before serving with iced water, chilled soda water, or lemonade. Note: Fruit pulp can be reserved for pie or tart fillings.

PINEAPPLE CORDIAL

One large pineapple, water, sugar, 2oz. tartaric acid. Peel, core, and cut up pineapple into small pieces; cover with water, leave 24 hours. Bring to the boil, simmer about 1 hour or until pineapple is tender. Strain, allow 1 cup of sugar to each 1 cup juice. Place sugar and juice in saucepan. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves, then bring to boil. Boil 20 minutes; cool, add tartaric acid. Bottle as soon as acid has dissolved. Serve diluted with iced water or soda water.

ICES

LIME-SHERBET

One large bottle lemonade, 2 tablespoons lime cordial, 2 egg-whites, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Pour lemonade into freezer-trays, stir in lime cordial. Freeze until just mushy. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beating until dissolved. Fold into ice. Freeze, stir once before mixture is firm. Just before serving, break up the lime ice with fork until flaky. Pile into small glasses.

PINEAPPLE WATER ICE

Quarter pound sugar, ½ pint water, 1 teaspoon lemon

juice, 1 large can crushed pineapple, extra juice 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon rum, few drops yellow food coloring.

Combine in saucepan the sugar, water, and 1 teaspoon lemon juice; bring to boil, boil gently 10 minutes, skimming occasionally; strain and cool.

Drain pineapple; measure cooled sugar syrup and, if necessary, add a little pineapple syrup to bring it to ½ pint. Stir into the crushed pineapple, with extra strained lemon juice and rum. Add few drops yellow food color to tint attractively. Freeze; pile into chilled glasses for serving.

MILK ICE BLOCKS

Half pint milk, ½ pint water, 2 tablespoons sugar, few drops vanilla.

Combine sugar and water in small saucepan; heat, stirring, until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil, simmer a few minutes. Allow to cool slightly. Add milk and vanilla. Pour into ice-block trays, freeze until set.

FROSTED LEMON ICE

Thirteen ounces lemon cordial or squash (half a large bottle), 26oz. water, 2 unbeaten egg-whites, green food coloring, Italian Meringue.

Italian Meringue: Four and a half ounces sugar, ¼ cup water, 2 egg-whites.

Combine lemon cordial, water, and unbeaten egg-whites. Add enough green coloring to tint attractively. Put mixture into freezer trays, freeze until mushy. Turn out into bowl, stir in the Italian Meringue. Return to freezer trays, freeze until firm and icy, stirring once or twice.

Italian Meringue: Combine in saucepan the sugar and water, boil until syrup forms soft ball when dropped into cold water. Whisk egg-whites until stiff; gradually pour on the hot syrup, beating all the time until meringue is stiff.

MINTED LEMON ICE BLOCKS

Two and a quarter cups lemon juice, ¼ cup water, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon peppermint essence, green food coloring.

Heat water and sugar, stirring until sugar dissolves. Combine with juice and peppermint, add coloring. Pour into ice-block trays, freeze.

CHERRY ICE

Two cups cherries (fresh or canned), 2½ cups water (or juice from canned cherries made up to 2½ cups with water), 1 cup sugar, juice 2 lemons, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 egg-white.

Wash cherries, slice in halves and remove stones. Combine with 2½ cups liquid and sugar. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to boil, cook 15 to 20 minutes. (If using canned cherries, bring to boil only.) Strain; reserve juice. Soak gelatine in lemon juice a few minutes. Pour in hot cherry juice, stir until gelatine dissolves, add cherries. Pour into trays, freeze until mushy. Return to mixing bowl, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Fill back into trays, freeze until icy.

LEMON WATER ICE

Two cups hot water, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg-white, extra 1 tablespoon sugar.

Dissolve the ½ cup sugar in the hot water, add lemon juice and rind; set aside to cool; strain. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze, stirring occasionally, until mixture is mushy; remove from trays. Beat egg-white stiffly, adding the extra sugar gradually; fold into lemon mixture. Return to freezer trays.

Recipes win cash prizes

● Crumbed cutlets are made a special-occasion dish when served with a delicious combination of vegetables and rice. The recipe wins the £5 prize this week.

THE flavor of pineapple is used in the main prize-winning recipe and also in the recipe that wins the £1 consolation prize — a version of popular hamburgers.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

CRUMBED CUTLETS ORIENTAL

Six crumbed cutlets, 6 tablespoons oil, 1 cup diced celery, 1 skinned tomato cut into wedges, 1 small diced cucumber, 1 small sliced onion, ½ teaspoon chopped green ginger, 1 small can drained pineapple pieces, 4 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons brandy or sherry, ½ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, ½ teaspoon each salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon cornflour blended with 2 tablespoons water, drained pineapple juice, boiled rice.

Fry cutlets in half the oil until cooked and richly browned on both sides. Drain and keep warm.

Lightly fry the vegetables in remaining oil, add pineapple pieces and heat through. Combine vinegar, sugar, brandy, soy sauce, seasoning, and pineapple juice, and add to pineapple mixture. Cover, simmer 15 minutes, or until vegetables are just tender. Stir in blended cornflour, cook until sauce thickens (about 3 minutes). Arrange cutlets on hot rice, surround with cooked vegetables, pour sauce over. Serve hot.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Fredericks, 32 Phillip Rd., Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.

SWEET AND SOUR PINEAPPLE BURGERS

One pound minced steak, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons grated onion.

Lightly toss together the above ingredients. Divide into 8 portions; shape into burgers.

Sweet and Sour Sauce: One crushed clove garlic, 3 tablespoons oil, 3 tablespoons soy sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon pepper.

Combine all sauce ingredients. Spoon over burgers; leave in sauce at least 30 minutes. Turn several times. Do not refrigerate. (The burgers will absorb most of the sauce.) Drain burgers; saute in little hot oil until well browned. If desired, slices of canned pineapple can also be dipped in the sauce and sauteed with the burgers. Serve burgers on top of pineapple slices.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Larsen, 26 Hatton St., Salisbury, Qld.

READERS' HOME HINTS

● A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for each of these hints sent in by readers.

SPREAD the exposed surface of foil-wrapped, processed cheese with a thin layer of butter or substitute to prevent it drying out and discoloring. — Mrs. Rosemary Maher, 35 Dyson St., South Perth.

Wind bias strips of newspaper round wooden coat-hangers before covering them. It will mothproof the coat-hanger covering and the garment hanging on it. — Mrs. J. Burke, 46 Nelson St., Gordon, N.S.W.

Fill a four-egg pavlova with whipped cream (flavored with vanilla or rum, if desired), then mix 1 dessertspoon cocoa with 1 teaspoon instant coffee and sprinkle over top of pavlova. It is delicious, and just as good the next day. — Mrs. J. McConaghy, 1 Cromer Rd., Beaumaris, Vic.

Before arranging plastic flowers in a vase, fill the vase with sand and wet it. The flower stems will push in easily and when the sand dries will stay in place better. — Mrs. L. F. Legge, "Haystack Farm," Cooyar, Qld.

When pouring off the hot fat from a roast joint of mutton or lamb, add and mix in well the juice of one lemon. When cold, the fat is excellent for pastry-making. — Mrs. A. S. Roberts, R.M.B. 673, Forbes, N.S.W.

To get further wear from old towels, cut a hole in centre big enough for your head to go through, then bind it all round. Use when washing the children's hair or your own. — Mrs. J. Hart, 51 Yarra St., Williamstown, Vic.

If your cupboards are damp, hang in them muslin bags containing charcoal. This will absorb the moisture. — Mrs. D. Parsons, 3 Wheeler Pde., Dee Why, N.S.W.

Tidy up your pantry shelves with an ordinary cutlery box. Placed on its side, it makes a miniature set of shelves for storing small bottles of essence, drums of pepper, and other spices. They are thus kept together, and always at hand. — J. Yorn-ton, Box 412, Mt. Gambier, S.A.

CRUMBED CUTLETS ORIENTAL is a new recipe that makes the cutlets into a glamor dish. See prize recipe in panel above.



Moods of the Rock

Story and pictures by Vincent Serventy



● Trees grow at the top of Ayers Rock.

SUNRISE



● Distant view of the Rock across the plain.

● For many people, Ayers Rock symbolises Australia. The world's largest single stone rears 1100 feet above the plain near the geographical centre of the continent; the aborigines regarded it with religious awe; and each day, from dawn to dusk, it glows with color as if lit by internal fires.

THE first sight of the Rock is usually satisfyingly impressive. Then, as the hours pass, a reaction sets in, and should you leave at this stage your memories may not be so vivid. Later the magic returns. The longer you stay, the greater the impression.

The first worshippers arise at dawn and line the sandhills which fringe the monolith. Strong winds have swept the ground bare around Ayers Rock itself, but by some fortunate chance the sandhills are just the right distance away to allow it to fill the camera frame.

One evening, as busload after busload of visitors poured on to the sandhills, this central Australian desert began to resemble a modern beach scene. Many of the youngsters even wore bathers, though the nearest swimming-pool was a long way off.

Even after nightfall the dark mass of the Rock looms against the sky, blotting out the brilliance of star clusters.

Far to the west are the Olgas, glowing like a blue-domed mosque in the sunset.

Around the edge of the Rock the runoff from this natural roof has given rise to waterholes and a more luxuriant vegetation. As one climbs the Rock small pools of water appear, some filled with shrimps,

which pack a generation into a short few weeks before the desert sun dries out their home. On the flatter top, trees and shrubs flourish.

At ground level innumerable caves shelter bats and, once, the ceremonies of the natives. Even today the walls of many caves are decorated with paintings, some old and only faintly visible.

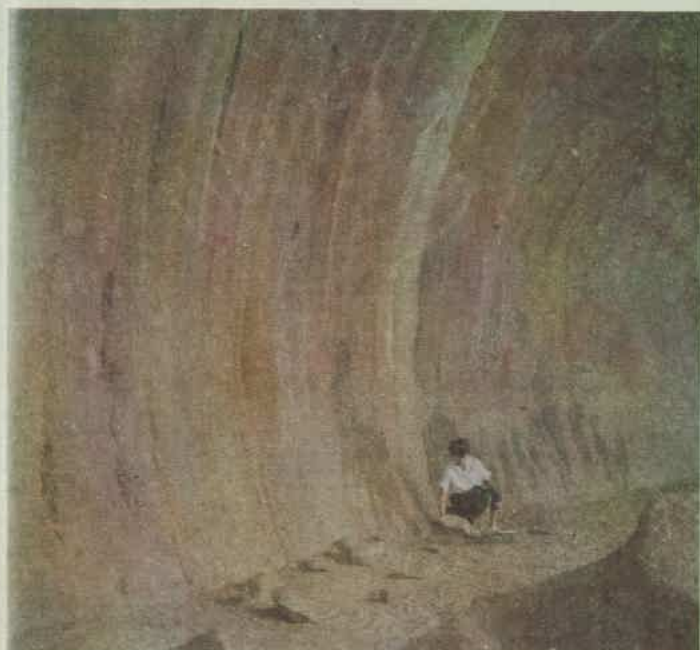
Explorer Ernest Giles first saw the Rock in 1872, but the boggy Lake Amadeus prevented his reaching it. William Gosse, who marvelled at this natural wonder, named it after his uncle, then Premier of South Australia. Sir Henry Ayers today would be a forgotten name to all but a few had it not been for the happy chance of having the Rock named after him.

How will progress affect the Rock?

Fortunately the Northern Territory Reserves Board has the situation well in hand. Rangers protect the area from the vandals who infest all tourist places. Already heavy penalties have been inflicted on name painters, and on motorists who leave the road to damage vegetation sorely pressed by the long drought.

Some of the tourist buildings are an eyesore, but fortunately are placed well away from the Rock itself. Possibly in the future some control will be exercised over the type of building erected so that all will be in keeping with the area.

NOON



● Aboriginal ceremonial cave at the base of the Rock.



● Looking toward the Olgas from one of the caves.

SUNSET



her gazing in pretty childish dismay at a dropped slice of wedding-cake—caption: There goes the icing.)

There were also photographs of Elspet on her pony at a gymkhana, of Elspet wearing a big rosette centrally inscribed Vote for Daddy, and a particularly sweet one of Elspet offering her ducal grandfather a birthday sprig of heather.

As her great-aunt Maud once bitingly remarked, she was a regular professional beauty of a child. It is the mark of the professional to keep in training; even off her bridesmaid-duty, even in the sylvan shades of Wellscombe, Elspet lived in a perpetual state of readiness to be photographed. Flitting demure in muslin at tea-time, or scampering from the paddock with a dab of mud on her face like a beauty-spot, Elspet was always on the job. It made it very difficult to teach her anything.

"Good Cathy, didn't I warn you how horrid she was?" sympathised Lady Jean. "She's simply a little exhibitionist—who can't even spell cat!"

The dulcet voice very slightly rebuked. After all, one didn't expect to pay a friend fifteen shillings a week pocket-money and then find one's daughter couldn't spell cat.

"Of course she can," said Cathy, "if she'd try."

"You mean she won't? That's what Nanny Scott said," recalled Lady Jean worriedly. "She won't concentrate. Can't you make her concentrate?"

"Not if she's soon going to be bridesmaid again," said Cathy.

Lady Jean, to her credit, hooted with laughter.

"How well you know her already, my poor babe! What a treasure you are! Not a single wedding, I promise," said Lady Jean seriously, "before we go to Malta—and till then strict discipline and nursery tea!"

But, of course, the embargo didn't apply to Conservative bazaars; actually within a week Elspet was

Continued from page 34

peddling lavender-bags in her Kate Greenaway. ("No one's seen it here," explained Elspet. "I've only worn it at St. Margaret's.") It was also she, not the photographer, who requested Cathy to stand a little aside. Cathy's attendance was, in fact, far more useful to Lady Jean, who always purchased lavishly but never carried anything; Cathy's arms were soon full. Jimmy Trevennick's arms were filled first, he following more closely at her ladyship's heels; to Cathy fell the overflow, usually bulkier and stickier: tea-cosies, pots of jam, honey in the comb.

By a peculiar misfortune Lady Jean guessed correctly the weight of a fruit-cake and won a sucking-pig. The innocent baby-faced creature had at least had its throat cut, but Jimmy Trevennick, ex-Guards, unloaded it on Cathy with speed. "Good Cathy, can you bear it?" cried Lady Jean—not only literally. "It's from one of the farms we had to sell—so not to be refused? Good Cathy," begged Lady Jean, "for heaven's sake put it under the tea-cosies!"

Cathy swallowed and did her best, but still the trotters dangled. It was actually Miss Palmer from the Post Office, with no business there at all, who found a hamper. "You're new, Miss Pennon," said Miss Palmer kindly, "or you'd know always to bring one with you. Last year her ladyship won a live goose."

The single real contact Cathy made with Lady Jean's husband occurred late one night upon his return from London. Cathy was, in fact, about to go to bed. She had, unusually, dined downstairs, with Lady Jean and Jimmy Trevennick—absolutely pressed to do so, by Lady Jean—but when after the Tray a rug was turned back in the drawing-room and the gramophone put on, she

THE SUN IN SCORPIO

felt superfluous. "Why not teach Cathy the tango?" suggested Lady Jean kindly. "Like a shot!" agreed Mr. Trevennick.

Cathy still felt superfluous, and mumbled something about Elspet's perhaps being awake (which Lady Jean did not seriously contest), took herself upstairs. The child, as it happened, was sleeping like a dormouse; Cathy removed "Tatler" from the pillow, went on to her own room, and only then remembered a pair of gloves left not in, but upon, the Bible-box. So she went downstairs again.

In the hall, the heart of the house, the fire had for once gone out. It was always a little cold, even in summer; in the marble-flagged hall; without a fire, Cathy shivered. From behind the drawing-room door, music still sounded—not the tango now, but an old-fashioned Viennese waltz. Cathy stood for a moment beside the Bible-box, gloves in hand, listening to the amorous pulsating rhythm; then raised the heavy oak lid carved with Adam and Eve, dropped her gloves inside, and reascended the stair. As always, on the landing, she paused; and so saw Mr. Lutterel come home.

Weaver the butler, who had doubtless heard the car, was there to open up. Cathy had a fancy that Mr. Lutterel liked to employ his own big iron key himself; but there Weaver was. She distinguished a brief exchange: Mr. Lutterel, it appeared, had dined on the train. Weaver, before withdrawing, performed some rather fancy locking-up, which his employer, to Cathy's eye, regarded with some impatience. She made no move herself, however; she expected Mr. Lutterel to go straight into the drawing-room, and, meanwhile, the sight of him standing temporarily isolated in the heart of his house was curiously impressive.

Just as Cathy had done, Mr. Lutterel stood listening. The tune audible from the drawing-room was still a waltz. Mr. Lutterel listened for some moments; then walked across to the cold hearth and kicked apart the ash-whitened logs. Then he mounted the broad stair and found Cathy on the landing.

She had turned away as he came up; their looks met in the mirror between the tapestries. Though its surface was dimmed by time, it still reflected accurately enough, as they stood side by side, the one's long nose, the other's rough red head.

"We're neither of us beauties," said Mr. Lutterel. "Good night to you."

In the big sunny school-room—

"Pony?" asked Cathy. "P, o, n, y," spelled Elspet. "Gymkhana?"

The child absolutely rattled it off.

"And cat?"

"K, a, t."

Cathy sometimes gave a curious thought to her predecessor Nanny Scott; there was so little about Elspet to suggest any period of training at the hands of a tremendously qualified nursery-nurse. The child indeed appeared to have no more recollection of her departed instructress than of a departed Siamese—rather less: the photograph of Elspet hiding her face in Ho's fur at the Cat Show, caption A Pair of Shy Kittens, was firmly pasted into her scrapbook. Nor could Cathy, now that she knew Lady Jean better, visualise her employer being terrorised by any nurse what-

ever, short of Florence Nightingale.

What had happened, in short, to Nanny Scott? It is a question all governesses naturally put, in reference to their predecessors; and though at first Cathy flinched from pumping the child, curiosity at last overcame delicacy.

"Was Nanny Scott very strict with you?" suggested Cathy.

Elspet looked up from the current issue of "Vogue." (She didn't enjoy it so much as the "Tatler," there were fewer people she knew in it, but the current issue of the "Tatler" still reposed in Lady Jean's parlor. Elspet knew she wouldn't have to wait long for it, however. Family affection is sometimes presumed to glow warmer in slum than stately home, and indeed often does, but just as mother and daughter in a slum swap comics, so Lady Jean and Elspet swapped glossies.)

"No; but she had freckles," said Elspet. "Not like yours."

those for the most part obviously reminders of family birthdays, prudently noted a day or two in advance. ("Cousin Sarah's birthday, next Wed.; Uncle Henry's, next Fri.")

Only once did the small neat handwriting run across a couple of days—the fourth and fifth of May, or almost exactly a month before Cathy's own arrival. "Uncle Henry passed on to his Maker. May his soul rest in peace and I be kept humble in prosperity. Memorandum: Solicitors: Graham and Graham, 14, Ellenborough Place, flowers to McGillivray's, 42, Castle Street, funeral Sat. . . ."

The load on Cathy's heart and mind lifted as she realised that Nanny Scott hadn't been dismissed after all but had obviously retired of her own accord to enjoy an antinatal retirement. Forgivingly the image of the Madonna smiled again, scarcely chiding a worshipper's brief lapse of faith.

Of course, there were occasions when to chide was necessary. One difficulty about doubling the roles of

Judith Bamber. "Staying with Lady Jean," said Muriel. "Staying?" repeated Judith suspiciously. "I thought she'd applied to go as governess?" "That was Miss McCordale's idea," smiled Muriel, "but obviously too ridiculous!" "Especially when she didn't even pass Matric," agreed Judith. "Archy and I still thought it would do her good to try her wings a little," explained Muriel—rather jumping a gap, and "Lady Jean took such a liking to her, now she's there just as a friend."

Judith Bamber was the hardest nut to crack, but as the weeks and months passed, and no Cathy returned sacked and hangdog, even Judith accepted the pleasing myth. With less intimate acquaintances Muriel had no trouble at all. "My sister! Don't ask me when we'll ever see her again!" sighed Muriel. "She's gone off to her friend Lady Jean."

Even the infant Anna was taught the shibboleth. "Who loves her Aunt Cathy?" reminded, or persuaded, Muriel. "Little Anna!—And where's Aunt Cathy now?"

Evidently little Anna couldn't be expected to reply. Wellscombe Manor, Wellscombe Halt, Devon, so Muriel curtailed the answer for her. "With Lady Jean!" cried Muriel.

She often thought of running down to pay Cathy a little visit; but despite even hint no invitation came, and Archy rather frowned on the notion of taking the Lutterels by surprise. Also the summer had ended, and almost the autumn. It was November.

Cathy had chilblains. It was inexplicable: November in Devon wasn't particularly cold, only wet. Were there any late autumnal scenes by Birkenhead, wondered Cathy. Kate Greenaway children in muffs and tippets, she recalled distinctly, but always against a background of snow and red-berried holly; in Devon in November, it was rather Tosti who hit the mark with his falling leaf and fading tree. The woods behind the Manor began to drip, the buttercup fields to dissolve in a splash. It still wasn't nearly cold enough to warrant chilblains.

Shamefacedly, Cathy bared her knuckles, equally Elspet wrinkled nose, the despondent glances of Mr. Weaver, and the jokes of Jimmy Trevennick, who pretended to stare as a flyweight boxer. Lady Jean, who very much hoped her attendant sprite wasn't going to turn out sickly, more kindly suggested a tonic, and Dr. James made one up which Cathy took punctually three times a day.

"You've a poor circulation, young woman," said Dr. James. "So would you have, retorted Cathy obscurely, and with a touch of her old ferocity. However, at the end of the next few weeks (during which there coincidentally arrived for Lady Jean several leaflets from the shipping company), her chilblains healed.

"Where's Cathy? Where's my good Cathy?" warbled Lady Jean.

Even in November there was sun in Lady Jean's parlor. It had been specially built for her, to jut east, south, and west. Sunlight, however watery, haloed her golden head; on the desk by her side lay a deck-cabin plan. Cathy paused on the threshold she felt the same slight sickness that had overtaken her at St. Anne's Mansions; only now there was no possibility



she added hastily, discarding "Vogue" to run and look up in Cathy's face just as though there were a photographer about. "Not just a few nice little freckles like you have, huge big brown ones all over her hands, because she was about a hundred years old."

With more precision, Cathy visualised an attendant sprite still light of foot (light as an autumn leaf), but crumpling under the weight of a sucking-pig. Evidently what had happened to Nanny Scott was simply that she'd grown too old to be of any use.

THE only physical traces Cathy discovered of her predecessor confirmed this impression: a few bent grey hairpins left under the paper of a bureau drawer. On her palm they weighed nothing; it was absurd that they should weigh on her mind.

Cathy had no fears of herself growing old and grey in the Madonna's service, she was going to skip ship; her dismay was that of the worshipping suddenly perceiving a flaw in the worshipped image. Cold mutton on a tray hadn't damaged it, nor solitary evenings spent reading Henty; but this was a moment when Cathy recalled that for her first quarter's salary, at fifteen shillings a week, she'd just received a cheque for nine pounds.

Pulling out the drawer to its extreme limit, however, she released a small diary jammed behind. It wasn't sensational. There was no reason why Nanny Scott, discovering it left behind, should have lost sleep. It contained in fact very few entries at all, and

governess and attendant sprite is that whereas the latter is expected to be omnipresent, of the former the very reverse is required: it was small wonder that Cathy, socially awkward in any case, now and then made a gaffe—missing, for example, when the League of International Friendship sent a foreign visitor to tea, but all too present at one Sunday lunch when the Vicar came.

The hymn had been the one about Ceylon's Happy Isle; Cathy absolutely interrupted the Vicar (who was chatting about the Liberal vote) to observe that its total area including outlying islands was more than three-quarters that of Ireland and it had five million inhabitants. "Indeed?" said the Vicar courteously. "Mostly Buddhist," said Cathy. "Elspet's certainly going to know all about Ceylon!" cried Lady Jean. "Let Weaver give you a little more soufflé, Vicar."

She still chided Cathy very tactfully, not bidding her in so many words to hold her tongue at table, but simply pointing out that if there was one thing a parson didn't want at Sunday lunch it was religion. Lady Jean never forgot that besides being a nursery-governess and an attendant sprite, Cathy was also a friend.

Muriel never forgot it, either. What her sister's exact salary was she never discovered. Cathy's letter asking for her box to be sent didn't mention it; but the information that she was to be received on the footing of a friend, if it caused Archy to raise his eyebrows, was to Muriel a source of much innocent snobbish pleasure.

"Where's Cathy?" asked

To page 42

Summertime
you
belong in
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... from only 8/11
or 14/6 for Mother & 18/6 for
the man of the house.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipcombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I WOULD like your opinion on two pieces of china. The cup and saucer was given to me recently by an English friend and has the mark "R" in blue under the glaze. The decoration is in panels of flowers and old-world figures.

The blue-and-white vase, eleven inches high, is encrusted with bunches of grapes and vine leaves. The exterior has a matt finish and the inside is glazed. It bears no marking.—Miss E. E. Bazeley, Glen Iris, Vic.

The cup and saucer are Dresden made about 1870.

Your vase is a typical example of Portobello "biscuit" ware with its naturalistic raised grapevine motif on a blue ground, made during the third quarter of the nineteenth century.

★ ★ ★
MY French ormolu clock has the engraving "A.C.B. Paris 1613." I would like your opinion re its china panel and antiquity. — J. A. Scobie, Mildura, Vic.

Your French ormolu clock inset with a porcelain panel was made about 1855-65. The Sevres porcelain panel is hand-painted.



● Dresden china.

● Portobello vase.

AT the present time I am repairing and re-upholstering a chair and stool which I believe to have been in our family for about 105 years. Each rail of the stool is stamped underneath with the name A. Lenchan. I would be glad if you could tell me about the chair. There was a couch in the set originally. — Mr. F. A. Murray, Canberra, A.C.T.

A. Lenchan conducted a furniture store and a cabinetmakers' workshop in Sydney during the mid-nineteenth century. His name occurs in Waugh and Cox's Sydney directory dated 1855.



● Mid-Victorian chair.

As your chair bears this maker's name I presume it is of Australian origin and is made of cedar. It is mid-Victorian. Similar chairs to yours originated in England—made of mahogany with beech rails.

The chair should be restored to its original condition—especially the legs. The legs are turned on a lathe and the fluting is finished off by hand.

workshop in Sydney during the mid-nineteenth century. His name occurs in Waugh and Cox's Sydney directory dated 1855.

OUR TRANSFER



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Bring the flavour right out of its jacket with ETA mayonnaise



Turn a potato into the perfect complement to a barbecued steak, a chop or a sausage.

This bright new label makes ETA Mayonnaise as easy to see as it is to use. The new wide-mouth jar invites you to spoon its subtle, blended flavour straight on to salad; the embossed graduations actually help you measure out exactly enough ETA Mayonnaise to make an endless variety of delicious dressings and rich nourishing sauces for all kinds of dishes. Try this week's recipe then create others of your own, but be sure to use smooth ETA Mayonnaise for perfect results.

Product of ETA Foods division of the Murrumbidgee Holdings Group—an all-Australian Company.

This week's recipe suggestion from ETA HOT POTATO AND HAM SALAD (Serves four to six)

Perfect way to use up your Christmas Ham.
1 cup ETA Mayonnaise, 1 cup chopped Shallots, separate white from green, 1 cup chopped green Pepper, 1 tablespoon ETA Table Margarine, 2 cups diced Ham or Ham Sausage, 3 cups diced, cooked Potato, 1 cup diced Tasty Cheese.

METHOD: Cook white shallot and pepper lightly in ETA Margarine, stir well, do not brown. Spoon to side of pan, add ham, cook quickly to heat. Add potato and ETA Mayonnaise. Heat, tossing lightly. Stir in cheese and heat until it begins to melt. Garnish with shallot greens. Serve with mixed salads and extra ETA Mayonnaise.

1923/65

so to speak, that the Governor wouldn't be at home...

"Sit down, dear," said Lady Jean, "and let's have a little discussion."

"I don't mind going second," said Cathy quickly.

"My dear, I'm sure you wouldn't!" cried Lady Jean. "That's what's so sweet about you—you always understand! But I've been thinking; and what I've been thinking is, why should you and poor little Elspet be dragged to Malta at all?"

Cathy sat. Beside her, at her elbow, the desk was strewn with plans of boat-decks, promenade-decks, swimming-pools; the whole anatomy of a vessel designed for carrying passengers toward the sun. The only plan lacking was that of the engine-room, without which the vessel couldn't sail at all.

"Probably the climate wouldn't suit either of you," continued Lady Jean. "I've just been selfish, wanting you with me. But now, as I say, I've thought; and I've decided not to be selfish any more."

Cathy swallowed.

"It's a perfectly healthy climate. I was brought up—isn't it partly why you hired me?—on the Next-door Island myself."

"But to the ruin of your circulation," pointed out Lady Jean. "I mean, chilblains in November! I couldn't possibly risk Elspet getting chilblains."

"She wouldn't get chilblains any more than she'd get Malta fever," argued Cathy stubbornly.

"Well, perhaps not," admitted Lady Jean. "But there's the uprooting, too. I've been reading all about it. I read much more and much more seriously," said Lady Jean, thrusting the current issue of "Vogue" a little behind her, "than anyone realises. What a child needs above all is a stable, rooted background and not to be skated off to Malta at a mother's whim. You shall be left in complete charge, my dear, and if that doesn't show my confidence in you I don't know what does."

STILL Cathy couldn't quite believe it. "And not go to Malta?"

"My good Cathy, haven't I just been explaining it all to you?" protested Lady Jean, with a touch of impatience. "You can't really be so stupid! I go to Malta, you and Elspet stay here."

"What about Mr. Trevennick?" asked Cathy.

"Naturally good Jimmy comes, to escort me. I can't travel alone. Once I'm there, of course, I shall be staying at the Palace," added Lady Jean lightly, "perfectly surrounded by aide-de-camps!—so he'll be able to spend every minute playing polo..."

Wooden as an image sat Cathy in her chair; rocked not physically, like the image of the Madonna on the men's shoulders, but mentally, by the knowledge she'd been made a fool of. Her employer, Cathy suddenly, bleakly, realised, had never intended to take her to Malta; Malta had been simply one more bait to hook an underpaid attendant sprite. Lady Jean had always intended to go to Malta alone—

—with Jimmy Trevennick. Of course to stay at the Palace. No scandal: only the eight-days trip each way; first approaching ever nearer to the sun, then the gentle elegiac withdrawal as the gold on their skins faded and they practised—with what moments of sweet backsliding?—the colder manners of the north. What a hobble she and Elspet would have been, thought Cathy, a child and a governess—the one all too observant, the other all too simple!

Continued from page 40

Lady Jean also had fallen into a muse. Melting already under the sun—her lids drooped, her lips a little parted—she looked less like the Madonna than like Danae expectant. With an impulse of pure iconoclasm—

"I'm leaving," said Cathy. "Now. I don't have to give notice, because I'm here just as a friend."

Incredulously the sea-blue eyes opened.

"But you can't!" cried Lady Jean. "Don't you know Elspet simply dotes on you? Besides," she added, more realistically, "Without a reference what would you do?"

"What I was doing before," said Cathy. "Corky didn't exactly find me begging in the streets."

"Now you're getting cross," chided Lady Jean, "and I shan't listen to a single word more, it wouldn't be fair, till you're your nice, good self again..."

To ensure which, she rose and floated from the room, leaving Cathy in possession.

Of course Cathy hadn't been begging in the streets. She'd been living in an exceptionally comfortable home with her own room and her own gas fire and her own subscription to Boots. Besides the pleasure of living in a house so polished that a polishing-rag wore out inside a month, there'd been the pleasure of having such a little love of a niece; brooding over all a sister's protective kindness as evinced in suggestions of taking dressmaking classes and going to Harrods. When Cathy remembered all the comforts to which (considering Muriel's conscientiousness) she had no doubt she might return, her heart sank.

She'd got away once, through the intervention of Corky. She could hardly expect Corky to intervene again, Lady Jean withholding a reference. Back to the MacLarens might well mean back to the MacLarens for life. Cathy genuinely felt she sooner would indeed beg in the streets.

But how did one begin to beg in the streets? It is a phrase, used commonly enough, under the stress of emotion, but rarely examined with any realism. Cathy, unusually, did so. She remembered beggars enough on the Next-door Island—bundles of rag and bone stretching forth maimed, emaciated claws; but they seemed to have been born to the profession. So did the rarer hymn-singer in the streets of a London suburb.

Immediately to set forth on the Plymouth road with outstretched hand would almost certainly provoke the offer of a lift from Dr. James or the Vicar. (Or even chauffeur-driven Mrs. Crosby.) "A lift, Miss Pennon?" Cathy heard each cry—but couldn't hear herself answer, "No, thank you, I'm begging." She might indeed achieve London—she had sufficient funds for the railway fare—and start begging there; even so, the sheer mechanics of the thing daunted her.

Did one, for instance, need a licence to beg, as to peddle? Would the placard, "Distressed ex-Governess," be acceptable in Oxford Street? A long-ago memory stirring, Cathy, as on the day of Mr. Pennon's funeral, glanced toward the simpler status of tramp. (The answer, "No, thank you, I'm tramping," at least momentarily comprehensible to Dr. James, Mrs. Crosby, and the Vicar.)

THE SUN IN SCORPIO

Even as she examined these projects Cathy recognised them for the fantasies they were; and that unless one was bred to begging or the road, deliberately to become a beggar or a tramp was as difficult as to become a chartered accountant. She simply hadn't been indentured.

At this moment in her meditations the door opened on Mr. Weaver. He carried the big silver tea-tray with all its usual appurtenances, but only, Cathy noted, one cup: which left room for a silver muffineer and a pot of Gentleman's Relish.

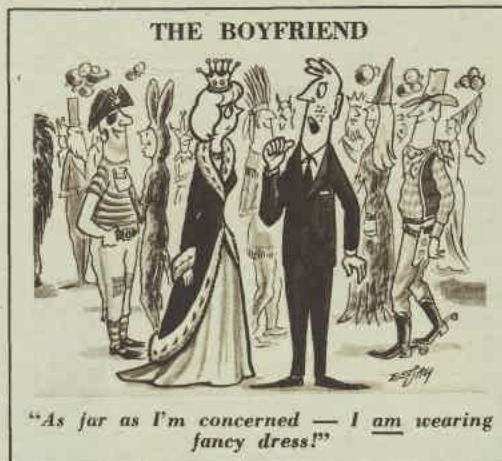
"Her ladyship expects you to take tea in here, miss," said Weaver.

Cathy recognised the sort of barefaced bribery employed in pocket-boroughs. No doubt Lady Jean's dual family—possibly Mr. Lutterel's also—had an inherited technique for dealing with pocket-boroughs, crude but effective. Whence Cathy inherited the instincts of an honest freeholder (or Luddite), was more problematic; in any case,

Cathy observed in the drive an old shoe. She could only imagine that some tramp had lost his way, and turned back, and passed on.

It may be said at once that Mr. Lutterel did not fall in love with Cathy nor she with him. The one was no more a Rochester than the other a Jane Eyre. Indeed, on the few occasions when they lunched alone together her employer courteously asked permission to bring a Hansard to table; Cathy brought a Henty; and with Hansard at one end and Henty at the other the meal commonly passed in complete silence. This period, however, marked a definite change in Cathy's life at Wellscombe—though whether for better or worse is debatable.

Lady Jean, in her solicitude for her husband's comfort, whenever he was at home, and hadn't work to do after dinner, was always ready for a game of bridge. So was Jimmy Trevennick always ready, and if no one was



before she could dash the tray from Mr. Weaver's hands he had set it down and withdrawn.

More coolly, Cathy recognised that had she done so it would have been less from principle than from temper. (However clever the Lutterels at handling pocket-boroughs, Strathneys were undoubtedly cleverer.) She was tired from emotion, and the hot tea invited, if only to clear her mind...

So did the muffins invite. Like Persephone biting into a pomegranate, and so consigning herself to the realms of Dis, Cathy bit into a muffin.

It marked the nadir of her morale since she'd left the Next-door Island. Lady Jean was wonderfully understanding. She didn't even expect an apology. "Good Cathy, I didn't realise how disappointed you'd be!" cried Lady Jean. "I feel it's I who should apologise to you!"

A week later she was gone. Mr. Lutterel happened to be on duty at Westminster, so wasn't there to see Jimmy drive her off in his sports car from the Manor door. (Lady Jean's instinct for marrying effrontery with discretion amounted to genius.) Nor was Elspet there either, having had a flaming row with her mummy over being left behind. In the great porch, flanked by dripping laurels, only a governess and butler stood to attention—and Lady Jean, like a French general presenting medals, kissed Cathy on both cheeks.

"All, all in your charge, good Cathy!" cried Lady Jean. "What a treasure you are!"

After the car had driven off

said Lady Jean, rather sharply. "That would be Mr. Martin."

"Whom we all know chained to your chariot-wheels already," agreed Jimmy. "How far your little candle shines! Or am I mixing my metaphors?" he added, to Mr. Lutterel. "I mean, can a moth be chained to chariot-wheels?"

"Not to much purpose, perhaps," said Mr. Lutterel.

"Then we must just play three-handed," said Lady Jean sitting down and rapidly dealing the cards...

So was Mr. Weaver dealing, below stairs; but only five cards apiece, for poker; then he held the rest of the pack suspended while Cook chose her discard.

"One, if you please, Mr. Weaver."

"Drawing to a broken straight again?" rebuked Henry the chauffeur. "I'll take three..."

"Drawing to a full house?" inquired Mr. Weaver blandly.

May, the upper housemaid, took two, Janice her colleague four.

"I'll stand," said Cathy.

Once again, as on Victoria Avenue, she had thrown in her lot with the Natives.

Rare as is the governess who plays poker at all, still rarer is the one who plays it with the servants. Yet it came about very naturally. Cathy, one evening shortly after Lady Jean's departure, had as usual dined in the schoolroom; some hours later, pathetic cries from the night-nursery summoned her to find that Elspet had decided she was getting Malta fever. (There was an ingenuity about this almost worthy of admiration, and undoubtedly the child had managed to make herself very hot; she lay tossing against the frilled pillows scarlet in the face.)

"I've got Malta fever," whimpered Elspet, "send a wire to mummy." "Rubbish," said Cathy. "You little brute, you little beast, you little pest," she added mentally. Not aloud; Elspet, unlike little Anna, was the granddaughter of a duke. Cathy had become more corrupted than she knew; which made her subsequent behaviour all the more surprising.

"And to Daddy at the House, and get Dr. James," added Elspet, widening her field. "Rubbish," repeated Cathy—at least not so sufficiently corrupted as to bedevil two overworked men on behalf of a child's injured ego. "I'll fetch you a glass of milk and you can have half an aspirin in it..."

So she took a short cut down the backstairs. One of the disadvantages of so old a house as Wellscombe was the lack of a proper servants' hall. Mr. Weaver had his butler's pantry, but for all social life condescended to the kitchen. It was fortunately on his own scale; so enormous, a canteen about the size of a modern luxury-flat could be devoted to the poker, ex-dining, table. About this, as Cathy entered, butler and cook, chauffeur and two housemaids all courteously rose—incidentally screening five glasses and a bottle of Mr. Lutterel's best port. Cathy's eye with equal courtesy omitted the port, but lighted on a straight flush just laid down by cook.

"What did you draw to?" asked Cathy inquisitively.

"Lacking the seven," confessed Cook.

"I shouldn't have had the nerve," said Cathy.

"You mean, the folhardiness," said Mr. Weaver. "Do you happen to play yourself, miss?"

"I used to," said Cathy.

Mr. Weaver paused. He glanced round the table, silently taking the opinion of

the company. They had often agreed that six made a better game, but also that it was out of the question to admit Bridie the between-maid to the pleasure of her superior; moreover when her ladyship needed Henry to drive at night there was no poker at all. Cook, who had been performing the same office as her colleague, slightly nodded.

"Should you ever care to join us, miss," said Mr. Weaver graciously, "you'll generally find a game going between dinner and The Tray. In fact, during her ladyship's absence, we can get down to it sooner."

"What time?" asked Cathy eagerly.

"While the House sits, eight p.m. sharp."

So down Cathy slipped each night by the backstairs for a couple of refreshing hours; and thanks to Jacko was universally respected for her strict, classic game. If Elspet wanted to have Malta fever, let her, thought Cathy, dosing her charge with a whole aspirin. Elspet slept like a top. Cathy played poker, and even after Lady Jean's return, as had been seen, continued an esteemed member of Mr. Weaver's school.

THERE was still, naturally, an inquest over the breakfast table next morning. Another of Lady Jean's virtues was that she never breakfasted in bed. Punctually at nine o'clock there she sat, in tweeds and cashmere, complete to single row of pearls, ready to pour coffee.

"What a lovely crisp day!" exclaimed Lady Jean. "And how sweet and fresh you look, good Cathy, just matching it! By the way, where were you?" she added, "last night after dinner? I looked in the schoolroom, I looked in your bedroom..."

Mr. Lutterel was reading the Times, Elspet drawing her initials in cream on a plate of porridge. Weaver, at the side-table, slightly turned.

"I expect in the kitchen," said Cathy cheerfully.

"In the kitchen?" repeated Lady Jean incredulously. "Fetching Elspet a glass of milk..."

The child's spoon paused in the middle of a curlicue.

"I didn't have any milk last night..."

"You'd gone to sleep again," reminded Cathy. "I'm afraid it's a bad habit we got into while you were away. Elspet did so miss mummy at bye-byes!"

If Elspet had been about to argue, the picture was far too pretty to pass up.

"I cried all through my prayers," she accused. "Cathy had to give me half an aspirin."

"Only once," said Cathy, quite truthfully.

"And I was getting Malta fever," remembered Elspet.

"Don't be silly," said Lady Jean impatiently—also with an eye on the leader page of the Times, which Mr. Lutterel had so folded as to read the main news first. "I've never seen you looking healthier—and I'm sure I'm just as grateful to Cathy as you should be!"

She still, breakfast over, drifted upstairs to the night-nursery. But Mr. Weaver had been before her: on the table by the frilled pillow stood an untouched glass of milk.

To be concluded

The novel "The Sun in Scorpio," by Margery Sharp, is published by William Heinemann Ltd., and is available in Australia.

ALL characters in serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



ABOVE: Colorful island prints are a popular choice for the beach shifts this summer. Yvonne Switzer, (left), Bronia Gelber, and Elizabeth Ferns favor the gay cottons.



RIGHT: Skindiver David Cullen came up from the depths to take a closer look at the frill-fronted shift on Sandra Goldstein (left) and the short, short "Little Girl" dress Pamela Cust was wearing to the beach that day.

THE WET SET

● When the sun comes out . . . the fashions do, too, and on the teen scene this summer those fashions are cuter and brighter than ever. The fishnet look, island-flavored prints, boys' jeans, sand parkas, bikini shorts, gay mini-scarves, smart wrap-around sunglasses, and calico carry-all beach bags are just some of the things favored by the beachies. To take a look at the latest fashions worn by The Wet Set, staff photographer Keith Barlow and I recently spent a day at Camp Cove, one of Sydney's most popular harborside beaches . . .

—KERRY YATES



ABOVE: Boy's singlet which attractive Jan McDonnell dyed herself looks great tucked into tight boy's jeans. A wide belt and carry-all of rice bagging completes the outfit.



RED, WHITE, AND BLUE, the boys love you . . . specially if you look as cute as Sydney teenager Wendy Ware in her striking two-piece beach suit.



RIGHT: Mini-dresses look fresh and feminine for a day at the beach. Both with short, short hemlines, Julie Stanton's shift (left) has an unusual diamond cutout at the front and Bobi Nicholson teams hers with a matching sunhat.



ABOVE: Sand parkas are big news this summer, and Leslie Hutchinson shows a pretty reason why in this one in hot pink cotton. The parka features the latest giant-zip front with a hood.



ABOVE: Hawaiian prints are featured again in these bright shifts worn by Gayle Coleman (left) and Kaye Johnson. Gayle said the prints are in on the Gold Coast.

Irrational lunatics at the wheel

WHAT hidden force is released when a formerly sensible 17-year-old becomes the holder of a driving licence. Over the past few months I have watched classmates of mine one by one pass their driving test, and overnight change from woeful head-shakers at the road-toll increase to irrational lunatics. The hypocrites!

They seem to feel no responsibility at all for the lives of their passengers — and there is usually a careful of them. Surely a mental examination is needed when a 17-year-old, who has held his licence for nine hours and had a permit for a mere two days, drives at 95 m.p.h. at 2 a.m. with a carfull of urgers-on.

I'm not decrying the car as a great source of enjoyment. None is more adept than I at obtaining the use of the family car. But when you next try to take a corner at 60, spare a thought for the grief your death would bring. — David Sheppard, HMAS Harman, ACT.

Letter lilt

THE following is a novelty to be written on the back of an envelope addressed to a friend:

D-liver, D-letter, D-sooner, D-better.

D-later, D-letter, D-sadder, D-getter. — J. Skeeres, Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

Dye it yourself

IF you would like to have a shift, skirt, or casual bag for summer that is different try making designs on a plain fabric with dye.

One idea is to tie a knot, or twist a little stone into the fabric, and dip the twist or knot into the dye. It is the wrinkles and folds in the fabric that make the ragged, broken edges which are so individual looking.

With a little imagination and with little expense you can make patterns and colors to suit your own requirements. — Sonia C. Allen, Blair Athol, S.A.

Beauty in brief

Neutral eye make-up

PRETTY for now and totally beguiling for the older girl is the wide-eyed look compounded of clear young eyes (a few drops of good eye lotion will uncloud their gaze), and newly neutral shades of eye make-up applied with a lot of know-how.

Start the good work by shaping the eyebrows with clean tweezers, but don't forget that thin, scarce brows make eyes look smaller.

Next pick up a sharp-pointed brown eyebrow pencil and with a series of short, light strokes, emphasise the brow arc.

Naturally full brows that are well groomed may need only a few light strokes of pencil at the outer arch to make them immaculate.

Add eyeshadow to give depth and definition to the lids. Shadow need not match either your eyes or your outfit.

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—CAROLYN EARLE

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



MY MOTHER HAS A BUNCH OF STUFF FOR COLORING HAIR.



HERE'S GOLDEN BLONDE. YOU'RE ALREADY BLONDE.



HERE'S SOMETHING WILD. BLUE TINT.



LET'S MIX IT WITH GOLDEN BLONDE



Neutral eye make-up

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ELVIS

Elvis—a kind man who smashes wood

● Meeting Elvis Presley is "just like coming face to face with a legend," according to Suzanna Leigh, the lovely young British actress who has just finished filming in Hollywood and Hawaii with Presley.

THE first British girl to be chosen as leading lady in a Presley film, she told me "Elvis Presley is as charming and as kind as everyone says. When we were first introduced he kept on calling me 'Ma'am,' but I soon stopped that, and by the time filming ended in Hollywood we had become firm friends. He is certainly much more handsome in the flesh than on the movies and a wonderful person to work with."

Suzanna is the heiress daughter of Belgrave property owner Mrs. Muriel Smith, and is a considerably wealthy girl apart from her film and television earnings.

The career in films that she has been building up since leaving drama school has resulted in a seven-year contract with Hollywood producer Hal Wallis, who foresees a bright future for her.

It was Hal Wallis who sent Suzanna to Hawaii to become leading lady in "Paradise Hawaiian Style," which will be shown during 1966.

"I had a wonderful time in Hawaii and in a place I would love to go back to for a good long holiday," she said. "Elvis is great fun to work with because he has such a wonderful sense of humor and a very infectious laugh that soon has everyone going but he has his problems like all of us, and his problem is privacy."

"He just can't go around as freely as other people, so he leads a quiet life and stays at home a lot."

Suzanna went to Hawaii a confirmed Presley fan. "Who isn't?" she said with a smile. "I don't know many people who haven't got his records and I remember list-

ening to them when I was at school. That's why my working with him was so fantastic."

Suzanna had the opportunity to observe Elvis on numerous occasions, and she even saw a demonstration of his hobby, which enables him to work off steam in spectacular fashion. For Presley is an expert at karate, the deadly Japanese form of self-defence that requires self-discipline rather than just sheer strength.

"He really scared me a couple of times," said Suzanna. "He can smash through pieces of wood with his hands. It's terrifying. When the pressure builds up or something makes him mad he will go off into a corner and smash a piece of wood, or if there's a piece near him he will break it with one blow."

"But I never saw him shout or raise his voice to anyone. He is too much of a gentleman to let people see him really angry."

Apart from "Boeing-Boeing," in which she has a plum part, the Presley film has offered Suzanna Leigh one of her biggest breaks to date.

She originally wanted to be a dancer—"But I was a bit too tall for all my partners, so I decided that I would like to go on the stage. It wasn't easy, because our family have absolutely no showbusiness background and everyone thought I was joking."

Her training began in drama school and continued through to her first film part some years ago in "Bomb in the Street," then came a succession of stage and television roles, and she also starred in a series on French television which has still to be shown on British TV.

—BRIAN GIBSON



SUZANNA LEIGH, his new co-star, who is a wealthy heiress in her own right.

POP-CORN IN EGYPT, TOO?

ROUND ROBIN

● Modern pop music was being played almost 6000 years ago, according to a U.S. historian.

THE historian claims that rock-type music was used by B.C. Egyptians to give a beat for slaves to work to.

He says that the music, for instance, was used by the slaves building Pharaoh Cheop's Great Pyramid in 3730 B.C.

"I'm sure it was a very suitable beat to work to. Pyramid-builders used to have to get rocks and roll 'em. The slaves who had to carve by hand the huge stone blocks perhaps crooned "Breaking Up Is So Hard To Do."

The historian also says that galley-slaves did their fast oar-work to a solid Ringo-style beat.

I suppose that makes them the first Normie Rowers. Now I think of it, Egyptian music still has its following. A few years ago the hit parades revived a famous old theme tune, "Nefertiti on Sunday."

And perhaps it's really music on the Pyramid label that archaeologists for years have been digging like crazy. Maybe other ancient civilisations went in for pop pioneering.

After all, if there are Aztecs performing today why not in the old days?

And I wonder if some of the old Egyptians' Middle East neighbors were "Sheikin' All Over."

The historian leaves an interesting gap in his report. He doesn't say if Egyptian oldies knocked the rock as many adults do today.

So I guess we'll never know if an Egyptian mummy said, "I think it sphinx!"

—Robin Adair

A FAIR COP FOR HEADS

● Here are several arresting hat styles for next autumn. They are from Edward Mann's "Cops and Robbers" collection.



ABOVE: "Legs Diamond" (left), an emerald-and-navy patchwork cotton slouch hat, "Dillinger," a grey hounds-tooth check, and "Hoodlum" in red-banded white gabardine.



ABOVE: A "Cop Cap" in white pique trimmed with a red and navy band. The hats could have removable bands and bows in colors to match different outfits.



ABOVE: "Capone" (left), in oatmeal felt with black band and bow, and "Downtown," a white cotton lace helmet with pink bows and scalloped cuff. Note gold mesh stockings.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Kissing at 14

"IS it right to go out in group outings at the age of 14 if each girl has her own boyfriend? Should we hold hands and kiss in front of the others? I prefer a quiet romance — holding hands secretly, such as in the pictures. Most of my friends show their love openly. Am I wrong? I would be everlastingly grateful for your ideas on this."

"Susie," W.A.

Group outings are OK, although I think 14 is very young to have steady boyfriends. However, if you ARE allowed to have boyfriends I think you should steady down on the kissing a bit, and never kiss in public. Holding hands is all right, but choose your company and the time and place. These are personal

things and I think you are right to want to keep them so.

Beauty problem

"I AM a girl of 13 and my mother won't let me do my legs for at least another year. The hairs on my legs are black and I am ashamed to go out. Everyone teases me and calls me 'Hairy Legs.' I try to ignore them, but it still hurts. I hear them talking in whispers behind my back. My mother won't relent."

"Hairy Legs," Qld.

If you are not allowed to use a depilatory cream, ask if you could lighten the color by using a blonding emulsion recommended by a chemist. Follow the directions faithfully. When the hairs are blond they won't be so noticeable.

Lovesick

"I AM very much in love with three boys who also love me. No. 1 often goes to the city for the weekend and I don't see him much. No. 2 is NEVER allowed out. No. 3 never comes down to see me. What will I do? I am 12 years old and I cannot live without seeing at least one of them."

"In love," Qld.

Do nothing. You'll live.

Two-timing triangle

"I HAVE a sister who is three years older than me. She has a very nice boyfriend. I am very much in love with him and have gone out with him regularly. My sister does not know, and he says he loves me more than he loves her. I do not want this romance to come to an end just yet, but I am terrified what my sister will do if she finds out. What will I do?"

"Terrified," N.S.W.

I would tell the boy that he cannot keep on taking you both out. Ask him to decide who he likes best, and then it will be his job to break the news to your sister — or you. Don't be surprised if your sister skins you alive.

She won't leave him

"I AM going steady with a girl I love very much. My problem is that her parents want her to attend college for a year but she refuses to go because she wants to stay with me. I think this is foolish, but she means it. We are both too young to start talking seriously, but we are very much in love. I feel I am to blame for the trouble with her father and mother. I have talked to her several times about this, but her answer is always that she doesn't want to leave me. Please give me some advice."

"Worried," N.S.W.

Speak with her parents and suggest that you have a family conference. Tell them how you feel and that you want to help. Tell the girl that it is very important for a girl to be well educated, and that if you really love each other the separation won't be the end. Tell her that you will still see each other as much as possible. If you have to, tell her that you would not like to feel responsible for her not going to college if your romance ever breaks up, and that this will be a good opportunity to test your feelings.

Boy of the world?

"I AM keen on a boy who has been taking me out quite a lot. He seems to like me but keeps talking about the different girls he's taken out and how he can't wait to travel and see more of the world. I am worried and wonder if I should break away before I get hurt. Is there anything I can do to find out if he likes me? I think he might just be saying these things to see how I react. I wouldn't bother with him if I thought he didn't like me."

"Worried," Vic.

You might be right in thinking that he is just teasing you, but I think it is more likely that he is trying to convince you, and himself, that he is a big man of the world and quite independent. You might be worried that you are getting too serious. If you like him there is no point in breaking off — just smile when he starts talking like that and don't be over-possessive. He might drop you one day — but only you can decide whether you will be any less hurt by a separation now than later.



Bake now — pay later

(we all get caught)

All the good intentions about preventing sunburn somehow don't always happen. Then — you're too sore to touch. Remember? 'Savlon' Antiseptic Cream quickly takes the sting out of sunburn. It contains 'Hibitane', a mild antiseptic that cools, soothes, heals and prevents infection — all at the same time. So — if you're going to sun yourself — have 'Savlon' Antiseptic Cream to put on the hot-spots afterwards. 'Savlon' won't prevent sunburn, but it makes life worth living again. Buy an economical big tube — from all chemists.

Use 'Savlon' Antiseptic Cream, it's a First Aid Kit in a tube.

Quickly soothes all minor cuts, burns, scratches, bites, skin infection, sunburn, windburn, baby nappy rash and chafing and for nursing mothers.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

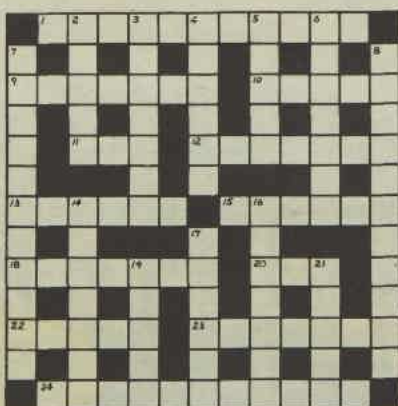
MANDRAKE is visited by his chief and two secret agents. He asks them if they know of The Cobra. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Weapons of wide uses (11).
3. Rests in intercalations (7).
4. Progeny (5).
5. Tuff to be found in grass oddments (3).
6. Very brief space of time in holy insect (7).
7. Doo-patter a bookie with part of a whip (6).
8. He made Judas Maccabaeus sing (6).
9. Right of entrance for singers (7).
10. Unit of work in emergency (3).
11. To hot body in the mouth (5).
12. Building with frozen ending (7).
13. Wide-awake purchaser in a fishing tackle shop (3, 8).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. These flowers could make sores (9).
3. Rubs away as bread (7).
4. Olive-green song bird, kind of finch (6).
5. Leaves out, probably because it is moist (5).
6. Cowardly fellow (7).
7. Sleeping garments (5, 6).
8. Pet's silence indicates contagious and deadly diseases (11).
14. Rough piece of wood with a cylinder is used as mutual aid between politicians (3-4).
16. Christian name which gave name to one of the continents (7).
17. Michaelmas daisies (6).
19. Relating to morals (5).
21. Ingrained dirt (5).

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

2683.—Shirtmaker overblouse with convertible collar and three-quarter-length sleeves. Sleeveless version also given. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 5/- includes postage.

3612.—Back-buttoned, semi-fitted overblouse and gathered full skirt with attached bow at waist-line. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

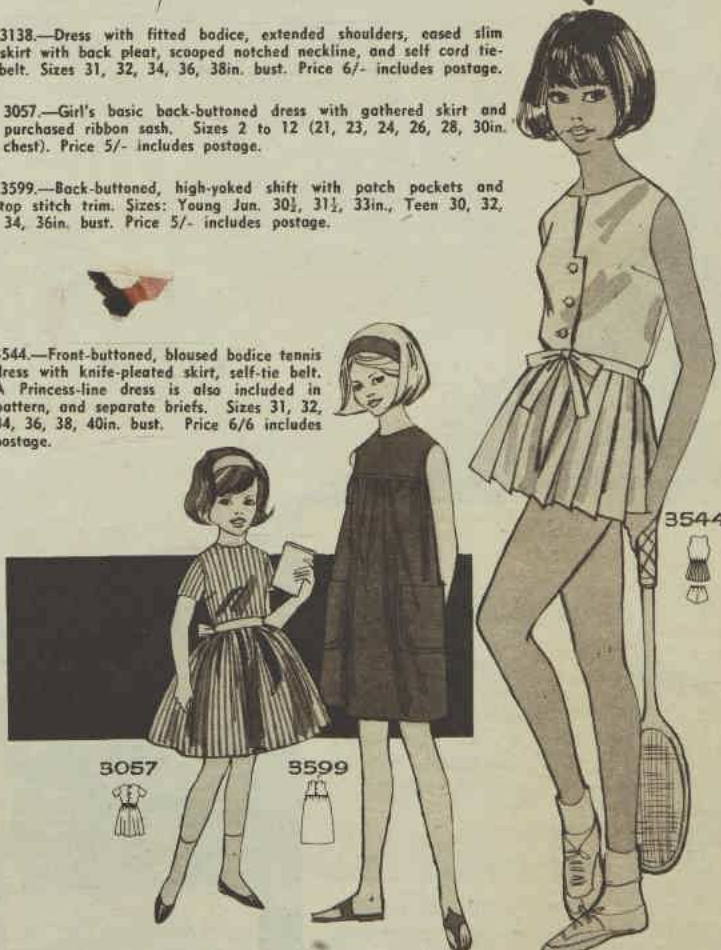


3138.—Dress with fitted bodice, extended shoulders, eased slim skirt with back pleat, scooped notched neckline, and self cord tie-belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3057.—Girl's basic back-buttoned dress with gathered skirt and purchased ribbon sash. Sizes 2 to 12 (21, 23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

3599.—Back-buttoned, high-yoked shift with patch pockets and top stitch trim. Sizes: Young Jun. 30½, 31½, 33in., Teen 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/- includes postage.

3544.—Front-buttoned, bloused bodice tennis dress with knife-pleated skirt, self-tie belt. A Princess-line dress is also included in pattern, and separate briefs. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.A.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

new nourishing Rainbow salad

for the diet conscious...
and the "don't cares!"



how to make the mould

Blend together 1 cup cooked rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated tasty cheese, 2 chopped hard-cooked eggs, 1 tablespoon prepared mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon boiling water. Salt to taste. Pack into wet mould. Chill until firm.

how to groom salad vegetables

Choose tomatoes and cucumber of good shape and colour. Wash all items carefully, remove excess water and place in frig. crisper. Cut celery into short pieces, slit lengthwise and place in iced water to curl. Keep shredded carrot covered in frig. Have cans of Golden Circle Pineapple and Beetroot chilled ready to open.

Golden Circle



Tropical PINEAPPLE

tender sweet BEETROOT



* Serve health  serve a salad every day

The Golden Circle Cannery,
Northgate, Brisbane, Q.